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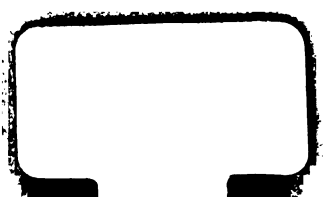

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Confusion
Twins

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No. 31.

CONFUSION

An Entirely New and Original

Farcical Comedy

BY

JOSEPH DERRICK

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CONFUSION

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL

FARCICAL COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS

BY

JOSEPH DERRICK

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CONFUSION.

Produced at a Matinée at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, on 17th May, 1883, and afterwards included in the evening bill of the 16th July, 1883, with the following cast:—

MORTIMER MUMBLEFORD. . . . . *Mr. Chas. Glenny.*
CHRISTOPHER BLIZZARD . . . . . *Mr. Chas. Groves.*
RUPERT SUNBERRY . . . . . *Mr. J. R. Crauford.*
DR. BARTHOLOMEW JONES . . . . *W. Lestocq.*
JAMES. . . . . *Mr. Fred. Thorne.*
MUZZLE. . . . . *Mr. H. Arkhurst.*
ROSE MUMBLEFORD . . . . . *Miss Winifred Emery.*
MISS LUCRETIA TICKLEBY . . . . *Miss Sophie Larkin.*
VIOLET. . . . . *Miss Laura Villiers.*
MARIA. . . . . *Miss Kate Phillips.*

ACT I.—Drawing-room at Jersey Lodge, Maidenhead. Morning.
ACT II.—Same. Afternoon.
ACT III.—Same. Evening.

HAND PROPERTIES.

A doll dressed as a baby; five telegrams; five letters and "Times" cut in three; fishing-rod and basket; large blue cup and saucer; bottle of water and glass, and pair of garden-scissors on cabinet R.; bell on mantelpiece R.; bell on cabinet L.; eight books on cabinet L.; five cups and saucers, six plates, seven knives, eight forks, sugar-tongs, etc., on breakfast-table; fire-irons in fireplace; six chops in dish; toast in rack, hot coffee, tureen with fish-balls, some flowers and key-basket off L.; white table-cloth on table; basket; live pug dog. ACT III.—Lighted lamp on each cabinet.

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CONFUSION.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Morning-room. Jersey Lodge. French window* C., *opening on to lawn, which slopes to river. Two doors* L. *Door and fireplace* R.

MARIA *discovered looking off* R.

MARIA. What a lovely morning ; how pretty the river looks ! I declare, this spot's a regular garden of Eden ! There they go, two boats a-racin' each other for dear life. Well, they are practising early. And I declare if there ain't Mr. Rupert and Miss Violet ! Ha, this explains the door being unlocked. They must have got up early ; it can't be 8 o'clock yet. (*clock strikes*) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, (MARIA *counts—comes down* R.)

Enter JAMES L. U. D. *with a tray.*

JAMES. Maria, come, no breakfast laid ! (*back of table*)

MARIA. Breakfast, why, it's only just struck eight.

JAMES. Well, and ain't the occupants of this ere mansion booked for an early excursion, or rather picnic, to-day. Come, they'll all be here in a hurry presently. Miss Lucretia's stirring already. (*busy at table*)

MARIA. Oh, if that's the case (*pauses abruptly, comes up and leans over the table* R.) James, I've my doubts of her. (*sits* R.)

JAMES. (*drily*) So have I.

MARIA. If she doesn't guess our secret already, she'll find it out.

JAMES. Nonsense, Maria. You're nervous, not to say fanciful. How can she know anything when we're both as close as wax ? (*comes round, sits* L.)

MARIA. I wish in the first place we had told all to Mrs. Mumbleford. (*sighs*)

JAMES. I wish I had made a clean breast of it to Mr. Mumbleford. (*sighs*)

MARIA. I suppose it's too late now.

JAMES. I'm afraid so. Miss Lucretia having advertised for a housekeeper.

MARIA. A single woman—and also for a butler——

JAMES. A single man. We applied separately and secured the situation under, I'm much afraid, false pretences. (*both rise and come forward*)

MARIA. Oh! Why didn't Mrs. Mumbleford arrange! I'm sure she would have have had no objection. But, however, it can't be helped. Our little pet is in safe hands, but its whoopin'-cough, that's where I'm so anxious. (*comes close to* JAMES)

JAMES. (*down* C.) What is the latest bulletin with regard to our offspring, Maria?

MARIA. (*takes letter and reads*) Um—um! "But the doctor says there's no danger in its having got over the measles. The whooping-cough is a mere flea bite, but if it gets worse I'll let you know.

LUCRETIA *off* L. U. D. calls MARIA. MARIA *hastily pockets letter, they both are very busy at table as* LUCRETIA *enters* L. U. D.)

LUCRE. Ah! that's right, we'll have to breakfast in a hurry I'm afraid. (*crosses* R.) James, call Mr. Mumbleford.

JAMES. I have, ma'am.

LUCRE. And Mr. Blizzard?

JAMES. (*at door* L.) I have, ma'am.

LUCRE. Then rouse Mr. Sunberry.

JAMES. He's been up some time, ma'am, and is at present a-taking the hair in the garding along of Miss Violet. (MARIA *up* C. *looking off* R.)

LUCRE. Oh! then, let me see. After breakfast go down as quickly as you can to the Griffin and see if they have the drag ready, and tell them to send it up at once.

JAMES. Yes, ma'am. (*exit* L. 1 D.)

LUCRE. (*at cabinet* R.) Maria! (MARIA *comes down* L. LUCRETIA *brings cup and saucer to table*) You're aware Mr. Blizzard always sits here?

MARIA. Yes'm.

LUCRE. Then always put this large blue cup before him, it's his fancy. What! no flowers, Maria! This is

great neglect! Always have flowers. Mr. Blizzard, I may say, is especially fond of flowers, therefore, always have some placed before him. Gather them very early so that he may have them with the dew on.

MARIA. Yes'm.

LUCRE. A mixture of carnations and one or two acacias. And you may let the acacias predominate. (*goes* R.) I'll gather them myself this morning. I'll gather them myself. (*exit* C. *and* R.)

MARIA. Well, if I couldn't get a husband without fishing for him in that barefaced manner I'd do without. (*bell off* L.) And that's me, Miss Lucretia.

Enter ROSE L. U. D.

ROSE. Good-morning, Maria. Is James anywhere? Mr. Blizzard is ringing for something. (*crosses* R.)

MARIA. It's for his shaving water'm. I'll take it up myself. (*exit* L. 1 D.)

ROSE. (*goes up* C.) Ah! just the weather for a picnic. I hope Rupert and Violet will enjoy it; for myself I must confess it's something of a bore. These sort of excursions always pall upon one—(*pause*) after marriage. (*looks* R.) Here they come like a pair of turtle-doves. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they haven't been up for hours. Well, I suppose Mortimer and I were quite as ridiculous at one time.

Enter MORTIMER L. U. D.

ROSE. Violet will grow out of it like me—and Rupert——

MORT. Will do the same thing, like me. (*goes to table*) Now, what's the good of early rising and coming down to breakfast, to find no breakfast. (*goes to bell* R. *and rings violently*)

ROSE. Mortimer!

MORT. Eh? Oh! (*kiss*) There, I say, Rose, do hurry up that model pair. Where's the coffee? Where's the cutlets I—letters—papers? Oh dear, oh dear, my appetite's quite gone, confound it! Rose, there's no system in this house. I should think, my dear, after two months' attempt at housekeeping, and with the advantage of my aunt Lucretia's presence and advice, you might have acquired a system. Do try and acquire a system. I'll acquire a cigarette. (*goes* C., *looks off* R.) Hullo!

there's Rupert and Violet. (*calling*) I say, what early birds you are. (*exit* C. *and* R.)

ROSE. (*sitting* R. *of table*) Cigarette! Eh! Ah! Three months ago—three short months and what a difference! It was then "Rose, may I smoke, love?—do you object? Only say the word, pet." Now, it's not even by your leave, but I'm sure it's only his thoughtlessness; he'd do anything to please me. And that reminds me the dear little pug my uncle Blizzard was talking about—I must persuade Mortimer to let me accept it—he won't refuse me—that's impossible. (*rises, comes down* R.)

Enter BLIZZARD L. U. D.

BLIZ. (*comes down* L. *to* C.) Rose, good-morning, child. What's impossible? Everything's possible except shaving in cold water. (*kiss*) Did you perceive a roughness on the left side, my dear, because I'm only half-shaved. I wonder what James is thinking about; but I suppose everything's turned upside down in consequence of this picnic. Where are they all? (*turns* L.)

ROSE. They'll be here presently. But, uncle——

BLIZ. Well, my dear?

ROSE. Did you speak to Mortimer about the little dog?

BLIZ. What! the pug?—Briggs' pug? Yes, that I did.

ROSE. Well, and what did he say?

BLIZ. (L. C.) He turned his back upon it; the subject, my dear, not the pug.

ROSE. (*mutinously*) Ah!

BLIZ. He's got an idea we'll all get bitten if he consents. He says he can stand the measles or scarlatina, but he draws the line at hydrophobia.

ROSE. Absurd.

BLIZ. Just what I say, but we'll find a way to make him consent.

ROSE. (*petulantly*) A little pug dog is necessary to my existence.

BLIZ. And a little pug dog you shall have; if he makes any objection we'll sit upon it.

ROSE. (*quickly*) The pug?

BLIZ. No, my dear, the objection. (*rises, goes up* C.) Make your mind easy. The animal will be a present from me, I'll make it a personal matter.

ROSE. What harm can there be in a little dog?

BLIZ. None whatever. (*goes up to window* C.)

ROSE. (*looking off*) He's outside smoking, I'll——

BLIZ. What, the pug, my dear?

ROSE. Uncle! No, Mortimer. I'll break the ice at once.

BLIZ. That's right, you break the ice. (*exit* ROSE C. *to* R. *Coming down* C.) I'll have to get it now. Where is Briggs' letter? (*takes letter from pocket; reads*) "Dear Blizzard,—The pug is yours. My daughter desires me to say that she wouldn't part with it on any account, but it has taken a deep-rooted and inveterate antipathy to the young man who is shortly to become my son-in-law. She hopes it will become greatly attached to your niece, and is sure it will receive in return for its affection every care, comfort, and attention at her hands. Sincerely yours, Matthew Briggs. P. S.—Take the little wretch away at once." Which I will certainly have to do.

Enter LUCRETIA, *with flowers*, C. *from* R.

LUCRE. Good-morning, Mr. Blizzard.

BLIZ. (*pockets letter*) Ah, good-morning, Miss Lucretia.

LUCRE. (*comes down* L. *to* C.) Has the post come already? I had no idea it was so late.

BLIZ. No. Post not arrived yet. I was just refreshing my memory about a little commission. We're uncommonly early to-day,—seems to agree with you, too—if you will allow me to say so. (*ogles her*)

LUCRE. Oh! really, now!

BLIZ. Flowers, too, eh?

LUCRE. (*hesitating*) Yes, a few carnations, and one or two acacias.

BLIZ. Ah! yellow ones, too, if I mistake not, symbolical of the tender passion. Oh!

LUCRE. I—I— (*bashfully*) I have heard so. (*pause, looks down, turns up* L. *and crosses at back to* R.)

BLIZ. (*aside*) I think she has a tidy sum in the three per cents. But where's the household? (*goes up* C.) Mortimer, Rupert, (*looks off* C. *and* R.) Oh! There's Rupert and Violet, too, I see.

LUCRE. Yes, I see, too. (*comes down* R.)

BLIZ. Ah, feeding on love. Well, I'm hungry. (*comes down* L.) I've arrived at a time of life when one requires a more substantial fare.

LUCRE. But what can be nicer than a loving young pair, eh? (*crosses to table*)

BLIZ. I don't know what's nicer, but I think a loving old pair's quite as nice, eh? (*round table to* R.)

Enter RUPERT *and* VIOLET C. *and* R.

RUP. I hope this picnic won't be a failure.

LUCRE. Failure! who hints at such a thing? (VIOLET *talks to* BLIZZARD; *all sit at table.*)

RUP. Well, Mortimer's in a deuce of a stew about something.

VIO. And Rose has got a fit of the sulks.

BLIZ. (*aside*) Breaking the ice.

MORT. (*off* C. *and* R.) It's no use whatever, Rose, I can't entertain the idea for a moment.

MORTIMER *and* ROSE *enter* C. *from* R. ROSE *comes down* R. *of table;* MORTIMER L. *They sit,* MARIA *enters with breakfast things followed by* JAMES.

ROSE. And I shall insist upon it.

BLIZ. Come, come, what's all this?

LUCRE. Mortimer! What is it? Explain!

MORT. Why, here's Rose insists upon turning the house into a menagerie.

ROSE. I simply ask for what every lady possesses—a little pet dog. (*exit* MARIA)

MORT. Only tell me the use of the creature.

ROSE. I want something to fondle and caress.

MORT. Fondle and caress? Haven't you got me?

Enter JAMES *with letters and "Times" on salver* L. I.

JAMES. Letters, papers! (MORTIMER *takes letters and gives them out*)

MORT. Ah! this is better. (*takes "Times"*) What about the division last night, Rupert? I know you're interested in the advertisements. Bijou Residence, Eligible, etc., here you are. (*gives* RUPERT *advertisements, who looks at them with* VIOLET, *deeply interested*) Blizzard, here's your half—(*gives it*) that's the best of the "Times," it satisfies everybody.

LUCRE. James, did you see about the drag?

JAMES. It will be here immediately, ma'am.

LUCRE. Very good. (*exit* JAMES L. I D.)

ROSE. That's a very sensible man.

LUCRE. Yes. I flatter myself I can discern good qualities in servants. I've quite a talent that way. Everybody comes to me when they require—— (BLIZZARD *holds out plate*)

BLIZ. Another fish-ball, please.

RUP. Hullo! (*all start*)

MORT. My good fellow, have a little consideration for my nerves.

RUP. I beg your pardon, Mortimer.

MORT. Don't mention it. Have you come across the right thing?

RUP. I've come across a dreadful report here.

BLIZ. What is it?

RUP. (*reads*) "Shocking death from hydrophobia."

MORT. (*lays paper down*) There you are, what did I say? What do I always say? Proceed.

RUP. (*reads*) "Lady bitten by a little pet dog—result, colapse six days after."

MORT. I'd drown every pet dog in the kingdom.

ROSE. One case in a million, Mortimer. It shall not alter my determination.

MORT. Oh! very well, Rose, persist in your folly, or rather in your headstrong wilfulness.

BLIZ. (*aside to* ROSE) Leave it all to me, my dear.

Enter JAMES *with telegram* L. I D.

JAMES. Telegram! (*all start*) For Mr. Blizzard. (*comes round to* BLIZZARD.)

BLIZ. Telegram for me! (*takes it*) Excuse me. (*opens, reads.* JAMES *takes some of the things, exit* L. I D.)

LUCRE. No bad news, I hope.

BLIZ. Ah! not exactly bad news, but my presence at the picnic will have to be dispensed with. I shall have to go to town almost immediately. (*aside to* ROSE) It's about the pug.

LUCRE. Then perhaps we'd better postpone our excursion.

MORT. Oh, yes, by all means.

LUCRE. But won't you be disappointed, Rose, and you too, Violet?

MORT. Rose won't care, and as for Rupert and Violet, they'd much prefer a picnic to themselves, eh! young

people? (*turns and looks at them. They are holding paper up so that only two hands and the tops of their heads are visible*) Humph! They're very far gone. (*rises*) Well, Aunt Lucretia, everything's in your hands. If you alter your mind let me know. I—(*puts chair* L.) shall smoke a cigar and look at the paper. Rose, you'll know where to find me. Blizzard—(*at* C.) shall you be back to lunch?

BLIZ. Possibly not. Can't tell.

MORT. Then I'll see you later in the day. (*exit* C. *and* R. ROSE *goes up and looks off after* MORTIMER'S *exit*)

RUP. (*rising*) I think Violet and I will continue our botanical studies. (VIOLET *rises and goes to him* C.) Where did we leave off, Violet? (*at* C.)

VIO. Eh? (*pause*) Oh, I know; you were enlightening me on the complete relations of the mistletoe——

RUP. Precisely. What an apt pupil you are. (*both exit* C.)

LUCRE. (*aside*) How provoking. I suppose I must alter the whole programme. You'll be back to-day, at any rate.

BLIZ. Oh, yes. I dare say I shall only be in town for an hour or two.

LUCRE. Then I'll countermand the order for the drag. (*at* L. U. D.) He seems perplexed, I wonder what that telegram refers to. I'll try and find out. (*exit* L. U. D.)

ROSE. (*rushing down* L. C.) Now, uncle dear, tell me—I'm all impatience. What about the pug?

BLIZ. (*rising and coming down* C., *takes telegram*) It's a telegram from Briggs, my dear. (*reads*) "We start for the Continent to-night. Come or send for pug at once."

ROSE. And we will send. James shall go; you need not trouble about it.

BLIZ. No, I'd rather go. We'll have Mortimer asking questions else; and you know it must be a secret until its arrival. I shall come back by the two o'clock. Just keep the coast clear, and we'll arrange it as a real surprise. (MORTIMER *calls* ROSE *off*)

ROSE. (C. *To* BLIZZARD) He's calling me. I'll not forget to keep the coast clear against your return.

BLIZ. But I'll come to you again before I start. (*exit* ROSE C. *and* R.) Let's see, I've got plenty of time to spare. (*takes newspaper*) I might as well finish this article. (*sits* R. *of table*)

Re-enter LUCRETIA L. U. E.

LUCRE. (*comes down* L.) Mr. Blizzard, you've no idea, even in a small household like this, what anxieties I have to encounter. (*sits* L. *of table*) I must really ask Rose to take the management into her own hands.

BLIZ. My dear madam, I'm extremely sorry. What's occurred ?

LUCRE. I go to find James to give him instructions about the drag, and I find him, would you believe it—positively mutinous. He actually says that *he* has received news himself which has completely upset him, as if a staid butler ought ever to be upset by anything ?

BLIZ. Oh, never mind, there's the young woman—what's her name ? Give her the message.

LUCRE. But she's in the same way. I really believe they're in league with each other.

BLIZ. You don't say so !

LUCRE. Their conduct is extremely suspicious ; but I'll find out, and if it's the case, away they go. (*rise, comes a step down* L.)

BLIZ. Certainly ! As it is, until you do find out—(*comes* C.) what do you say to a stroll outside, eh ?

LUCRE. (*turns to him*) Then you're not going.

BLIZ. Oh, yes. But my train will be some time, so I've a little time on my hands and I don't think I could employ it better, eh ?

LUCRE. Oh, Mr. Blizzard !

BLIZ. (*aside*) I certainly think she has a tidy sum in the three per cents.

LUCRE. You're sure I can be of no use in regard to your telegram ?

BLIZ. Thank you all the same, but the fact is, it's a secret. It's a surprise, but you shall know all in time. (*offers arm—she takes it*)

LUCRE. But if I *can !* remember you have only to command me.

BLIZ. (*going up*) No, no, no ! Now, if you had said "entreat me," eh ? Ha ! ha ! (*both exit* C. *and* E., *ogling each other*)

Re-enter MARIA *distressed, with telegram in her hand ;* JAMES *follows and goes up* C. *to window.*

JAMES. (*up* L., *looks off* R.) There she goes, the old

cat! Does she think I am at liberty to run on her stupid errands, when the fate of my offspring is trembling in the balance! Yah! (*turns to* MARIA) Read it again, Maria.

MARIA (*reads sobbingly*) "Come at once, your baby is worse." (JAMES *sinks into chair* L. *of table—groans. After pause starts up*)

JAMES. And we'll go to town at once and Jersey Lodge may go to the devil. I'll tell Mumbleford my decision at once. (*goes up* C.)

MARIA. (*follows him to* L. C.) Stay, James, don't do that, we shall have to confess all.

JAMES. I don't care.

MARIA. And lose our situation.

JAMES. I don't care.

MARIA. But we ought to care for baby's sake, I'll tell you what. (*goes close to him*) I'll go to town at once and bring baby back with me, and we can keep it quite secret, and no one will know.

JAMES. Maria, I did think I'd an equal interest in our offspring. (*comes down* R. C.)

MARIA. (*comes* L. C.) And so you have, you silly fellow, but by doing this we shan't sacrifice our place.

JAMES. Well, as you please; and, now I think of it, it strikes me you are right. But how shall you manage to go. What's the excuse? You can't show the telegram. (MARIA *tears telegram in half*)

MARIA. We might as well tell all as do that. No, I'll get permission to go from Mrs. Mumbleford.

JAMES. That's no good, the aunt will want to know all about it.

MARIA. Well, she shall know. I'm going to say that a near and dear relative is very unwell. That will be right, won't it? (*sobbing*) Baby's a *very* near and dear relative.

JAMES. (*sniffling*) Maria! Instead of a 'ousekeeper you ought to have been a Prime Minister—I must reward you—there's one for you—(*kiss*) and there's one for baby.

MORTIMER *has entered from* C. R. *unperceived.*

MORT. That's cool. (MARIA *makes an exclamation and runs off* L. C. JAMES *goes to* R. *cabinet, arranges ornaments there, turns and poses*) James!

JAMES. Yes, sir.

MORT. This thing been going on long?

JAMES. This, sir? What, sir?

MORT. (*pointing off* L.) That, sir.

JAMES. Oh—er, that, er—sir, not long, sir.

MORT. (*aside*) I can't blame him, the example's infectious. I never saw such a crowd of spooney people in my life. (*goes up* C.)

JAMES. (*aside*) I'm in a fix. I must say something. (*aloud*) It shan't occur again, sir.

MORT. (*coming down* C. *and laughing*) When it does occur again, you'd better not let my aunt observe it, that's all.

JAMES. (*briskly*) No, sir, certainly not, sir. (*crosses to* L. D.)

MORT. Now, get my basket, bait and tackle. I'm going to fish. (*crosses* R.)

JAMES. Yes, sir. (*aside at* L. D.) He thinks it's a flirtation. We're saved again. (*exit* L. D.)

MORT. (*sitting* R. *of table*) I can excuse Rupert and Violet—I can excuse these two—I can even make allowance for Rose, who seeks to prolong a state of things which legitimately begins and ends with the honeymoon, but hang it, my elderly aunt and old Blizzard ought to know better. (*rises, goes to cabinet* L.) But to judge from what I saw just now, they don't. (*pause*) The amount of billing and cooing that's going on just now is perfectly nauseating. Thank goodness, when I get my tackle I shall be off for the day. I must take a book with me. (*goes to bookcase* L.) Heigho! What a weary humdrum married life is. Even novels pall upon one now. Love complications have no interest whatever to a man who has experienced a honeymoon. What's this? "Darwin on earth-worms." Ah, now, I daresay (*crosses* R.) this is rather interesting. (*sits in armchair up* R. C. *concealed at fireplace*)

BLIZ. (*off* C. *and* R.) You are right. I quite agree with you.

Enters with LUCRETIA C. *and* R. *They come down* L.

LUCRE. Yes, I knew you would.

BLIZ. (R., *aside*) She has rather a tidy sum in the three per cents. And let me say this. A thorough appreciation and understanding of the gentler passions cannot be allied with the hot and impetuous ardor of youth.

LUCRE. Oh, dear me, *no*—certainly not. (MORTIMER *rises from chair and watches them in mirror over fireplace*)

BLIZ. No, that appreciation cannot be arrived at under a certain age—say—say—(*looks reflectively at* LUCRETIA) thirty—five. (LUCRETIA *bows deprecatingly*) And from that to—say my own age. (LUCRETIA *smiles at him—he turns aside* R.) As we've come to an understanding I think I may give her a kiss. Lucretia, you know I'm not going to be formal any longer. (*ogles her slowly, holds out hand, she takes it*) I'm always going to call you Lu-cre-tia. Mayn't I now?—mayn't I? (*about to kiss her—she gradually turns her face up, and as their lips almost meet,* BLIZZARD *gives a sigh of contentment*)

MORT. (*turning*) Blizzard!!! (*they both turn back to back. Picture*)

BLIZ. (*looking at* MORTIMER, *aghast*) The devil!!

MORT. I thought you were going to town? (LUCRETIA, *annoyed, goes* L.)

BLIZ. (*going up to him*) Why, where the devil did you spring from?

MORT. Oh, I'm only waiting for my tackle. I'm going fishing. But I thought you were in a great hurry to be off.

BLIZ. Yes, so I am, that is—there's plenty of time—I must see Rose before I go. (*waits until* MORTIMER *is not looking; comes down to* LUCRETIA) At the earliest opportunity we will commence where we left off. (*goes to door—turns—kisses his hand to her—and she to him—he makes to repeat it, but catching sight of* JAMES, *who enters with tackle, sneaks off* L. U. E. LUCRETIA *up* C.)

JAMES. Here's your basket, sir—and your rod, sir. The gardener will see you at the door about your bait.

MORT. Very well, James. (*exit* JAMES L.)

LUCRE. (*up* C., *comes down a little*) I suppose, Mortimer, we shan't see you now till dinner?

MORT. I may change my mind and be back to lunch.

LUCRE. Well, don't go without telling Rose.

MORT. That will entail more kissing, so I'll omit it. One must get out of the honeymoon groove some time. We can't always indulge in the hot ardor of youth, aunty. (*exit* C.)

LUCRE. (*up* C.) Did Mortimer mean to be personal, I wonder. I think not.

Enter MARIA.

MARIA. (L.) Oh, I—I beg pardon, ma'am.
LUCRE. What is it, Maria?
MARIA. I—I thought Mrs. Mumbleford was here.
LUCRE. I am here; what is it you want?
MARIA. (*aside*) I mustn't leave it till too late, I'll ask her.
LUCRE. Well?
MARIA. I wanted to ask if I could kindly be spared till this afternoon, ma'am.
LUCRE. Eh! And what for, Maria?
MARIA. To go to town to see a friend who is ill, if you please, ma'am.
LUCRE. Dear me, how tiresome—I,—till this afternoon, did you say?
MARIA. Yes, if you please, ma'am.
LUCRE. Well, if you won't be longer.
MARIA. Oh, I shall be sure to be back, ma'am.
LUCRE. I'm afraid I'm too indulgent, Maria, but you may go. (*at table*)
MARIA. (*going*) Thank you, ma'am.
LUCRE. And come to me before you go. You can do one or two little errands for me at the same time.
MARIA. Yes, ma'am. (*exit* L. U. D.)
LUCRE. This is extremely convenient. Christopher—that is, Mr. Blizzard, was kind enough to tell me the bulk of my money was lying idle, invested as it is in three per cents. So I'll just write a few lines to my solicitor, and Maria shall take the letter to Furnival's Inn. (*goes to door up* L.) If I am advised to do it, I'll leave the purchasing of fresh stock to Christopher—Oh! I've said it again. Well, what matters—(*at door* L.) He—he called me Lucretia, and the least I can do is to return the compliment, and call him—heigho! Christopher. (*exit* L. U. D.)

Enter ROSE *and* VIOLET C.

ROSE. (*comes down* R.) And so you've settled it all! Well, when's it going to be?
VIO. (*comes down* L., *sits*) Oh, that's not settled. I shall not give up my liberty for some time yet. Although—
ROSE. Yes.

VIO. Rupert is very anxious it should be settled at once.

ROSE. And why not? You've both come to an understanding. What's the use of delay?

VIO. Rose, you're really too matter of fact. Things are very nice as they are at present; we don't want to rush at once into, into——

ROSE. The honeymoon and matrimony. Well, perhaps you're quite right to wish to enjoy your liberty a little longer.

VIO. Oh, Rose, dear, you put the case in such an odious light. What's come over you? You've turned downright cynical.

ROSE. Not at all. I simply call things by their proper names. (*sighs*) I've been taught to——

VIO. (*goes to her*) And who's taught you?

ROSE. (*rises*) Who? Mortimer. (*comes down* R.)

VIO. Rose, darling, he doesn't mean anything. He's completely out of sorts, that's all.

ROSE. Yes, and he shows it without any disguise. He lets me know quite plainly that my presence is distasteful to him.

VIO. No, he doesn't mean that, dear.

ROSE. Oh, doesn't he? He does. I've had a downright proof just now, I've had a couple of downright proofs.

VIO. Now, tell me, what were they? (*goes to her*)

ROSE. Firstly, he said if I insisted on having a little pet dog I was to consider our relations as strained to the utmost.

VIO. Well, give the idea up, if it'll please him.

ROSE. I'm sure I shan't; it's not much I ask, and I'm determined to have my own way in this.

VIO. Well, what was the other proof?

ROSE. Oh, I—I—went to put a geranium in his buttonhole, (*sob*) and he—(*sob*) he said—he said——

VIO. Well, come, what did he say?

ROSE. He said (*sob*) don't paw me about.

VIO. Well, never mind. I'm going to give you comfort. I'll explain the reason for his change of manner, Rupert told me.

ROSE. What—what have I done?

VIO. It's nothing whatever to do with you. He loves you just as much as ever. It's—it's——

ROSE. What—what? Oh, do tell me.

VIO. It's his liver.

ROSE. His liver! What's the matter with his liver?

VIO. I can't tell you that. I only know for a positive fact it's his liver, and Rupert says he's got a friend, a doctor in practice about here, Doctor Bartholomew Jones, and he's going to call him in, and when he comes he's going to mend Mortimer's liver and make him all right again and we'll all be happy, so give me a kiss and don't worry yourself any longer, and—I can't stay, because Rupert's waiting, so by-by. (*runs off* C.)

BLIZZARD *enters against* VIOLET C.

BLIZ. (*looks off at* VIOLET) Oh, all right, I've heard all about it. (*exit* VIOLET C. L.)

ROSE. Not gone yet, uncle?

BLIZ. (*comes down* L.) I've been seeking you. I mustn't go away even for a few hours without giving you the usual salute. (*kisses her*)

ROSE. Uncle dear, why go at all? I—I don't think I want it now.

BLIZ. Don't want it, Rose? The little pug! I—well, for people who know their own mind, single me out a woman.

ROSE. Don't be cross, now.

BLIZ. But what's the reason for this change?

ROSE. Well, you see—I—the fact is, you know Mortimer may get jealous, and I never thought of that before.

BLIZ. Jealous! What, of a little pug dog! Pooh! Pooh! I won't accept that, Rose. He's a very selfish young man and I won't let him tyrannize over you in this manner, so you shall have your little pet, my dear, and we won't care what he says.

ROSE. But there's another reason. I don't want to vex him now—because—because——

BLIZ. Well?

ROSE. He's not well.

BLIZ. Not well! Stuff! He's as well as I am.

ROSE. Oh, no, dear uncle, he's not, indeed.

BLIZ. Well, what's the matter?

ROSE. (*solemnly*) It's his liver.

BLIZ. Bah! His grandmother!—no—no. That won't do, I insist on your taking my present. I'm determined—so we'll say no more about it. And now where's Aunt

Lucretia? (*hurried*) I must see her again before I'm off. By-by, Rose. Don't forget about the coast clear against my return. I'll take no denial. (*at door* L.) Now to give Lucretia my opinion about Russian bonds. (*exit* L. U. D.)

ROSE. I believe uncle's right. (*sits* R. *of table*) For the life of me, I can't see the harm, besides, having once made up my mind, I really won't go back.

Enter RUPERT C.

RUP. (*comes down* R.) Mrs. Mumbleford, these grounds are like a maze; I'm hunting Violet all over the place. Have you seen her?

ROSE. Yes, she left me to find you.

RUP. I thought so—confound it! I'll be off again. (*going*)

ROSE. Did you come across Mortimer? Did he go fishing?

RUP. No, he's changed his mind; he's lying down on the grass there, buried in "Earth Worms."

ROSE. (*rises*) What!!!

RUP. Don't be alarmed, it's only a book on the subject, throwing, I believe, quite a new light on their underground proceedings.

ROSE. What a morbid taste! I think I'd better go to him. (*goes up* C.)

RUP. Come on, then, and I'll hunt up Violet. (*goes up* C.)

ROSE. Mr. Sunberry, you know his case.

RUP. Eh? (*both at window*)

ROSE. His complaint—it's not serious, is it? Liver, you know, Violet told me.

RUP. Oh, yes. Well, no—it's not exactly serious. But Jones is coming and he'll prescribe for him. He'll soon be all right.

ROSE. And I don't care how soon. (*exit* RUPERT *and* ROSE C.)

Enter MARIA, *dressed.*

MARIA. She's not here. I wonder what I am to do for her? (*crosses* R.) This telegram makes me so very anxious. (*takes it*) It's torn in half. Ah, here's the message, "Come to town at once, your baby is worse. (*crushes it*). Oh, I wish she'd make haste.

Enter LUCRETIA L. D.

LUCRE. (*smiles rapturously*) How good of him to be sure, Maria.

MARIA. (*startled, drops telegram*) Yes'm, you had a message for me.

LUCRE. Ah, yes, you needn't mind now. Mr. Blizzard has kindly undertaken to deliver it. So now you may go.

MARIA. Yes'm ! (*exit* L. I D.)

LUCRE. What a noble heart Christopher has ! (*comes down, leans on cabinet* L.) "Is there anything else I can do for you, Lucretia ? Any little commission in Berlin wool that I can manage ? " And he seemed quite disappointed when I said all I required was the letter to be delivered to my solicitor, which I let him know was in reference to his advice about my money. I couldn't prevail upon him to be back to luncheon on account of his important commission. (*goes* C., *leans against table*) By the by, I wonder what the commission is ? Never mind. Ah, Lucretia, happy girl, you'll soon be settled in life, heigho ! We must take a house in Mayfair. I don't admire country life, I don't care for nature out of doors. (*goes to glass*) I prefer art in doors. I'll have the rooms furnished and decorated in the sedate subdued style—a sprinkling of choice china—mirrors with chaste frames—(*looks at mirrors—looks round*) Not this kind of paper. (*comes round* L.) I'll have a delicate green, picked out with gold—a diminutive set of slender furniture—(*looks at carpet*) And a carpet of very—(*picks up telegram down* C.) What's that ? Why, it's Christopher's telegram ; he must have dropped it. (*voices low off*) This is what took him to town ! I wonder—(*music—piano, but lively*) Oh ! there can be no harm. I'll—(*looks around*) take a peep. (*music louder—reads*) "Come to town at once," —Merciful heavens ! what's this—"Come to town at once, your baby is worse !" (*shrieks out—staggers back*)

BLIZZARD *enters* L. U. E., *rushes to catch her—she waves him off*—VIOLET *and* ROSE *enter* C. *and* R. *and rush to her, followed by* RUPERT, *who comes down* R. *and looks on.* MORTIMER *remains up* C., JAMES *enters* L. D., *looks on*)

ACT DROP. *When raised for picture,* LUCRETIA *is in strong hysterics in chair* L. *of table.*

TIME IN PERFORMANCE, 37 MINUTES.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as Act I.*

JAMES *discovered up* C.

JAMES. (*looks at watch*) Past three o'clock. Maria can't be much longer, that is, if things are satisfactory, which I hope they are. Ah, what a thing it is to be an anxious father. (*sighs, comes down* L. C.)

Enter MORTIME *through* C.

MORT. Has she taken anything, James?

JAMES. Miss Lucretia? no, sir,—she's still indisposed.

MORT. Dear me! I wonder what's the cause? Have you any idea?

JAMES. I really haven't, sir, but I think it's the worry of this 'ere picnic, and it's not coming off after all.

MORT. Ah, perhaps so. Well, take my compliments, and ask if she's any better.

JAMES. Yes, sir. (*exit* L. 1 D.)

MORT. (*goes* R., *sits in chair*) I never knew my aunt to succumb to worry before. This is very mysterious, and not the least part is her sudden and extraordinary aversion to poor Blizzard. I think I'll go and make a personal inquiry. (*rises, goes* L.) On second thoughts, I don't think I will—it's mental, not bodily, and I've a shrewd idea that Blizzard's the man to put things right. (*seated* R. C.)

Enter ROSE.

ROSE. (*comes down, not seeing* MORTIMER) It's past three o'clock. He can't be much longer.

MORT. Who can't be much longer?

ROSE. (L. C.) Oh, I didn't know you were here!

MORT. Whom do you expect, my dear? (*sitting* R.)

ROSE. Why—er—James; that is—no!

MORT. James—that is—no?

ROSE. I meant Uncle Blizzard.

MORT. Oh, I don't expect him; he said he wouldn't be back to lunch. Do you want him particularly?

ROSE. No—that is—yes.

MORT. No—that is—yes?

ROSE. I mean not very particularly.

MORT. (*aside*) Upon my life, there's something very mysterious come over this household.

ROSE. (*looking round, aside*) He may come any moment—I'm getting so nervous I must keep the coast clear.

MORT. (*rises*) Rose, has anything occurred with reference to Uncle Blizzard?

ROSE. (L. C., *hastily*) No, Mortimer dear. Nothing, I'm sure.

MORT. (R. C.) And there's Aunt Lucretia! What's come over her? But I can't pretend to fathom mysteries. I daresay everything will come right. (*Enter* LUCRETIA L. U. D. *Crosses to* LUCRETIA) Oh, come now; you feel better, eh? (ROSE *crosses* R.)

LUCRE. (*faintly*) Luncheon over, Mortimer?

MORT. Yes; there wasn't a regular luncheon. We had a snack on the lawn. Come, you must take something to eat.

LUCRE. What—eat? No! no!

ROSE. (R.) Come outside into the air. It will do you good.

MORT. Yes, it's close indoors. Come, lean on my arm and we'll stroll out—(*takes her* C.) and enjoy the fragrance of the flowers.

LUCRE. (*passionately*) Flowers—I can't bear flowers. (*aside*) Especially yellow acacias. No, dear Mortimer and dear Rose, leave me for the present. I want quietness. I have received a shock which has completely upset me. What it is, I cannot tell you. I'll join you presently if I have the strength. (ROSE *goes up* C.; LUCRETIA *to* L.)

MORT. (*goes up* C. *from* L.) Very well, then. Come away, Rose. (*at* C.) Aunt, we hope you will speedily recover. (*exit* C.)

ROSE. (*at window, aside*) The coast ought to be clear by now. I hope she won't stay long. (*exit, following* MORTIMER)

LUCRE. (*crosses slowly, sits in armchair* R., *sighs heavily—takes telegram from bosom*) Let me peruse once more the glaring evidence of his perfidy. Yes, I'll read it again, though the letters sear my eyeballs—and the horrid fact once more pierces my heart like a keen-edged blade. (*reads, changing voice*) "Come to town at once, your baby is worse." Oh, Christopher, Christopher! Was it for this I let you take possession of my virgin heart?

Did you meditate giving me this dreadful shock when you accepted my yellow acacias? Oh—cruel—cruel—(*sits and sobs—rises quickly*) What's this? giving way to tears! No, no. It may not be. Come, come, no weakness. (*comes* C.) A duty lies before me, and that duty I'll perform. Yes, he shall know what it is to trifle with the affections of a weak and confiding creature. He shall experience a retribution swift and sure in this room on the very moment of his return—witness or no witness —I'll bring him to the scratch or my name's not Lucretia Tickleby. (*crosses* L., *sighs—sits at cabinet* L.)

Enter BLIZZARD C. *and* L., *with basket.*

BLIZ. (*not seeing* LUCRETIA) I've got it. I avoided the front door for fear of meeting somebody. Not a soul. Upon my word, that's fortunate. (*looks* C.) Now, if she'd only come here, we could arrange.

LUCRE. She's here now, sir.

BLIZ. Eh? Ah, how do you do, Lucretia?—any better now? This oppressive weather is favorable to hysteria. (*aside*) She mustn't see this. (*puts basket in fireplace*)

LUCRE. (*seated* L.) In future, sir, during the little time we shall be acquainted, my name to you is Miss Tickleby.

BLIZ. (*to* C.) What! I really am at a loss. I cannot reconcile the change in your manner. To what am I to attribute it?

LUCRE. Oh, pray, it's unnecessary on your part to carry this deception any further.

BLIZ. (*comes down a little*) But, Lucretia!——

LUCRE. (*rises suddenly*) Sir! Miss Tickleby.

BLIZ. (*goes up a little—quickly*) Very well, Miss Tickleby. I insist—I really insist that you tell me to what you allude.

LUCRE. I know all.

BLIZ. (*at back of chair* R. C.) All what? (*aside to basket*) Confound you, be quiet.

LUCRE. (L. C., *with suppressed passion*) I've seen your telegram. (*goes* C.)

BLIZ. (*comes down* R., *starts*) You have! Ther ou do know all.

LUCRE. Ah!

BLIZ. (*comes nearer her* C.—*aside*) I must have dropped it. Well, then, you do know all. Ha! ha! ha!

I meant it to be a secret, but no matter; why, surely you're not vexed—it's a pretty little thing—(*she laughs hysterically*) shall I let you see it?

LUCRE. Sir!!!

BLIZ. (*goes away a little*) Eh?

LUCRE. How dare you make such a proposal to me! Do you imagine I wish to be a witness to your bare-faced profligacy?

BLIZ. Bare-faced profligacy! Hang it all, this is too much. Come, come, Miss Tickleby, you're too hard upon us, really.

LUCRE. (*in a rage*) Silence, sir! (*up and down* L.)

BLIZ. (C. *Pauses*) Well, I will silence, but I may be allowed to remark that the trouble I've taken in your affairs since I've been away ought to ensure me a little better reception on my return.

LUCRE. I don't wish you to trouble in my affairs at all.

BLIZ. (C.) But I've done so. Come, Lucretia, come. This little episode will blow over. You'll get used to this little intruder. (*coming* C.)

LUCRE. Never!

BLIZ. Oh, but I say, yes. Now listen to what I've done. I've seen your solicitor and we came to the conclusion that you'd better acquire some Russian bonds.

LUCRE. I will not acquire Russian bonds. (*comes close and hisses*) Or matrimonial bonds either.

BLIZ. Lucretia, do I understand you've changed your mind?

LUCRE. I have.

BLIZ. Ah! then, it's off!

LUCRE. It is.

BLIZ. (*pause—pulls handkerchief out*) Well, I won't say anything about lacerated heart.

LUCRE. No. Pray, don't. Your lacerated heart, indeed!

BLIZ. Yes, Lucretia. (*pathetically*) My lacerated heart! I have a heart, and it's flesh and blood. (*handkerchief out*) You have a heart—(*pause, and brokenly*) but it's stone. (*sits, sobs* R. C.)

LUCRE. (*at cabinet* L., *aside—looks at him tenderly—crosses her hands on her breast*) Poor fellow! Oh, his emotion distresses me. (*comes to him, leans over him*) Christopher, why did you deceive me?

BLIZ. I did it for the best. (*looks up into her face*)

LUCRE. (*gently*) Oh, well—well—perhaps so, but you—you—yes, I blush to say it—should have told me all.

BLIZ. Well, the fact is, I—I—didn't know how you'd have taken it, but there, don't be angry—(*turns and rises*) say you forgive me ; come.

LUCRE. (*solemnly*) First tell me, on your solemn word, is this your only crime ?

BLIZ. (*looks at her, amazed, retreats slowly* R., *aside*) Confound it, upon my word she takes it too seriously. Well, if you call it a crime, it is my only one. It's a very trifling matter, after all.

LUCRE. (*turns to him*) Trifling matter, ha ! there's a vast difference in our opinions, sir, I can assure you.

BLIZ. Lucretia, you're trying my patience too far—you are, indeed—let me tell you once for all, I've done nothing to be ashamed of.

LUCRE. (*in a rage*) I'll hear no more. (*crosses* R.) I see now you are bent on insulting me.

BLIZ. I never——

LUCRE. Silence ! Don't speak to me ! You're a hypocrite, sir. (*goes* R.) A double-faced hypocrite. (*turns, exit* R. D.)

BLIZ. (*scratches his head*) Well, this is quite a new experience. I never discovered this trait in Lucretia's character before. To fancy she's making all this fuss about nothing at all. It's really beyond my comprehension. Profligate ! Hypocrite ! Oh, it's too bad. (*taking basket from fireplace*) Here's the innocent cause. I wish Rose would come and take it off my hands. I asked her to try and keep the coast clear.

Enter ROSE C., *comes down* L.

ROSE. Uncle dear, you've returned. Why, what's the matter ?

BLIZ. Um ! Great deal. A lot's the matter if you ask me. Here he is at last, and I am getting myself pretty well disliked through him, I can assure you. (*opens basket on table, shows pug*)

ROSE. (L. *of table*) Oh, the little darling. How good you are, uncle—Mortimer cannot help but like this little pet. (*strokes it*)

BLIZ. (R. *of table*) But what's the matter with Lucretia ?

ROSE. That's a riddle I can't make out. Uncle, have you vexed her?

BLIZ. Have I vexed her? Have I not vexed her?—and you have too.

ROSE. I?

BLIZ. Yes, she's taken a tremendous antipathy to our scheme.

ROSE. About this little pug?

BLIZ. About that little pug; but never mind, we'll defy her animosity. (*gives her basket*) And now let Mortimer know you've got it, and let's be quick about it.

ROSE. Hadn't we better defer it? He's not been in a good temper since you left.

BLIZ. Defer it!—not an instant. Pooh! Mortimer's a sensible man; he'll welcome your little pet here for your own sake, so now run and tell him.

ROSE. I won't do that, uncle. I know a better way. I'll make it a real surprise for him. I'll leave a note for him and put this little darling into the cabinet and there he shall find it. Eh?

BLIZ. As you please. (*crosses to* L.) Only let's have it over once for all.

ROSE. I'll do it now. (*crosses to* R., *pause*) Uncle, isn't he very quiet?—is he very sleepy? (*puts basket on chair*)

BLIZ. He's digesting his dinner. He's had his mutton chop in town. I had particular instructions to say that he dined at two o'clock punctually off a loin chop. Give him a chump chop, and he turns up his nose at it. The reason being preponderance of bone in the former which comes in handy as a dessert.

ROSE. He shall have everything he requires. I'm sure he'll learn to love me before long.

BLIZ. Not a doubt of it. (*goes* C.) And now I'll go and make inquiries about Lucretia's ailment. (*at* L. U. E.) Bare-faced profligate indeed! Well, upon my word. (*exit* L. ROSE *puts basket and pug in small cabinet* R.)

ROSE. There. Your imprisonment shall not be long—and now for the note, and then—the discovery. (*sits at small table; writes*) There! (*folds and encloses it*) Mortimer Mumbleford, Esq. Now to instruct James, (*rings bell*) and then I'll vanish till the storm's blown over.

Enter JAMES L. I D.

JAMES. Maria ought to be back by this time. I'm getting very anxious about her. I've been at the bottom of the garden watching the trains come in. She didn't come by the last—I'll try the front of the house this time. Yes'm.

ROSE. Oh, James, I'm going on the river with Mr. Sunberry and Miss Violet. Here's a note for Mr. Mumbleford. (*puts letter on* L. *cabinet*) I'll place it here for him—and see that he gets it. (*goes up* C.)

JAMES. Yes'm.

ROSE. (*at* C.) I have great doubts—but never mind, I've Uncle Christopher to defend me. (*exit* C.)

JAMES. (*seated* C.) The time's getting on, and no Maria. Suppose she don't arrive, what'll they think? What can I say and my doubts about my hoffspring—who's to house him. Ah, again I say, wot a thing it is to be a anxious father. (*sighs again.* MARIA *puts her head in* L. U. D., *whispers* "*James*," *who turns*)

MARIA. Sh—sh—sh—is any one about?

JAMES. (*looks* C.) Not a soul. (MARIA *enters with a baby*) "Our baby, Maria."

MARIA. (*smiles*) Whose else would it be? There. (*bus.* JAMES *kisses baby*)

JAMES. But what about the whooping-cough?

MARIA. A shame to scare us with that telegram. Why, it's quite recovered, and that was a pretence to get me to town to take it away, which I've done, and I shan't let it out of my sight any more.

JAMES. (*uneasy*) But, Maria, what made you bring it here?

MARIA. Well, I do like that, after all my trouble in sneaking in to let you have a sight of it. But I'll soon take it away again. (*going* L.)

JAMES. No—no—I mean you said—you said you wouldn't let it out of your sight. Are we going to keep it here?

MARIA. No, of course I mean it shan't be far away from me. But come, I must hurry. Kiss him once more. (JAMES *takes and puts his arm round both*)

JAMES. My little gem—m—m—m.

MORT. (*calling off*) James! (*both start*)

JAMES. Oh, lor—away, quick, (MARIA *goes* L. U. E., *starts back*)

MARIA. There's some one coming this way. Heavens! we're discovered—we're lost.

JAMES. Here! Quick, for your life. (*opens large cabinet* L.) Quick, in with it. (MARIA *puts baby in*) That's it, he's here. Be off. (MARIA *runs off* L. I. JAMES *leans on cabinet as* MORTIMER *enters* C.)

MORT. Hullo! At it again, James?

JAMES. Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir.

MORT. Ah, you'll be caught one of these fine days, James. I've warned you of my aunt's penetrating eye. When she does catch you, we shall be reluctantly compelled to part.

JAMES. Yes, sir, here's a letter, sir. (*gives letter*)

MORT. A letter!

JAMES. Mrs. Mumbleford left it for you, sir.

MORT. (*baby squeaks, pause, looks at* JAMES) What's that? (*looks at cabinet* L.)

JAMES. What's what, sir?

MORT. (*looks hard at cabinet*) I heard a very peculiar noise.

JAMES. (*a little up* C.) Oh, it's the wind outside, sir. Violent east wind on, sir.

MORT. James, you've been drinking. Get out.

JAMES. Yes, sir. (*lingers near* C.)

MORT. (*turns*) Vanish! Do you hear? (JAMES *exits* C.) What is this?—some more gush, I suppose. (*sits* L. C.) Well, poor little darling, I can't be too hard on her. I may as well read it. Here goes. (*reads*) "Dearest Mortimer,—It has come at last. When you have read this, you will know all; when you open the cabinet you will know all." (*bus., looks round slowly at cabinet and slowly resumes*) "It is my own and I intend to keep it. Circumstances have hitherto prevented its arrival at Jersey Lodge, but now Uncle Christopher has brought it from town and placed it in my arms, and henceforth its home shall be my home. So don't be cross but give it a kiss for my sake. Accept the inevitable, and recollect that I am always your own dear little Rose." (JAMES *pops in* C., *watches cabinet*) What the deuce is all this? (*pause, then goes to cabinet, starts away horror-struck.* JAMES *vanishes. Bus.—looks at letter again*) Am I awake? am I dreaming? (*looks again in* L. *cabinet and sinks down in chair* C.) Oh! horror, horror! (*looks at letter*) Yes, it's her own hand,

and yet——(*starts up and rings bell* R., *calls* JAMES, *crosses* R.)

Enter JAMES C., *comes down* L.

JAMES (*hesitating*) Here, sir.

MORT. Come here at once. (JAMES *comes down* L.) Who put that in the cabinet ?

JAMES. That, sir ?

MORT. Answer me.

JAMES. Oh, lor', sir. She did, sir.

MORT. You saw her ?

JAMES. I did, sir.

MORT. Ah ! (*sits*)

JAMES. (*aside*) He knows all—I—I humbly ask pardon, sir. It was brought here unexpectedly.

MORT. When—(*in agony*) when did it arrive ?

JAMES. Just now, sir.

MORT. Ah ! (*aside*) Oh, that arch-traitor Blizzard.

JAMES. If I may venture to hope, sir, that you'll look it over.

MORT. (C.) Look it over ! I have looked it over. D'ye imagine I want to gloat on the thing ?

JAMES. (L. C.) I know you've been deceived, sir. I'm —I'm very sorry.

MORT. (*aside*) My own menial offers me his maudlin sympathy. James !

JAMES. Yes, sir.

MORT. Where's Christopher Blizzard ?

JAMES. In the grounds, I think, sir.

MORT. Good ; follow me. (*goes up* C.) You're a witness to what I've seen.

JAMES. Yes, sir, but I hope you won't make any more words about it, sir.

MORT. (*at* C.) Words. Ha ! ha ! (*points to cabinet*) The parties interested will find this is not a subject for words. (*exit, followed by* JAMES, *who holds up both hands*)

Re-enter MARIA, *who looks round, goes to cabinet and takes baby.*

MARIA. Thank Heaven ! Ah, we'll soon give it a prettier and nicer hiding-place—um—mum—mum. (*embraces it, exit* L. 1 D.)

Enter LUCRETIA R.

LUCRE. I thought I heard Mortimer's voice. I must inform him of my approaching departure. Yes, I cannot stay longer after the treatment I've received. Oh, the perfidy of man.

MORT. (*off* C.) Then, search for him, James, bid him come to me at once.

LUCRE. Ah! Here's Mortimer.

Re-enter MORTIMER C.

MORT. Aunt Lucretia, here?

LUCRE. Yes, Mortimer, I'm here. But I shan't be here much longer.

MORT. What, are you going to leave me?

LUCRE. Yes, I must bring my visit to a close. I cannot stay, Mortimer; an explanation is due to you, but, ah, spare me, I cannot explain. This much I can only say, I have found out a shocking cir—circumstance in connection with Christopher Blizzard, which necessitates my departure at once.

MORT. Aunt, I know all. (*sits* C.)

LUCRE. (R. C.) You do?

MORT. I do. (*comes to her*) I have seen it!

LUCRE. What! Merciful Heaven, is it here?

MORT. Look in that cabinet. It's there!!!

LUCRE. (*to* R.) No, no! Not for the world, not for the world.

MORT. (*goes to cabinet, opens it*) Strange! It's been removed. No matter—I've seen it. I've had ocular demonstration of the horrid fact.

LUCRE. Oh, what have I done to be treated like this?

MORT. You! What have I done to be treated like this? But wait, I've sent for Blizzard. I'll have such a reckoning presently, and then—to see her——

LUCRE. See her?

MORT. Yes, I'll confront them both.

LUCRE. What, here!

MORT. Here!

LUCRE. Oh, let me go. (*going* L.)

MORT. Aunt Lucretia, you'd better go. The explanation must be between us alone.

LUCRE. (*at door* L.) Mortimer, do nothing rash.

MORT. Leave that to me.

BLIZ. (*off*) Ah, Mortimer, where are you?

LUCRE. His voice! He's here.

MORT. There's his horrible voice. (*waves her off*) Leave us together.

LUCRE. Oh! (*exit* L. U. D.)

MORT. (*goes* R.) Now for it.

Enter BLIZZARD C.

BLIZ. Ah, Mortimer! Here you are, eh?

MORT. (*subdued passion*) Yes, sir. Here I am.

BLIZ. (*aside*) He's not in a lively humor. Never mind, I must treat it as a joke. Well! Ha! Ha! Did you read the letter?

MORT. I did read the letter.

BLIZ. And you looked in the cabinet?

MORT. (*tragically*) And I looked in the cabinet.

BLIZ. Ah! (*smiles*) Rather a surprise, eh?

MORT. Christopher Blizzard, you will find this levity will not go down with me. Now, sir, your explanation at once.

BLIZ. Come, come, Mumbleford, you must not treat the affair in this manner. You know a slight matter like this——

MORT. A slight matter? Is that what you call it?

BLIZ. Certainly I do. Come, be a sensible man. This little intruder's presence may be rather annoying at first, but you'll soon get used to it.

MORT. Christopher Blizzard, once more I ask you,—Explain, who is the villain that has destroyed my peace? (*in great rage*)

BLIZ. Mortimer Mumbleford, your present behavior is, to say the least, very extraordinary, and I'm putting great pressure on myself to restrain my natural indignation. You want an explanation. You shall have it—the case lies in a nutshell.

MORT. (*rage*) A nutshell! No, sir, a shrapnel shell, which you'll find will explode presently; the fuse is even now burning. Hoary-headed prevaricator, have I not read her letter? 'Tis here! (*produces it*) Her own confession. Now explain.

BLIZ. (*testily*) There's nothing to explain; I am to blame for bringing it here. Rose asked me not to do it, and I wish to goodness I hadn't. She said you'd be in a dreadful way about it, and she was right—you are.

MORT. Naturally, sir! Naturally, sir!

BLIZ. Well, what can I do? I can only say I'm sorry.

MORT. That won't do for me, sir. I require you to tell me all you know about it.

BLIZ. Oh, I'll say nothing more, I'm sick of it. I'll send it away again, and there's an end of it.

MORT. An end of it! No, sir, you're mistaken, you'll find I'm no fool.

BLIZ. Now, look here, my good fellow, be reasonable, do, Mortimer.

MORT. Reasonable, Christopher Blizzard! Ah! when I wooed and won your niece, methought there was not a single cloud upon the calm horizon of our love.

BLIZ. (*aside*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

MORT. Treading softly on the verdure of my bliss, how was I to know that underneath my feet a mine was laid which two months after marriage would explode and overwhelm me?

BLIZ. (*aside*) Now, what am I to say to all this?

MORT. (*going* R.) But enough. I shall see her once more. Our last interview to communicate my decision and then—oblivion! (*exit* R.)

BLIZ. Well, who'd have thought our little scheme would have stirred up all this dissension? Dear me, it's very distressing. I don't think I can entrust my niece with him, there's no knowing what may happen. Now, what's to be done? (*crosses* R.)

Enter ROSE, *comes down* L.

ROSE. Uncle!

BLIZ. Rose, my child?

ROSE. You look very serious. Has anything happened?

BLIZ. My dear, don't be alarmed. I'm afraid Mortimer's very ill.

ROSE. Oh, where is he? Let me go to him. (*tries to cross* BLIZZARD.)

BLIZ. No. (*detains her*) I won't let you go to him.

ROSE. Tell me. What is it?

BLIZ. My dear, he's read your letter, and he's seen your pug, and it's had a most outraging effect on him, and the fact is I wouldn't go near him until he's calmed down a bit.

Enter RUPERT *and* VIOLET, *come down* L.

ROSE. Oh, poor Mortimer!

RUP. (*comes down* L.) Ah! pulling you two ladies up stream has tired me out. (VIOLET *goes to* ROSE)

VIO. Well, Rose, where's the little pug? Has Mortimer seen it? because I haven't.

RUP. Ah! let's have a sight of him. (*looks at* BLIZZARD *and* ROSE) Why, what's up?

BLIZ. Sunberry, we're in great trouble. (*up* C.)

VIO. Oh, Rose, darling. (ROSE *crosses to her, sobs*) Don't cry. Everything will come right, pet. (*crosses* R. BLIZZARD *talks to* RUPERT *up stage*)

ROSE (*sobs*) He's never, never been like this before.

RUP. (*comes down* L.) What! (*to* BLIZZARD) Well, that's awkward, but come, I say, Mrs. Mumbleford—don't give way—er—you know, Blizzard, it's his liver. I'm sure it's his liver.

BLIZ. (R.) Perhaps so.

ROSE. (*tearfully*) I hope so.

RUP. The liver's an awkward organ, you know; it plays some deuced nasty tricks on a fellow—but come, where's the little chap? (BLIZZARD *goes to* R. *cabinet and brings out basket and pug. All come round table*)

VIO. (L. C.) Ah, you're the little cause of all this commotion.

RUP. He looks deuced sleepy.

BLIZ. He's not finished his digestion.

RUP. Now, if you'll take my advice, you'll keep this little animal in retirement for a couple of days.

BLIZ. (L.) Upon my word, I think that's the best thing to do, Rose, eh?

ROSE. Yes. Anything, anything. (*goes up*)

RUP. In the meantime, I'll send James off for my friend Dr. Bartholomew. He'll come and prescribe for Mortimer. He will get better and things will smooth again all round. (*goes up with* VIO)

BLIZ. And when he comes it wouldn't be a bad idea for Lucretia to consult him. I'm sure it's necessary. (*holds basket*) She's got as much hatred to this as Mortimer.

RUP. Well, don't mention this subject again to either of them.

BLIZ. (*crosses* L.) We won't! (*takes basket*) And

I'll go and put it in durance vile at once. (*goes towards door* L. U. E. LUCRETIA *calls* JAMES) Hullo, here she is. We won't let her see it. Go in there. (*puts pug in* L. *cabinet*)

Enter LUCRETIA L. U. E.

LUCRE. (JAMES *and* MARIA *both invisible. Sees* BLIZZARD, *crosses quickly to* R.) Can any one tell me where Mortimer is? (*faintly. Crosses*)

VIO. In the library.

RUP. Yes, and, Miss Tickleby, I'm afraid you'll find him extremely indisposed, if not downright ill.

LUCRE. I expect so, and there's the cause. (*points to* BLIZZARD. *All turn to him. She exits*)

BLIZ. There, I said so. Upon my life, it's enough to provoke a saint. Look here—I can't stand it any longer, I'm going outside to smoke a cigar. Rose, come with me, my dear, we can't do anything more. Let things take their course and come with me. In Mortimer's present state I won't let you out of my sight.

VIO. No more will I! Come, darling, cheer up. (*exit* VIOLET, ROSE *and* BLIZZARD C. *and* R.)

RUP. (*comes down*) This isn't a cheerful lookout to a man who meditates matrimony himself. Can't make out what's come over Mumbleford. It can't be his liver altogether. 'Um. When I get married, if Violet wants to keep dogs, she can have a menagerie of them if she wishes, we shan't quarrel on that score. (*turns up* L.)

Re-enter LUCRETIA R., *quickly.*

LUCRE. Oh, Mr. Sunberry, I don't know what to make of it, poor Mortimer's in such a state. Is Rose anywhere? I think she ought to go to him. (*goes up* C. *from* R.)

RUP. Not now. I'll go to him, and now, Miss Tickleby, let me ask you what is all this about?

LUCRE. Oh, I can't tell; pray don't question me. (*crosses* L.) I'll find Rose, Mr. Sunberry. I can make no explanation whatever—I'm too upset. (*exit* L. U. E., RUPERT *follows very much surprised at* LUCRETIA)

Re-enter JAMES C.

JAMES. I've been hunting all over the place for Blizzard, and he's been here all the time, and there's our poor offspring shut up in that cabinet all the time. It must be

nearly smothered. (*comes down* L. *and opens cabinet—starts back*) Jerusalem! Whatever is this? (*takes out pug*) This is never my baby! (*pause—holds it out*) Damme, this must be looked into. Somebody's been tampering with my hoffspring. This is awful. (*places basket down*) Here, I say—Maria, Maria! (*goes* L.)

Re-enter RUPERT.

RUP. Here, James! (JAMES *turns, looks at him*) Well, I'm blest! what's the matter with you!

JAMES. Excuse me, sir, I've received a shock.

RUP. Hang it, here's another one been galvanized. Here, I want you to go to this address, (*gives card*) and ask the gentleman, Dr. Jones, to come here at once, —d'ye hear?

JAMES. Yes, sir.

RUP. Here you are, then; now, off you go. (*gives paper*) And, I say, take this and put it away somewhere. (*takes basket from cabinet* L. *and hands it to* JAMES)

JAMES. Not me, sir, take it away. I won't touch it. (*exit* L. 1 D.

RUP. Oh, you've gone wrong on the subject as well, have you? Why, you idiot, it won't bite you, I'll take it myself. (*exit* L. D., *taking basket*)

Re-enter LUCRETIA L. U. E.

LUCRE. I couldn't speak to Rose, she's with her horrid uncle. I shall leave this house to-night; nothing shall induce me to stay. I feel as if I'd like to give some one a good scolding, and if Maria's back she'll get it. (*going* R.)

Re-enter RUPERT L. 1 E.

RUP. (*comes down* C.) Ah! I've sent for my friend the doctor.

LUCRE. Ah, he can do no good. (*crosses* L.)

RUP. What do you mean?

LUCRE. (*at door* L., *mysteriously*) Ask Christopher Blizzard. (*music. Exit* L. 1 D.)

RUP. When will all this confusion end?

Re-enter VIOLET, ROSE *and* BLIZZARD.

VIO. (*comes down* R.) Rupert, we've come to a philosophic resolve. (ROSE *up* C.)

RUP. And what's that?

VIO. We're going to let things go on as if the little pug had never arrived.

RUP. And the most sensible conclusion to come to. (*all go up*)

Re-enter LUCRETIA, *quickly.*

LUCRE. I've seen it! I've seen it!

RUP. }
VIO. } Seen what?
ROSE. }

LUCRE. Oh, don't ask me!

BLIZ. I know. Well, it ain't frightened you, has it?

LUCRE. Oh, you dreadful man!

Enter MARIA, *hurriedly.*

MARIA. It's not mine, ma'am, it was given me to take care of.

LUCRE. I know it was. (*looks at* BLIZZARD) Ah, I know it was! (*shakes finger at him*)

BLIZ. Lucretia, you're looking at me; allow me to say——

LUCRE. Sir, don't attempt to deny it. Add no more falsehoods to your long list. I say I've seen it.

MORTIMER *enters, hair crumpled.*

MORT. And I've seen it!

ROSE. Mortimer! (*runs to him*)

MORT. (*spurns her*) Away!

BLIZ. Lucretia!

LUCRE. Go!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same. Lights down as curtain rises. Curtains on scene closed.*

MARIA. (*discovered at* L. *cabinet, turns up lamp*) I wish I'd never entered this house, that I do. (*crosses* R.) What will become of us all? (*turns* R., *lamp up*) I can't tell. Baby's safe, that's one thing, but, oh! to think that woman should accuse poor Mr. Blizzard, poor innocent old soul. I can never look him in the face again.

Enter JAMES L. 1 D., *hat in hand.*

JAMES. Maria, I've got back. Anything occurred?

MARIA. Oh, James, don't ask me.

JAMES. Um! Dinner over?

MARIA. Dinner? Dinner's not wanted seemingly.

JAMES. Where's the Governor?

MARIA. Shut up in the library, and Miss Lucretia's shut up in her bedroom—good job if she stayed there always—and the rest not eating a morsel.

JAMES. And—the baby?

MARIA. (*sits*) Safe. I've sent it away for the present, but it's not far off.

JAMES. Good, my mind's relieved. Maria, I don't want to agitate you, so I approached the subject cautiously, and my mind's relieved. Just before I started on Mr. Rupert's errand, I opened the cabinet, expecting to see our child, and my eyes encountered a basket with a little dog in it.

MARIA. Yes, I've seen it, Mr. Rupert told me to keep it out of sight.

JAMES. Ah, he did! What for?

MARIA. I can't tell.

JAMES. No more can I, and there's a lot more in this house I can't explain. I wish I was out of it with you and the baby. Has the Governor said anything about it since?

MARIA. (*rising*) What! Does he know?

JAMES. Of course he does, and pretty well cut up about it he was.

MARIA. Oh, dear, oh, dear! Then I've told a fib for nothing.

JAMES. Don't let a fib trouble you. What about?

MARIA. Why, the aunt saw me nursing unknown, gave a shriek and rushed away. I went after and said before every one it was left inmy care.

JAMES. Did the Governor hear you?

MARIA. No! but, oh, James, what do you think? She actually accused poor Mr. Blizzard on the spot.

JAMES. (*smothering a laugh*) Well, and what then?

MARIA. I've denied it, but she won't believe me.

JAMES. (*turns up*) To put it mildly, things are in a stew. Well, I'll go and clear away. Dinner's over, you say?

MARIA. Yes, if it was ever commenced.

JAMES. (*at* L. I D.) Maria, we'll let this slide. If the worst happens, they can only send us off. (*exit* L.)

MARIA. Send us off! I'm beginning to think that's the best that could happen. (*goes* R.)

Enter LUCRETIA L. U. D.

LUCRE. Maria, I shall want you and James to cord my boxes. You'll find them ready. (*crosses* R.)

MARIA. Very well, ma'am. (*crosses* L)

LUCRE. Is Mr. Mumbleford still in the library?

MARIA. Yes, ma'am.

LUCRE. Maria. (*turns*) Are you still averse to making a clean breast of it?

MARIA. I've nothing more to say, ma'am.

LUCRE. Hah! Shocking, shocking! (*exit* R.)

MARIA. Wouldn't she like to make mischief if she had the chance! Ah! going away. The news is too good to be true. (*going* L., *looks* R.) I'll not be long cording her boxes. (*goes up* L.)

Enter ROSE *and* VIOLET L. U. D.

VIO. Maria, where is Miss Lucretia? (ROSE *crosses, sits* R.)

MARIA. In the library, miss, with Mr. Mumbleford.

VIO. When is she going away? Did she say?

MARIA. No, miss, but James has got to have a cab in readiness.

VIO. (*aside to* ROSE) There, Rose, and then I'm convinced we'll have peace.

MARIA. (*aside*) Poor missus, how worried she do look. (*exit* L. I D.)

VIO. I declare, you shan't be made miserable any longer.

ROSE. Violet, I'm determined to go to Mortimer myself and ask for an explanation of his treatment, and I'll ask Aunt Lucretia to explain as well. I won't stand this any longer.

VIO. Well, pet, I think you're quite right, but won't you wait till Rupert's friend, the doctor, has seen him?

ROSE. (*rising and going* R.) No, I'll go now. I can't bear this suspense. (*turning*) Whatever's occurred, I've a greater right to go to him than Miss Lucretia, and I'll go. (*exit* R.)

VIO. I'm glad she's plucking up a little spirit. The

idea of Mortimer's making such a bother about a trivial affair like this. (*goes* R.)

Enter RUPERT *and* BLIZZARD L. U. E.

RUP. (C.) It's all right, now. Ah, James, back, and Jones will be here presently.

BLIZ. (L. C.) Yes, and the sooner the better. I want to be satisfied. I don't understand this treatment, and I can't agree with you, Sunberry. I don't think it's all due to his bodily health; if it is, he's in a deuced bad way.

RUP. My good fellow, I know it, I've been in the same condition myself. I've had these sort of fits, you know.

VIO. What! Then I hope you've had the last of them. I'm sure I don't wish to go through what Rose is experiencing.

RUP. Ah, but I've been cured, my darling, and now I'm mentally and physically as sound as a bell.

BLIZ. Eh—Oh—I see. Then you—you've got a good tone, eh? Ha, ha, ha!

Re-enter ROSE, *crying.*

BLIZ. Signals of distress again! What is it, now, Rose?

ROSE. Oh, dear! oh, dear! (VIOLET *with* ROSE R.)

VIO. What is it now, pet? (R. C.)

ROSE. M—M—Mortimer—told mem—m—my presence was not desired. He said g—g—go away. (*sobs*)

VIO. Oh, my darling!

BLIZ. Well, now, there—confound him! I say, Sunberry, I think it's as well I go and tell him on my niece's behalf and my own that we ain't going to stand this any longer.

RUP. No, no. Jones will be here directly. Patience. Wait till Jones arrives, we'll take his advice. You stay here with Mrs. Mumbleford. Come, Violet, you and I'll go and beard the lion in his den. (*crosses* R., *ladies go up*)

BLIZ. And *I'll* go too—confound him!

RUP. No, you stay here with Rose.

BLIZ. I say I'll go too.

RUP. Well, but——

BLIZ. *I say I'll go too.*

RUP. (*aside*) Lucretia's there. (*points to* D. R.)

BLIZ. Oh, very well, I'll stay where I am.

RUP. Right. Now, Violet. (*goes* R.)

VIO. I'll come and tell you, darling. Now cheer up. (*exit* RUPERT *and* VIOLET R.)

ROSE. Oh, when will this horrid day be over? Oh, Uncle Christopher, tell, oh, tell me, what have I done?

BLIZ. (*wipes his eye*) There's an appeal to a sensitive man. My poor child, don't give way. (*places her in chair, seats himself*) There, you will soon feel more composed.

Enter MORTIMER, *hair dishevelled, looks back* E.

MORT. Confound it, why won't they leave me to my misery? Why will Aunt Lucretia and everybody try to comfort me? (*sees* BLIZZARD *and* ROSE *converse apart*) Ah, what an angel she looks, and what an aged sinner he looks.

ROSE. (*sitting* L. C.) Uncle, I'm afraid we must send it away again.

BLIZ. (*sitting* L. C.) My dear, is that the conclusion you have come to?

MORT. Ah, they're plotting. (*loud whisper*) I'll conceal myself and hear what they say. (*goes behind screen* R. C.)

BLIZ. Yes, my dear Rose, I think it must be done.

MORT. (*in same whisper from screen*) What must be done?

ROSE. Oh, no, no, uncle dear, not that, not that!

MORT. (*as before*) Not that. Not what?

BLIZ. My child, Mortimer's peace of mind will never be restored until it's made away with. (MORTIMER'S *head disappears*)

ROSE. Oh! Uncle dear, would you sacrifice an innocent life?

BLIZ. For your happiness. Yes, my child, I would.

MORT. (*appears above screen*) What dreadful plot is this? (*disappears again*)

BLIZ. You see we can't send it back, that's impossible. Its previous home is broken up. If it remains here its life will be a burden. So—I—I think, Rose, we'd better —(*pause*) drown it!!! (MORTIMER *appears again at top of screen, horrified, then vanishes.*)

ROSE. Oh, oh, oh!

BLIZ. Yes, with the help of a heavy stone its struggles will be brief. So come, my dear, do you consent?

ROSE. Oh, I cannot, I cannot!

BLIZ. But I think you'd better. It's the only way to find peace. Come, say yes.

ROSE. Oh, is there no alternative?

BLIZ. I'm afraid not. I see none.

ROSE. Then I—I—consent.

MORT. Oh-h-h!

ROSE. But, uncle—not to-night—not to-night; let its little life be spared until the morning.

BLIZ. Well, I see no harm in a little delay.

MORT. (*appears at screen, hollow voice*) Cold-blooded wretches.

BLIZ. To-morrow morning early, I'll take it up the river in a boat, and I'll take with me some string and a massive brick.

MORT. (*prolonged*) Oh!!! (*disappears*)

BLIZ. Come, Rose. (*both going* L.) Say good-bye to it now for the last time. (*at door* L. U.) Poor little pet, I'm sorry to grieve you, but it's got to be done.

ROSE. Oh, Mortimer, Mortimer, what I'm suffering for you, you can never tell. (*exit* ROSE *and* BLIZZARD L. U. D. *Business.* MORTIMER *comes forward from behind screen and looks off after them and falls into chair* R. C.)

MORT. Am I in a horrible nightmare? Oh, I hope I am. I'll see. (*takes pin from corner of waistcoat and jerks it into his arm*) Oh, no, I ain't. Alas! it's a dreadful reality. (*rises*) But this homicidal act must be prevented. What's to be done? Let me think. I have the whole night to act. The sanguinary deed will not be perpetrated till morning. I have it. The superintendent of police knows me. I'll send James to him with a message. An officer in plain clothes to watch Blizzard, that's it. I can't compromise Rose—but Blizzard!! Ah!! (*rings bell. Enter* JAMES L. I D. *Beckons* JAMES *mysteriously*) James, come here, I've something to say to you.

JAMES. (*aside*) The sack. (*goes* C.)

MORT. But wait, wait till I've recovered myself—oh! (*puts his hand to head, sits* R. *of table*)

JAMES. (*aside*) Money down or a month's notice! Maria and me gets a joint salary of £24 a year, therefore we must have 40*s*., or a month.

MORT. (*rises*) I—I'm better now—I'll proceed.

James, you observed the baby that was put in that cabinet?

JAMES. (*aside*) I thought so. (*aloud*) Well, sir—I—did.

MORT. (*whispers*) Its life's in danger.

JAMES. (*starts*) The devil it is! (*going*) I'll tell Maria at once.

MORT. Stay, foolish man. What occasion is there to tell Maria? Do as I bid you.

JAMES. Yes, sir.

MORT. Go at once to the superintendent at the police station, give him Mortimer Mumbleford's compliments, and tell him to send here at once an officer in plain clothes. D'ye understand?

JAMES. Yes, sir.

MORT. Then lose not a moment.

JAMES. Yes, sir. (*at door* L.) I'll do his bidding, but I'll warn Maria for all that. (*exit* L. 1 D.)

MORT. Fly! Thank goodness, assistance will arrive now, and my mind's relieved.

Enter RUPERT *and* VIOLET.

RUP. Well, Mortimer, old fellow, do you feel any better now?

MORT. Oh, go away.

VIO. Mortimer, allow me to say a word. (*crosses to him*)

RUP. Now, Violet—really!

VIO. I know what you're going to say, Rupert, but I will not silence, I will not stand by and see poor Rose suffer as she does and not say a word on her behalf.

MORT. Violet, do leave me, there's a good girl.

VIO. Yes. If you promise to speak a kind word to Rose. Mortimer, your conduct merits severe censure, and as your cousin and a woman in possession of a heart, I'll tell you so.

MORT. A heart, Violet, yes, and oh, how my heart suffers. (*puts hand to heart*)

RUP. No, my dear fellow, it's your liver. (*goes up and sits in chair*)

MORT. Oh!

VIO. Rupert—bosh!

RUP. (*aside* R.) All right, wait till Jones comes, then we'll see.

VIO. Yes. Mortimer, I'm afraid it is your heart, and an unkind heart it is to prompt you to treat poor Rose as you do, and you both only two months married.

MORT. Oh, Violet, you torture me. Oh, if you only knew——

VIO. I do know quite enough.

Enter LUCRETIA R.

LUCRE. How is my poor Mortimer? (*crosses to him*)

MORT. Oh, damn it—go away. (*goes* L., RUPERT *and* VIOLET *go up*)

LUCRE. Mortimer!!

MORT. I mean—I—I—beg your pardon.

LUCRE. I merely intruded to try and comfort you, Mortimer.

MORT. I don't want comfort. (*crosses* R.)

LUCRE. Observe and take example by me, and see how *I* bear it. (*aside*) Oh, Christopher!!

MORT. Excuse me, please; I'm going back to solitude. I don't feel quite the thing—a little quiet will do me a world of good. Oh, Rose, Rose! (*exit* R.)

LUCRE. (*aside*) Poor Mortimer! he even feels it more than I do, and all—all for my sake. I don't think I can leave him for the present. No, my duty bids me unpack my things again, act a Christian part and stay and watch over him. (*at door* L., *darkly*) And over Christopher Blizzard as well. (*exit* L. U. D.)

VIO. Rupert! (*he comes down*)

RUP. Violet! (*sits*)

VIO. If it wasn't for my poor Rose, I'd leave this house to-night, but I can't leave her. I let Cousin Mortimer know what I thought of him, didn't I? He's carrying on shamefully, downright shamefully. (*pause*) Don't you think so?

RUP. Well—I——

VIO. Oh, don't hesitate, pray. Perhaps you side with him and his absurd prejudice.

RUP. Don't you start, Violet. No, I don't side with him.

VIO. Hum!

RUP. Now, don't you start, Violet. (*laughing*) No. It doesn't appear so. Ah, you sly little puss, you want another tiff between us, now, so that I may have all the work of making it up again, eh?

VIO. (*indignantly*) Rupert, the idea! Indeed, I don't.

RUP. And as I always get a kiss in payment I'll take it this time without the labor! (*kiss*)

Enter MARIA L.

MARIA. Ahem! A gentleman to see Mr. Sunberry.

RUP. (*eagerly*) Ah! And the name? (*crosses* C.)

MARIA. Doctor Jones.

RUP. Hurrah! Show him up. (*exit* MARIA L.) Violet, the clouds are dispelled, the hour's arrived, the man's come.

Enter quickly JONES L. U. D.

JONES. Sunberry!

RUP. (C.) Jones! (*shakes hands*) Let me introduce you. Violet, this is a very old friend of mine, Dr. Bartholomew Jones—(*bow*) Miss Violet—I may as well say Mrs. Violet Sunberry that is to be.

VIO. Rupert, how can you——

JONES. (L.) Charmed, I'm sure.

RUP. And now, Jones, there's not a moment to be lost! I've a patient for you; he's in a very queer state. It's necessary you should see him at once.

JONES. You mean Mumbleford. I don't think I know the gentleman.

RUP. You must introduce yourself. Say you came to see me, and at the same time you wish to pay your respects to him, because, d'ye see, we don't want him to know we sent for you. Understand?

JONES. I comprehend. Is he very bad?

VIO. Oh, don't mention it.

JONES. Ah, as bad as that?

RUP. You'll soon find out. (*rings bell*)

JONES. Not violent, I presume?

RUP. Oh, not a bit. (*Enter* MARIA L. 1 D.) Maria, go to the library and tell Mr. Mumbleford there's a gentleman wishes to see him.

MARIA. Yes, sir. (*exit* R.)

RUP. And now, Jones, we'll leave you. We'll see you're not disturbed. Scrutinize his case very carefully and give us a full report. (*aside*) Do all you can to soothe him—poor little wife—deuce of a stew. (*aloud*) Ta, ta, Jones. Come, Violet. (*goes* R. *Exit* R.)

VIO. (*aside to* JONES) Doctor, read him a moral lecture; don't spare him—dear little wife—cruel neglect. (RUPERT *calls* "Violet.") Coming! (*exit* R.)

Re-enter MARIA R.

MARIA. Mr. Mumbleford's coming, sir. (*goes* L.) What queer goings on. (*at door*) And now to take James's warning and rescue my baby. (*exit* L. 1 D.)

JONES. What sort of a case is this going to be, I wonder?

Enter MORTIMER R.

JONES. Ah, how is Mr. Mumbleford? (*crosses to him; holds out his hand*)

MORT. I don't know you, sir.

JONES. (*slaps him on shoulder*) Ah, but you shall know soon. You don't look well. I'm a stranger yet still—ha! ha! I think *I'm* the man you want to see. (*crosses* L.)

MORT. Ah, I know! (*aside*) The detective. (*crosses to* JONES) You've not been long. (*slaps him on back and shakes hands*)

JONES. Eh?

MORT. Did you see James?

JONES. You mean your servant?

MORT. I do.

JONES. Yes. He came for me. (*aside*) Hullo! I shouldn't have said that.

MORT. Good! Your presence is a relief to me. Of course you're aware that now you're here you'll have to stop. (C.)

JONES. Good gracious! What do you mean? (*goes up to him*)

MORT. (*still whispers*) Can't you tell? Can't you guess? (JONES *gives him a look of puzzled amazement; uneasy*) Don't look at me like that. You're a professional man, ain't you?

JONES. Certainly I—I am.

MORT. Cool and determined, eh?

JONES. Eh—well—I——

MORT. Ain't you?

JONES. Yes, I may say I am.

MORT. And in plain clothes. (JONES *looks nervously*

at him) Don't look at me like that. Ain't you in plain clothes?

JONES. (*aside*) I never dreamed he was this kind of patient. (*aloud*) Yes, I am in plain clothes. I may say it's my general habit to be in plain clothes.

MORT. Then why didn't you say so at once? Good! (*whispers*) Then can't you see there's something up?

JONES. (*aside*) I feel very uncomfortable.

MORT. Oh, do speak. Say you see things are not as they ought to be.

JONES. (*aside*) Incipient madness. Not a doubt of it.

MORT. (*shouts out*) Say, don't you see it?

JONES I—do—I—do. Pray be calm.

MORT. Calm—calm your grandmother. I am calm, ain't I?

JONES. You are—you are. Oh, you are.

MORT. Very well then, now look here, while you're in this house d'ye know what you must do?

JONES. No, I don't—that is—yes, I do.

MORT. That is an intelligent officer and no mistake. Look here, do you or do you not know what your duty is?

JONES. I—I—can hardly say. (*down* L.)

MORT. (*aside*) This man's a gem. Well, I'll tell you what to do. Come here. (*beckons—bus.—whispers*) Keep your eyes wide open!

JONES. (*aside*) Oh, lor'—the man's a maniac. I wish I was out of this. I must humor him. (*aloud*) I—yes, I will keep my eyes wide open. (*smiles*) You see they're wide open, ain't they? (*looks at* MORTIMER, *foot on chair*)

MORT. (C., *looks at* JONES—*pause*) Oh! you are a beauty! (*glares at him*).

JONES. Oh dear! oh dear! I see the glare of insanity in his eyes. I must do something. (*places chair between them*) Help will arrive presently. Ah, I have it—I'll try the power of my eye. I've heard it answers in these cases. (*looks steadily and slowly at* MORTIMER) Get back. (*crosses to* R., *making mesmeric passes.* MORTIMER *follows him around to original position*)

MORT. (*starts*) Eh?

JONES. (*aside*) It's curbed him already. (*keeps looking at* MORTIMER)

MORT. (*uneasy*) Hang it all, don't act the fool. (JONES *steadily looks at him and makes a step forward*) D'ye hear! What are you up to?

JONES. (*same bus.*) Now then—steady—keep quiet. (*gets back* L.)

MORT. Don't make such an idiot of yourself. Well, I am quiet. Look here. You're a policeman, ain't you?

JONES. (*aside*) I'd better humor him. (*aloud*) I *am!*

MORT. Very well then, don't carry on like this. (JONES *still gazes steadily*) Do you want to drive me mad? Look here, there's no time for fooling, you've got your work cut out here, you know.

JONES. (*raising his voice*) I do know it. But I can manage you. I'm armed—so be careful. (*feels for pistol*)

MORT. (*aside*) Ah, a horrible light breaks in upon me, the man's insane. (*starts back, picks up tongs*)

JONES. (*aside, picks up stick*) That's done it. Thank goodness I've frightened him! (*looks at* MORTIMER)

MORT. (*aside*) I wish some one would come. If I ring it will rouse his suspicion. I say draw it mild. I mean it's all right, old fellow. You're all right, eh?

JONES. (*same bus.*) Rather.

MORT. Of course I've been having a bit of a lark, you know. Don't mind me, I'm all right.

JONES. (*aside*) By Jove, I've soothed him—I've calmed him down, and all by the power of my eye.

MORT. (*aside*) Ah, he's getting better now. I'll try and get away. I say, old fellow, don't mind me going, eh?

JONES. No. Oh, no, not at all.

MORT. (*going gradually*) All right. Ta-ta. (*smiles*)

JONES. So long! (*smiles*)

MORT. (*nearly at door* R.) You're all right, you know. (*smiling*)

JONES. (*smiling*) Rather.

MORT. (*at* R.; *smiles and waves hand*) Ta-ta!

JONES. (*ditto*) By-by.

MORT. Saved! (*exit* R.)

JONES. Saved! Ah! (*drops into chair* C.)

Enter VIOLET, RUPERT, BLIZZARD *and* ROSE.

RUP. Well, Jones, what's the verdict?

JONES. You're all in danger.

OMNES. What!!

JONES. His reason's tottering.

ROSE. Oh, poor Mortimer!

RUP. You don't say so?

JONES. He ought to be put in restraint at once.

VIO. Oh, don't say that!

JONES. But for the present he's all right. I've subdued him by the power of my eye.

RUP. Explain.

JONES. (*touches eye*) I've deceived him with this.

BLIZ. Ha! ha! Then it is an optical delusion.

VIO. (*severely*) Mr. Blizzard, how can you joke at a time like this?

RUP. Yes, Blizzard, I really am surprised at you.

MORT. (*speaks outside*) Go away.

BLIZ. What's to be done?

JONES. Be firm all. Remember I'm here—do what I do—follow. (*exit quick, followed by every one*)

RUPERT *re-enters immediately.*

RUP. Hang it, there's nothing to fear. I won't desert him.

Enter MORTIMER.

MORT. He's gone. Thank heaven. Rupert, you here! Listen, a lunatic has just left me. (*shakes hands*)

RUP. (*soothingly*) Has there, old boy?

MORT. Has there, old boy? (*angrily*) Yes, there has. You're taking it devilish cool.

RUP. No, Mortimer, I'm not. I'm very sorry.

MORT. Oh, you're sorry, are you? Well, that's no good, that won't catch the madman, will it? Eh, will it?

RUP. (*soothingly*) No, Mortimer, old boy, it won't.

MORT. Don't old boy me.

RUP. Keep cool, old fellow, and don't excite yourself.

MORT. (*loudly*) Do you want to drive me mad?

RUP. No, no. Certainly not.

MORT. Then clear out and leave me. (*sits* R. C.)

RUP. Yes, I'm going. (*aside*) Jones is the only man for him. I'll try him on another tack. (*aloud*) I say, Mortimer, wouldn't you like to consult my friend again?

MORT. Your friend? What friend?

RUP. Dr. Bartholomew Jones.

MORT. Oh! So that's what you're up to. I don't want to see any doctor; I won't see any doctor here, so there!

RUP. But, my good fellow, Jones, you know, is here.

MORT. I don't know anything about him. Do you want to drive me mad?

RUP. (*aside at door* L.) Poor fellow, don't want much driving. Stay, I'll try Jones's method and see what the power of my eye will do. (*bus.* *Fixes his eye at* MORTIMER, *who takes up chair to throw.* RUPERT *exits*)

MORT. Oh, what has come over everything and everybody? (*sits with head on hand* R. *in armchair*)

JAMES *enters* L., *beckons on* MUZZLE, *who enters.* JAMES *points to* MORTIMER *and exits* L.

MUZ. (*looks at* MORTIMER) Ahem! (*stands at attention*)

MORT. (*starts up*) Oh, this is too much. I suppose this is Jones, the doctor. Well, I'll insult him. My friend, you're not required here.

MUZ. Eh?

MORT. I repeat plainly and emphatically your presence is not desirable.

MUZ. Oh, well, I'm the best judge of that. (*puts hat and stick* L.)

MORT. What?

MUZ. My presence is required. I was sent for, and here I am and here I mean to stop. (*sits* L. *of table*)

MORT. (*languidly*) No, my friend, you're making a mistake.

MUZ. Am I? All right, now listen. I want to see Mortimer Mumbleford, Esq.

MORT. (*rising*) Behold him. (*sits* R.)

MUZ. You, the man?

MORT. I am.

MUZ. Good. (*rises*) Now, what's the matter?

MORT. (*stands amazed*)

MUZ. Out with it, what's the matter?

MORT. (*aside*) Can flesh and blood stand this?

MUZ. You know I'm a discreet man with great experience. Never blab. So come, what's the little ailment?

MORT. Well, by Jove! anything you like, give it a name yourself.

MUZ. Look 'ere! I ain't going to be trifled with, I ain't. I've been sent for, and my journey ain't a-going to be for nothing. Do you know what I am?

MORT. No, but I can guess.

MUZ. Well?

MORT. If you ask me, you're an ass.

MUZ. (*strikes attitude*) What do I hear? (*to* MORTIMER) Are you aware when you speak to me like that you're addressing—(*rises*) the law?

MORT. The, what?

MUZ. The lor'r—the lor'r. You're defying the lor'r bare-faced and with impunity.

MORT. My good sir, I was not aware that I was doing anything of the kind.

MUZ. But you was. And I warns you to be keerful.

MORT. (*raises finger warningly*) Who are you? Where do you come from? Aren't you Bartholomew Jones?

MUZ. What! Don't hadd insult to hinjury. I'm Michael Muzzle. You sent for an officer in plain clothes, and here I ham, and if you'd like a huniform better, here it is. (*unbuttons overcoat, reveals blue coat with buttons*) And here's the number—14 D.

MORT. I see now, and I beg your pardon. Then who was the other individual? (*sits* R. C.) Oh, I'm bewildered. (*head on hand.*

Enter LUCRETIA L. U. D.)

LUCRE. (*crosses at back eagerly*) Oh, Mortimer, it's here again.

MORT. (*without moving his head*) Oh, who's here again?

LUCRE. (*observing him*) A stranger.

MORT. A stranger! There's been no end of 'em here.

LUCRE. No. (*goes and whispers*) The baby.

MORT. Oh! (*rises*) Curse the baby! (*comes* C.)

LUCRE. Mortimer!

Enter JAMES *and* MARIA, *dressed, with baby.*

JAMES. Mr. Mumbleford, will you kindly——

MORT. (*starts back, sees baby*) Oh, there it is.

LUCRE. It is.

MORT. (*points to baby*) James, what's the meaning of this?

JAMES. Well, sir, I told Maria what you told me, and she said she wouldn't stay here a day longer if her baby was in danger.

MORT. }
LUCRE. } Her baby!

MARIA. (L.) Yes, my baby.

JAMES. And mine, Maria.

MORT. (*goes to* JAMES) On your life, are you speaking false?

MARIA. No, sir, that he is not. He's my husband, and this is our baby, and we don't care who knows it now. We tried to keep it secret, as you advertised for a single woman, but when a telegram came to me that it was ill I——

LUCRE. What! Telegram to you?

MARIA. Yes'm, to me.

MORT. Oh, Rose, Rose, what have I done?

LUCRE. Oh, Christopher, my poor wronged Christopher!

MARIA. I lost my telegram.

JAMES. And I picked up Mr. Blizzard's, something about a little pug dog in it.

MARIA. Which he brought back with him.

MORT. Oh, where is it? Bring it here. (*exit* JAMES L. 1 D.) Oh, Rose!

LUCRE. Christopher!

BLIZZARD *enters* L. 1 D. *and crosses to* LUCRETIA R.

BLIZ. Here I am. (MARIA *goes up* C.)

LUCRE It was all a mistake. Can you forgive me?

BLIZ. I've done so already.

Enter RUPERT L. 1 D.

RUP. (*going* C.) Mortimer, we've been outside listening; we know all.

Enter VIOLET and ROSE.

MORT. My poor Rose, I've broken her heart. Can she ever forgive me?

VIO. (*passing* ROSE *across*) She says she will.

MORT. (*turning*) Rose!

Enter JONES.

ROSE. Mortimer! (*they embrace*)

MUZ. (*coming down* L. C.) Ain't the lor'r wanted 'ere?

MORT. The law can go downstairs and refresh itself.

MUZ. (*taking hat and stick from* L.) And lor'r'll do it. (*exit* L. D.)

Enter JAMES *with pug on salver.*

JAMES. Here's the pug.

BLIZ. And, Lucretia, here's the baby. (MARIA *has got down* R.)

LUCRE. I must fondle him.

ROSE. (*archly*) Mortimer, may I keep my pet, now?

MORT. As many pets as you like. To think this absurd mistake should have nearly driven me mad.

JONES. Ah, but come, I think I prevented that, you know, and all with the power of my eye.

MORT. (*shaking hands with him*) You did, doctor, eh? (*doctor nervously retreats, making mesmeric passes. Both laugh*)

JONES. Ah, would you?

MORT. Uncle Blizzard, I've made my peace with Rose, will you also forgive me?

BLIZ. I've done so already. It was a natural mistake, wasn't it, Lucretia?

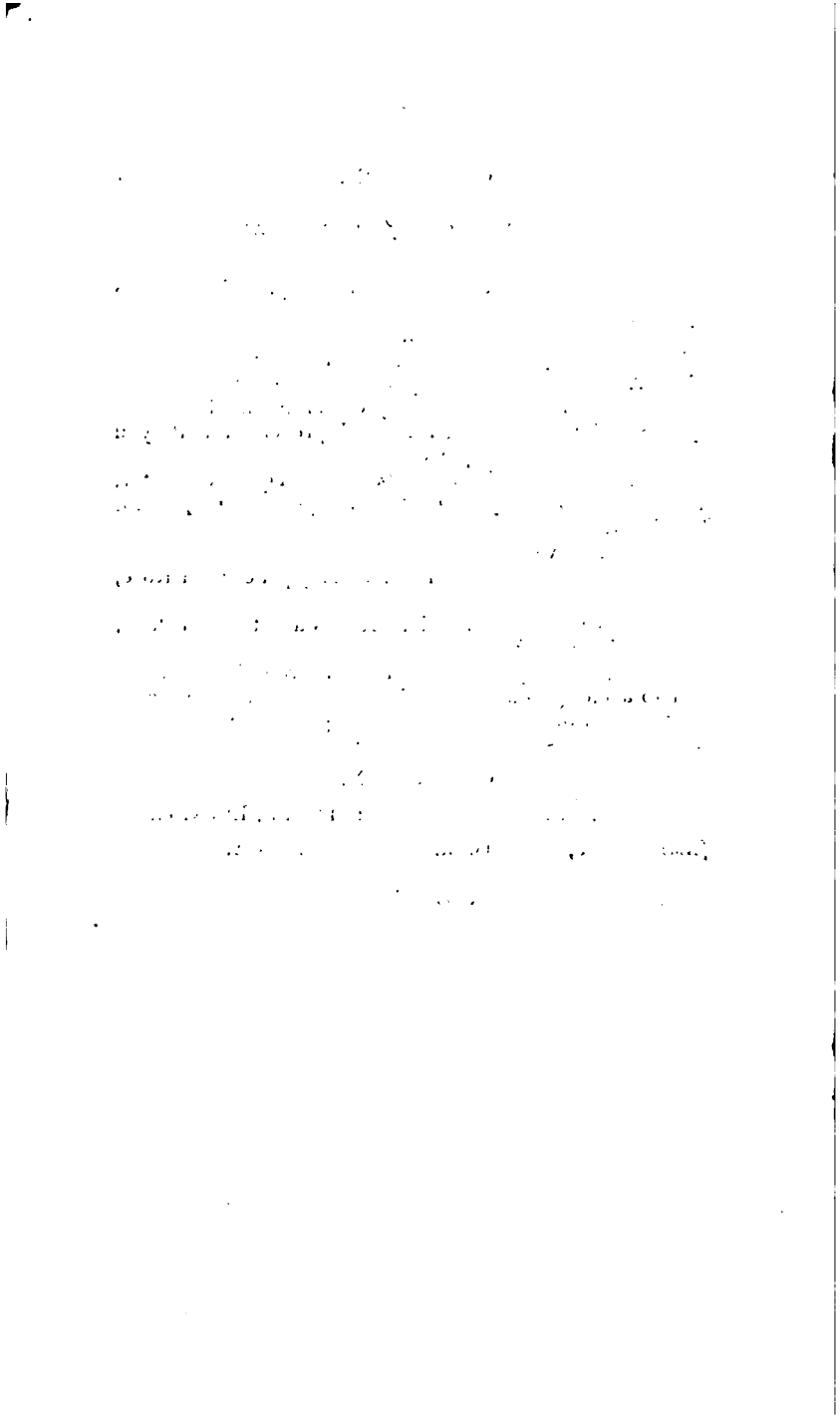
ROSE. (*coming forward*) Then we've only one more favor to ask. (*to audience*) Will you be lenient with us also? From our hearts we shall be grateful if you have found your amusement in our

CONFUSION.

L. DOCTOR. R. BLIZZARD, LUCRETIA.

JAMES, ROSE, MORTIMER. MARIA.

CURTAIN.



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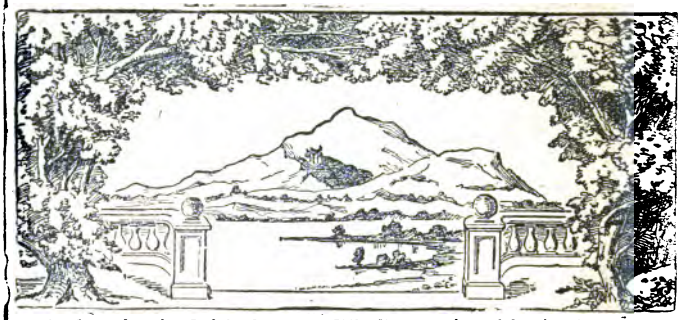

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ACT II.—COFFEE ROOM AND TERRACE, THE GRAND, GOATSTILE-ON-SEA. *Second Day.*

ACT III.—BILLINGS' DRAWING ROOM AGAIN. *Third Day*

TIME . . . . . PRESENT.

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TWINS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Drawing-room, richly furnished; glass doors* R.C., *curtained, opening on balustraded terrace and conservatory; plants, small fancy screen; small table* R., *with pens, ink, paper, &c.; couch, chairs, doors* R. *and* L.U.E.

Enter BILLINGS, L.D., *to begin.*

BIL. (*looks at watch*) Ah! the time's getting on, I must inquire if everything's all right. (*touches bell*)

Enter RICHARDS, L.D.

BIL. Ah, Richards, everything smooth?

RICH. Yes, sir.

BIL. Carriage gone to the station?

RICH. Yes, sir; I sent Peters off early to meet hevery train in case the Professor should alter his plans, and arrive unexpectedly.

BIL. Good—and the fires?

RICH. Are ablazing in all his rooms.

BIL. That's right, we must take care of his health, and keep up the temperature—(*pause*)—it's a precious charge, Richards.

RICH. It are, sir, a weight of responsibility will 'ang on my shoulders all the time of his *sergern* here.

BIL. (*sighs*) Oh, and on mine too.

RICH. If you please, sir, I suggested it to misses, and we've made one alteration.

BIL. What's that?

RICH. We've changed his lordship's bed-room from the green to the blue room.

BIL. The blue room—why?

RICH. The view from the window, sir, which is strikingly happropriate to the circumstances.

BIL. I wasn't aware there was a view.

RICH. Oh yes, sir, by standing on a chair, the spire of St. Margaret's Church is distinctly wisible.

BIL. Ah, to be sure it is, your forethought is admirable, Richards, the blue room by all means—but—I say, Richards, what about the pictures?

RICH. (*smiles*) Oh, they are removed, sir, and various more sootable subjects put up in their stead.

BIL. Capital ! capital !

RICH. Yes, sir, I've taken away Leshuno Venus, and 'ung up a map of the world.

BIL. Ah ! Capital—but—the Three Graces, Richards——

RICH. We've turned their faces to the wall.

Enter MRS. BILLINGS, *quickly*, L.D.

MRS. B. Oh, Richards, they've sent a box of the wrong pickle—and the Chutnee's not arrived ; pray, see about it at once.

RICH. I will, mam. (*going*)

MRS. B. Mind you get the right sort. It's foreign.

RICH. Yes, mam !

MRS. B. Be sure it's hot, Richards, you must get it hot.

RICH. Yes, mam ! (*Exit*, L.D.)

MRS. B. (*sits* C.) Amos, I'm near worried to death with excitement.

BIL. Naturally, my love, naturally ; but let us both try and keep calm, Mary Anne ; remember what's at stake.

MRS. B. I will, I do, Amos.

BIL. As you know the honour of receiving the Professor as a guest has fallen to me, as being a subscriber to the Hindoo General Advancement Society ; so, as I say, let us try and deserve that honour.

MRS. B. I wish it was all over ; until it is, I shall be so nervous, Amos. You've seen him, what is he like ?

BIL. I did see him, my love, when I went to Bombay on that railway business some years ago ; but my recollection is very indistinct. I've an idea he's extremely open and pleasant. I had an introduction, I think—I may say I'm sure he'll remember me.

MRS. B. Well, I shall have someone with me to help to entertain him. I didn't tell you, Amos, but I've invited the Hon. Mrs. Granby and her niece to stay a few days.

BIL. What ! Now, Mary Anne, you know the Professor expressly stipulated for quietness.

MRS. B. Yes, but he won't object to one or two ladies, I'm sure, Amos. I've done the right thing. I've made inquiries, and I've heard for a fact that the Professor is extremely partial to elderly ladies' society. Besides, you forget that Mrs. Granby is a subscriber to that Hindoo fund.

BIL. Ah ! So she is. But what about Edith, her niece ? You know what you told me about Adolphus.

MRS. B. Yes, but I'll keep a good watch on them both.

Enter R.D. ADOLPHUS.

ADOL. I say gov'ner ; (*comes down*) and you too, mater, you do look perplexed, in fact, both of you look as if you hadn't had any sleep for a month.

BIL. Adolphus, my boy, I don't think I *have* had a good night's rest ever since it was announced who was coming.

ADOL. Poor old dad—try and take it cool.

BIL. Adolphus, I have some news for you, I've invited Mrs. Granby here.

ADOL. *(eagerly)* And Edith?

MRS. B. I never referred to *Edith*, Adolphus.

ADOL. Oh!

MRS. B. But as Mrs. Granby never visits without her niece—why—Edith is coming too.

ADOL. *(overjoyed)* Ah!!!

MRS. B. But remember, Adolphus, I'll have no flirtation. Edith is a very nice girl, but your father and I have arranged your future, you know that.

ADOL. Oh, yes, I know it.

MRS. B. I must be mother-in-law to nothing under an Earl's daughter. We look to rank, Amos; are those not our sentiments? *(to* BILLINGS, *who sits at table,*

BIL. Sentiments! Bah! Rank, pooh! I say with Bobby Burns, "The goud is but the guinea stamp."

ADOL. *(goes and shakes his hand)* Right, dad! "The man's the man for a' that."

MRS. B. Oh! What horrid language.

Enter RICHARDS, L.

RICH. The Hon. Mrs. and Miss Edith Granby are a-coming up.

ADOL. Ha! (BILLINGS *rises*)

MRS. B. *(quickly to* RICHARDS) Richards, did you see about that?

RICH. I did, mam!

MRS. B. *(points finger)* They're hot?

RICH. As fire, ma'am!

Enter MRS. GRANBY *and* EDITH, L.D. *Exit* RICHARDS.

MRS. G. Ah, dear Mrs. Billings! I had your note, and was just able to make arrangements in time. *(shakes hands with* BILLINGS—EDITH *goes to* BILLINGS *and* ADOLPHUS)

MRS. B. Yes. I thought you and dear Edith would —— (*sees* EDITH *and* ADOLPHUS *together*) Ah, how well she looks! (EDITH *comes to* MRS. BILLINGS—*gives hand*) Dear child! Well, as I was saying, I thought you would like to be acquainted with our distinguished guest.

MRS. G. The Professor. Ah, dear Mrs. Billings, it is the one wish of my life to know him.

BIL. Well, it will soon be gratified; we're expecting him every moment.

MRS. G. So soon; dear me, how agitated I feel. I'm afraid I shall never go through the ordeal of an introduction

Enter RICHARD.

RICH. The O'. and Miss O'Haversack.

BIL. }
MRS. B. } The O'Haversacks ! ! !
MRS. G. }

MRS. G. Really, Mrs. Billings, I'm afraid my niece and I will have to bring our visit to a premature close.

MRS. B. Pray don't.

BIL. They were never invited.

MRS. B. There's a mistake, it shall be explained.

MRS. G. I don't mind poor Lydia, she's under his thumb, but he's odious.

Enter O'HAVERSACK *and* LYDIA.

O'HAV. Ah, Billings, my boy. How are ye, ladies? Your servant and slave. (*bows*) I've just called to pull you out of a difficulty. It was only this morning that my sister Lydia there said to me, "Professor Spinach of Banglepore is expected to arrive at the Billingses to-day." Didn't you say that, Lydia?

LYD. I did, brother !

O'HAV. Well, I said to myself, I must be there. Being an old Indian, I must go and help Billings out of a difficulty. Didn't I say that to myself, Lydia ?

LYD. You did, brother.

O'HAV. No sooner said than I acted on it ; and here I am, and here's Lydia ; and so make the best use of us possible.

BIL. My dear Haversack, under the circumstances, don't you think——

O'HAV. No, Billings ; decidedly no. I never think. Do I think, Lydia ?

LYD. Yes, brother.

O'HAV. What !

LYD. Er—no, brother.

O'HAV. (*to* BILLINGS) No.

BIL. But the Professor, you know.

O'HAV. Now, Billings, me boy, leave the Professor to me

Re-enter RICHARDS *with telegram.*

RICH. A telegram ! (*hands it to* BILLINGS)

ALL. From the Professor ?

BIL. It is. (*reads*) "From Titus Spinach to Amos Billings"——

ALL. Yes !

BIL. "Will arrive by the 5.45."

ALL. (*sigh*) Ah ! !

BIL. This telegram's been delayed, it's past that now. (*all look at watches*) Hollo ! (*looks at telegram*)

ALL. What is it ?

BIL. Listen! *(reads)* "Am accompanied by a Hindoo!"
(general consternation)

ALL. A Hindoo!

O'HAV. Don't be alarmed, they're perfectly harmless things. *(violent ring)*

BIL. *(rushes off)* 'Tis he!

ALL. Ha!

O'HAV. Well, Mrs. Billings, Lydia and I will be off, unless you wish us to stay, in which case only spake the word.

MRS. B. Stay to dinner, we shall be delighted.

O'HAV. Madame, not more than we shall!
(noise off; everybody start)

SPIN. *(off)* That's it. Give my puggree to Rampunkah!

ALL. He's come!

SPIN. *(off)* Remember you, of course I remember you, Billings, why shouldn't I? I never forget a face, there! lead on.

Enter RICHARDS.

RICH. Professor Titus Spinach!

Enter SPINACH *in bishop's dress, minus hat, and wearing tightly-buttoned short light grey ulster, very tight, and followed by* BILLINGS.

SPIN. And here we are. This the family circle, Billings? These your sons and daughters, eh?

BIL. Your benevolence, I will introduce them separately.

SPIN. Do, but first of all excuse me wearing my ulster. I've not got used to the change of climate yet, and this keeps me warm and tight, as you perceive. *(turns himself round and shows broad band of ulster; the band round middle is black)* Now, Billings, put us all on an easy footing.

BIL. Then first, your benevolence, allow me——

SPIN. Wait—excuse me, I'm just a leetle short-sighted; one moment, while I call for my glasses. *(strikes attitude and claps hands grotesquely; enter* L. *quickly,* RAMPUNKAH, *who salaams; ladies give slight shriek)* Ah, I beg your pardon, ladies, I see Rampunkah's too much for you. You must take him by degrees, but don't be frightened, he's as harmless as a dove. *(glares at him)* Shoo, shoo, lah, lah!

RAM. Soo, la, sahib. *(gives glasses)*

SPIN. Kloo! Kloo! *(waves hand grotesquely dignified)*

RAM. Sa. *(Exit* RAMPUNKAH, *backwards)*

SPIN. There—see him go—regular glided off, as I may say. What one would call a moving spectacle, eh? Now then, Billings, now we're ready.

BIL. First then, your benevolence, allow me——

SPIN. Hooh!! Whew!! I say, Billings, there's a dev— a deuce of a draught here—pooh!!

ADOL. The conservatory door—I'll close it.
(*goes up* R. C.)

SPIN. Thank ye. Your little boy, Billings?

BIL. My only son; and now, your benevolence, I have much pleasure in introducing our friend, the Hon. Mrs. Granby.
(*business*)

SPIN. Ah, to *be* sure, my dear madam; how are ye, and how is Granby? I haven't met him since we stayed on the hills at Bangshamwallah, some years ago. Lor, what a jolly man he was! (BILLINGS *tugs his coat*) When you see him, remember me kindly, will you? (*to* BILLINGS) Eh?

BIL. (*loud whisper*) He's dead, your benevolence.

SPIN. What? Well I—well, there, 'pon my life, what a ridiculous memory I have got, never mind. Ah, Mrs. Granby, it must be a pleasant thing for you to go back to the memory of the happy hours you and Granby have spent together. Ah! two convivial souls, as you were; happy, too, in the possession of each other's hearts, one heart between you, as I may say.

BIL. (*distressed, whispers loud*) Professor.

SPIN. (*aside*) Eh?

BIL. (*as before*) They were divorced.

SPIN. The dev—deuce they were. I—I—oh dear—well really—I—'pon my life. I was thinking of quite a different party—well, never mind—I do remember now, and my dear madam, it is my pleasing duty to tell you that at the last poor Granby was very penitent, really very penitent, and he was a deal more than sorry for having had any words with you. Yes, my dear madam, he was really very penitent, and went off quite peaceable.

BIL. (*distressed as before*) He shot himself in a fit of delirium tremens.

SPIN. (*looks at him*) I say, Billings, I wish you wouldn't impart your information by instalments.
(*business* – MRS. GRANBY *goes up*)

BIL. (*brings* LYDIA O'HAVERSACK *forward*) This lady—is——

SPIN. Stop—I know it—I know it, Billings—I could see it at once, why you're made for each other, Mrs. Billings, how are you?
(*business*)

BIL. No! No!

SPIN. Eh?

O'HAV. Sirr——

BIL. Stay! As my guest, I must introduce the lady. You were wrong, Professor. This lady is Miss Lydia O'Haversack.

SPIN. I really am extremely sorry. Billings, you must not put me on a wrong scent. You really mustn't.

BIL. Your benevolence—this is my wife.

SPIN. Ah, to be sure; de—lighted, madam—de—lighted.

(*business*) And that's your little girl, eh? (*looks at* EDITH *and* ADOLPHUS) along with your little boy. (*they don't see him*) Anybody can tell they're brother and sister. See how loving they look at each other; watch him squeezing her hand, see——

(*they suddenly start from each other as they are observed*)

MRS. B. Adolphus!

BIL. We've only one child, Professor, my boy, Adolphus, here. (*business*)

SPIN. How de do, 'Dolphus—good little boy, eh?

BIL. This young lady is Miss Edith Granby. (*business*)

SPIN. In-deed—charmed—I'm sure (*takes her hand*) 'pon my word, she's a little princess, and see how nice her frock fits. (*pause admiringly*) Ah, it's quite a treat to me to see all you ladies dressed. Fact is, you know, I come from a climate where,—a-hem (*aside*),—I just pulled up in time.

MRS. G. Doubtless, Professor, the fashions are different where you came from.

SPIN. Yes, they are—they are.

MRS. G. Now, what may I ask, Professor, is the style of dress worn by the ladies in that part?

SPIN. (*startled*) Eh!

MRS. B. Mrs. Granby means the fashions, what do they wear?

SPIN. What do they wear—well, some of them have a weakness for bangles.

MRS. G. Ah—as ornaments, but we mean what do they wear in the shape of clothing?

SPIN. Er—er—of clothing?

MRS. G. Just so, Professor.

SPIN. Yes, of clothing. (*nervous*) Phew!

MRS. G. The style, you know.

MRS. B. We don't want particulars—only the style.

SPIN. Just—so—the style.

MRS. G. } (*both smile*) Yes!
MRS. B. }

SPIN. Er—PRIMITIVE—primitive—thank goodness! Billings.

BIL. Yes, Professor—I'm all attention, may I show you your apartments?

O'HAV. (*comes down*) Stay!

BIL. Oh! I forgot; I have another guest.

O'HAV. Never mind, Mr. Billings; I'll introduce myself. Your benivolince sees in me an old Indian.

SPIN. (*puts glasses up*) Ah, dear me. An old Indian, eh—(*aside to* BILLINGS)—he certainly ain't a young Indian, Billings, eh?

O'HAV. Yes, sir; and I'm proud to say it. I've fought and

bled for me country ; I've been wounded for me country ; I've been mutilated in my country's cause. (*holds left hand up*) I left two fingers on the battlefield of Inkermann.

SPIN. Ah, that reminds me, Billings, I'd like to wash my hands.

BIL. Certainly, your lordship. This way.

SPIN. (*going, turns*) I know you'll kindly postpone your exciting narrative for another occasion. Ladies, excuse me. (*business*)

Exit L., *with* BILLINGS. O'HAVERSACK *keeps fingers up, and then turns up stage.*

O'HAV. No matter.

MRS. G. Ah, what a distinguished appearance !

MRS. B. Ah, what an ornament ! (*to* EDITH) Don't you think so, child ?

ED. I think he's a very nice old gentleman.

MRS. B. Ah, he is. (*sighs*)

MRS. G. He is. (*sighs ; both going with* EDITH)

MRS. B. Come Lydia, you'll join us, to my boudoir.

O'HAVERSACK *rushes to door, holds it for ladies, bowing, when* LYDIA *exits.*

O'HAV. Lydia, kape your senses on the Q.V. I've something to communicate.

(*all exeunt but* O'HAVERSACK *and* ADOLPHUS)

ADOL. Well, O'Haversack, what's your opinion of the Professor ?

O'HAV. Faith, Adolphus, I can't tell ye. I like him well enough ; but, man alive, to miss such a treat as I had in store for him ; I was about to explain one of the most exciting episodes in modern sthrife, one of the narrowest escapes a man ever had in the whole history of warfare, whin—tare-an-ages—he went off to wash his hands.

ADOL. Well, you can retail it on another occasion.

O'HAV. Faith, I may not be in the vein, Adolphus. (*holds hand up*) I assure ye I left two fingers behind me at Inkermann, and——

ADOL. Yes, and, old fellow, I've left two cigars behind me in the conservatory ; we've heaps of time to smoke 'em, come along.

O'HAV. To look at that, now ; lead on, me boy.

(*Exeunt into conservatory,* R.)

Re-enter RICHARDS.

RICH. Mr. Billings, I—oh, he ain't here ; well, I'll wait till I see him—I've (*looks off*) had enough of that savage for one day ; I'm not in the habit of associating with heathens, and that I'll inform the governor, if it costs me my place ;

why, if—if this sort of thing goes on I shall actually be contamitainted, and there's a dreadful outlook.

(SPINACH *off*, L.)

SPIN. My dear Billings, everything's nice and comfortable—nice and comfortable, I assure you.

RICH. There's his master, now for it.

Enter SPINACH *and* BILLINGS.

SPIN. (*sees* RICHARDS) Ah, here's another friend of the family. (*to* BILLINGS) You've not introduced me. (*to* RICHARDS) How de-do, how de-do?

(*offers hand;* RICHARDS *looks pleased*)

BIL. Stop, Professor—that's Richards, my butler.

SPIN. Oh, indeed! and a very fine young butler, too.

RICH. (*deprecatingly*) Oh, sir.

SPIN. No, Richards, I mean it. (*to* BILLINGS) I've been so long abroad, things come as strange as possible. I took Richards here for a smart young ecclesiastic. (RICHARDS *smiles*)

BIL. Did you want to see me, Richards?

RICH. Er—yes, sir—no, sir—not now, sir.

BIL. Then you needn't wait.

RICH. (*at door*, L.) No, sir—recklesiastic and a smart young butler. Ah! (*Exit*, L.)

BIL. And now, how do you like your rooms?

SPIN. Capital, Billings—capital!

BIL. Ah—I'm very pleased to hear it.

SPIN. But I say, there's one little thing. I'm not complaining you know at all—but——

BIL. I'm all attention.

SPIN. Don't you think, Billings, the decorations in my bedroom are rather sombre in hue, and enervating in nature? Eh?

BIL. Professor, they shall be altered at once.

SPIN. Thank ye, thank ye. You see an illustrated section of a convict prison is not a very exhilarating subject to gaze upon—eh? eh?

BIL. I'll see to it; rest easy, Professor.

SPIN. And now that we're arranging affairs, there's another little matter, Billings, if you'll excuse me alluding to it.

BIL. Oh, certainly. I'm all attention.

SPIN. It's about my man's diet, Rampunkah, there.

(*motions off with thumb*)

BIL. Ah, to be sure.

SPIN. Now, have you got such a thing in the house as a large bag o' rice?

BIL. I've no doubt we have; but, if not, it shall be got.

SPIN. Ah, do—and—give him carte blanche—d'ye see?

BIL. It shall be attended to.

SPIN. You know, Billings, I don't mind telling you. Rampunkah's rather an incubus.

BIL. Indeed!

SPIN. Yes, he's all very well at Banglepore, but over here he's quite out of his element.

BIL. I wonder, Professor, you brought him over.

SPIN. Ah! (*puts finger to his nose*) That's where it is.

BIL. Eh?

SPIN. Sh! oh! (*looks round*) He's an example. (BILLINGS *looks mystified*) Listen! When the Hindoo General Advancement Society hold their next annual meeting at Exeter Hall, which I attend, I put Rampunkah into my white ulster, and shove him on the platform.

BIL. Ah. I begin to understand.

SPIN. And there he stands, a striking example of the mollifying influence of British culture in the far East.

BIL. To be sure—to be sure.

SPIN. Besides, it shows the society they get something for their money—if it's only a white ulster, ha, ha, haw, haw, d'ye see?

BIL. Ha, ha, ha!

(*business.* SPINACH *digs* BILLINGS *in the ribs, chuckling*)

SPIN. Ah! Billings, a man circumstanced like me has a lot of matters to attend to.

BIL. Ah! spiritual, my lord.

SPIN. And temporal, and more of the latter; but it pays, Billings, it pays; we clergy have our fingers in every pie, and when it's there we grope round for the plums, d'ye see? (*moves fingers round*)

BIL. Yes, your gracious, you've a lot of power in your hands.

SPIN. In our hands, no, Billings. (*whisper*) Our power lies in our calves. (*points to his calves, holding leg up*)

BIL. You surprise me.

SPIN. Yes, our chief strength, Billings, lies in our picturesqueness. (*strikes attitude*) As a rule, a parson with a fully developed calf is at the top of the tree. A shrunk shank is generally sent abroad. I except my own case, as I'm rather a striking instance to the contrary, but between ourselves, Billings, I'm a churchman with very liberal ideas, and they don't want our sort at home. (*noise off*)

Enter MRS. BILLINGS *quickly.*

MRS. B. Oh, Professor, Professor!

SPIN. My dear madam, calm your agitation, what's the matter?

MRS. B. Oh, dreadful, dreadful!

BIL. Mary Ann, what is it?

SPIN. Yes, Mary Ann—I mean, Mrs. Billings, what is it?

MRS. B. Your man, that horrid black fellow!

SPIN. Nay, copper-colour, Mrs. Billings—give him his due.

MRS. B. Black or copper, he—oh, dreadful, he's actually been embracing the maids.

SPIN. He has, has he?—just wait a bit. (*claps his hands as before. Enter* RAMPUNKAH *immediately*) Loo-umpah-hoda-boda-kah!

RAM. Sah-Alla-la-la-pa-shoo-lah-koo-koo!

SPIN. Koo-koo-lah-sa-kickee-kickee!

RAM. Salaams-Sa! (SPINACH *waves him off as before*)

SPIN. It's all right now. He won't do it again. Fact is, he's been imbibing some of your strong English beer. Oh, ugh! I say, these draughts are severe.

BIL. I'll place the screen. (*puts screen at table*, R.)

SPIN. Don't trouble. Well, as I was saying, it won't occur again.

MRS. B. Indeed, Professor, I hope not.

SPIN. In future we'll keep him to the rice bag.

BIL. And now, is there anything your benevolence requires before dinner?

SPIN. Nothing, thank ye. Stay, I want to peruse a letter, perhaps drop a line—so——

BIL. Then we'll leave you. Here (*going to small table*) are pens, ink, and paper.

SPIN. (*goes up*) Ah, thank ye.

BIL. And now we'll leave you till dinner. Come, my love.

MRS. B. Yes, Amos. (SPINACH *and* MRS. BILLINGS *bow*)

BIL. (*at door*, L.) Mary Ann, he's a wonderful man.

MRS. B. A saint, Amos.

BIL. So incomprehensible!

MRS. B. And yet so affable.

BIL. Such intellect!

MRS. B. (*points*) And such calves! (*both exit*, L.)

SPIN. (*seated*, R.C., *at table, with open letter*) Dear me, how my heart goes out to that twin brother of mine, and yet I've not seen him for five-and-thirty years. Let me read this once more, so—so. Ah, here we are, "The last I have heard of William Spinach he was seen at Goatstile-on-Sea, but whether a resident or otherwise I have not been able to find out." Now what's the good of a private inquiry agent if he can't find out? Now let me see. (*musing*)

Re-enter O'HAVERSACK *from conservatory.*

O'HAV. Ah! (*aside*) Banglepore in a brown study. Now's the time to work out the scheme that's revolving in my brain, now to find Lydia at once. (*Exit quickly*, L.)

Re-enter ADOLPHUS.

ADOL. *(perceiving* SPINACH*)* Ah, there's the Professor, what a jolly old animal he looks—I wonder—I've a good mind to—he seemed to take a fancy to Edith—ay—and me too. Our prospects look hopeless. *Something* must be done. I wonder whether he would intercede for us. By Jove, I'll ask him.

SPIN. Yes; I'll start for Goatstile-on-Sea to-morrow. *(aside)*

ADOL. To-morrow; then I'll lose no time, Professor!

SPIN. Ah, Billings! little boy; how de do?

ADOL. Your benevolence, I hope you won't think me obtrusive, but if you would give me five minutes of your precious time, you would confer a boon on two throbbing hearts.

SPIN. Certainly, my boy, are you one of the throbbing hearts?

ADOL. Professor, I am.

SPIN. And where's the other throbbing heart?

ADOL. With her aunt and Mrs. Billings. I allude to the young lady you saw just now—Edith Granby.

SPIN. Oh, ah, to be sure; well now, come, what can I do?

ADOL. *(imploringly)* Intercede for us.

SPIN. Eh? what? what? Have you been doing anything wrong?

ADOL. No, your benevolence, unless loving each other devotedly, fervently, ecstatically, is wrong.

SPIN. Well, what can I do?

ADOL. Oh, intercede for us. *(clasps hands)*

SPIN. Young man, you're making a very serious request.

ADOL. Ah, our happiness for life is at stake.

SPIN. Well, I won't be hard, tell me all the circumstances, everything, don't be afraid, I'm in a relaxed mood, so fire away.

ADOL. My tale, your benevolence, is concentrated in two short sentences. I love her, and she loves me.

SPIN. How long have you known each other?

ADOL. For just twelve months.

SPIN. Ah! and what point have you arrived at?

ADOL. Professor!

SPIN. Have you kissed each other?

ADOL. Oh! often.

SPIN. You have—have you? *(smacks lips)* Ah! and did she relish it?

ADOL. I believe the process is agreeable to her.

SPIN. Dear, dear; what a lucky dog you are. I had no such luck at your age.

ADOL. Indeed, Professor!

SPIN. The only kisses I had were from an old lady who adopted me, and brought me up; and she was over seventy.

ADOL. Oh, what a pity. I sympathise with the hardships of your early youth.

SPIN. Ah, well, well, well. Now what's your name?

ADOL. Adolphus.

SPIN. Well, Adolphus, I'll see the young lady myself, and if her sentiments coincide with yours, I'll take the affair into my own hands.

ADOL. You will?

SPIN. I will. I like her looks—and I like yours, so—rest contented.

ADOL. Professor, you—you have made me for ever your debtor. I—I—excuse me, but you're a brick.

(*seizes and shakes his hand*)

SPIN. Yes, my boy, we're all made of clay.

ADOL. (*going*) Now to see Edith, and impart the news.

(*Exit quickly*, L.)

Re-enter O'HAVERSACK *and* LYDIA—*they come*, C.

SPIN. I think I'd better write again to that agent!

(*business*)

O'HAV. (*to* LYDIA) He's there, be asy now, take your cue from me. (*aloud*) Lydia, my poor gurl, how long have you had these sentiments?

LYD. Since I——

O'HAV. (*aside*) Spake up!

LYD. Since I first saw Professor Spinach.

SPIN. (*aside, starts*) Eh, somebody mentioned my name.

O'HAV. Ah, Lydia, my poor gyurl, I'm sore afraid the charrum of deportment and graces of person possessed by that eminent gintleman have created an impression on your too susciptible heart, is it not so? (*aside*) Say Yis.

LYD. Yes, brother—'tis so.

SPIN. (*aside*) Dear, dear, what do I hear?

O'HAV. Ah thin, Lydia. I'm afraid you've been very wake indade. (*aside*) Bring out your kerchief and snigger.

(*business*)

SPIN. (*aside*) Oh, Titus—Titus! What have you done?

O'HAV. Ah, come, I can't bear to see ye cry, what is it ye want, sisther. Ye can't have the Professor; what's the next best thing? Tell me. (*aside*) I want to tache the hathen, spake out, and be hanged to ye.

LYD. I want to teach the heathen.

O'HAV. (*aside*) In a broken voice.

LYD. In a broken voice.

O'HAV. (*aside*) Ah, the divil, whisht. (*aloud*) And where do you want to go to, child? (*aside*) Out loud. To Banglepore.

LYD. Out loud to Banglepore.

O'HAV. A——h, whisht, I tell ye. (*aloud*) Ah, Lydia, my poor child, ye're infatuated. I'll lave ye for the prisint, and

I hope when next I see ye, ye'll be more composed. (*aside at door* L.) If the Professor don't rise to that bait, my name's not O'Haversack ! (*Exit* L. D.)

SPIN. (*aside; stooping and looking between screen and* LYDIA) I'm in an extremely peculiar position. I'm the innocent recipient of a very delicate secret; my presence has evidently been too much for that poor girl. Ah ! yes, yes ! she's been admiring my calves, and they've overpowered her. (LYDIA *sighs heavily*) I'd better impart consolation to her. (*clears throat*) A-ah-heur—(*comes down;* LYDIA *rises*)—sit still, pray sit still. What ! in tears ? My poor young lady, what ails you ? Speak out.

LYD. Oh, sir—I mean, your benevolence—I want to——
(*pauses*)

SPIN. Do you, now ? Well, come—yes——

LYD. To—to——

SPIN. Yes, my dear, I'm all attention.

LYD. Teach—the heathen in a broken voice——

SPIN. Eh—is it necessary for that purpose, my dear, that you should be the possessor of a broken voice ?

LYD. (*sobbingly*) I think so ; I don't know.

SPIN. Dear, dear; this is very affecting. She's still labouring under great excitement, I think. Yes, I really think I'd better cover up my calves. (*pause*) And where is it you want to go to, my dear—to teach the heathen ?

LYD. (*sobbingly*) Out loud to Banglepore.

SPIN. What ? Out loud to Banglepore ? Oh, the poor girl's raving.

LYD. Oh, sir—I—I'm so miserable.
(*bursts out crying and falls on* SPINACH'S *shoulders*)

SPIN. Oh, lor—help—help !

Dinner gong strikes. RICHARDS *comes on quickly to announce it, falls back thunderstruck, and knocks up against the others who come on.* SPINACH, *with* LYDIA *over his shoulder, claps hands.* O'HAVERSACK *rushes on and takes* SPINACH'S *hand and shakes it.* RAMPUNKAH *tries to pull him away, and on the general confusion the Act Drop descends quickly.*

Every one looking at SPINACH *seriously, and* O'HAVERSACK *smiling.*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Coffee Room of the Grand, Goatstile-on-Sea. Large opening from* R. *to* C. *Four steps leading to platform, set as terrace, with covered roof. Two or three marble-topped small tables, with glasses on. Small iron chairs. Splendid marine cloth at back. Sands, pier, &c. In the room two tables. Sideboard with glasses, &c. Chairs. Two doors,* L. *As Curtain rises,* GUESTS *discovered, some spying through glasses, &c. The old-fashioned* GUEST (MR. ARRACK) *seated at table with newspaper. The Band strikes up loud, "The Same Old Game," and all go down steps leading to parade, where Band plays.* MR. ARRACK *visibly annoyed. In the room, two* WAITERS *discovered busy.*

SECOND WAITER. Hullo—band playing again, and old yellowskin outside. (MR. ARRACK *rises*) Here he comes; I'm off. (*Exit,* L.)

MR. A. (*top of steps*) *I* say —*you*, sir.

FIRST WAITER. Yes, sir.

MR. A. Where's the manager?

FIRST WAITER. Mr. Rollox, sir, is out, sir.

MR. A. Oh, Mr. Rollox is out, is he? very well, then if Mr. Rollox is out, is there another responsible party in, may I humbly ask?

FIRST WAITER. Yes, sir, Mr. Spinach is in.

MR. A. Oh, Mr. Spinach is in, is he? and who is Mr. Spinach, if I may inquire?

FIRST WAITER. Our head waiter, sir.

MR. A. Oh, ah, then kindly ask your head waiter to step here a moment.

FIRST WAITER. Yes, sir.

Exit, L. *Band in the distance.* MR. ARRACK *comes down steps.*

MR. A. Upon my word, it's abominable. I come down here to acquire restoring power through the agency of the salubrious atmosphere, and my purpose is frustrated by the horrible noise made by the horrible band playing their horrible plebeian airs under my very nose, into my very ears, and before my very eyes, but I'll put a stop to it; I've written to the management about it before, and now——

SPINACH (*off*) Well, confound it; how can I help it, ask the cook.

TIMOTHY *enters,* L., *dressed as waiter and with general greasy aspect; turns and speaks off.*

SPIN. How *can* you make giblet soup if you ain't got the materials? (*turns,* R.) I beg pardon, excuse my outburst, but I *am* annoyed.

MR. A. Well, sir, and I'm annoyed, too.

SPIN. Ah, then there's a pair of us annoyed.

MR. A. I know nothing about that. Now, sir, I insist on knowing why my grievance has not been remedied.

SPIN. Eh?

MR. A. Answer me, why has my complaint been taken no notice of?

SPIN. Now, how d'you think I can tell? I'm not a doctor.

MR. A. What!

SPIN. I don't think I can assist you. Where does yer grievance lie? In the stomach?

MR. A. Confound you, sir, how dare you insult me? I'll report you to the management.

SPIN. Then what d'ye ask me questions out of my department for?

MR. A. I won't bandy words with you, sir.

SPIN. No, don't, I'm very busy.

MR. A. Ah! May I ask if this is the usual style at this hotel of treating the guests? are you generally so abrupt?

SPIN. Well, generally. (*aside*) In the summer.

MR. A. Ah, very well then, kindly get me my bill. I'll go to another hotel.

SPIN. Certainly. (*pause*) He's a very old man. I'd better give him a chance. Now look here, you're an elderly gentleman, so I'll act mercifully towards you. (Mr. ARRACK *enraged*) Now keep your hair on! (*looks at head*) I beg pardon, I see you have none left. Well, now listen. If you leave the Grand and mean to stay at Goatstile, the consequences, at your age, to put it mildly, will be disastrous.

MR. A. (*startled*) What d'ye say?

SPIN. The place is so full, that you won't get a bed anywhere, the upshot being you'll have to sleep on the beach, which certainly has its advantage, as you'll get plenty of ozone, but, on the other hand, you'll very likely be found by some intelligent policeman, conveyed to the lock-up, shut up in a cold cell, and next morning fined five pounds for being a vagrant.

MR. A. Oh, dear me, dear me; dreadful, dreadful. My good fellow, pardon me. I'll retract all I've said. (*goes to* SPINACH) Let the band play "The Same Old Game" as long as they like.

SPIN. (*starts*) Eh?

MR. A. Oh, I've no objection at all. Let them strike up "Tommy make room—for—your uncle."

SPIN. Oh, lor! Oh, lor!

MR. A. (*ringing hands*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

SPIN. He's off his head. Yes, the picture I've drawn has been too 'arrowing, and he's gone mad. Calm yourself.

MR. A. But you'll forgive me?

SPIN. Of course I will; there, go to your room, lie down, take a bath, and shave your head. I beg pardon (*points*), you ain't none left.

MR. A. (*going*, L.) I'll do what you say. (*at door*) Lie on the beach, ugh! (*Exit*, L.)

SPIN. Ah! if we do get snubbed in the winter, we generally takes it out in the summer.

Enter ROLLOX, L., *with long paper.*

ROL. Spinach, here's the carte.

SPIN. Thanks. (*takes paper and reads*) Mock-turtle, ox-tail, spring pea, Julien, *giblet*. Now, Mr. Rollox, look 'ere——

ROL. It's all right, Spinach, we've made a mixture of the giblet.

SPIN. That's all very well, but what about the solid part? you must have something to show its giblet, if it's only the goose's beak.

ROL. We'll do without it.

SPIN. You can't do without, Mr. Rollox, and you know it; you can cheat the public in any kind of soup, except ox-tail and giblet. At a push, with ox-tail you can put in a small-sized bone or two, and say the meat's evaporated; but giblet wants variety, and is a cut beyond the cleverest artist. You know what a set of draughts are, Mr. Rollox, don't ye?

ROL. A draught-board, draughts, yes.

SPIN. Very well, then. (*strikes attitude*) Ox-tail is draughts, but giblets is *chess*.

ROL. Oh, that's enough. Well, I'll cross it out. (*marks paper*) There.

SPIN. That's better. (*takes it*) I'll just go and see if there's anyone outside wants lunch. (*goes* R.; *on top of steps; reads*) Mock turtle, ox-tail, spring pea, and Jooli-en—(*pause*)—giblets off—— (*Exit on to terrace*)

ROL. A cantankerous individual is Spinach, but useful for all that—just the man we want here—in the summer.

Enter SECOND WAITER *ushering in* HON. MRS. GRANBY.

SECOND WAITER. This is the coffee room, ma'am.

ROL. Robert, get the bill of fare—(*points*)—on the terrace.

SECOND WAITER. Yes, sir.

(*Exit on terrace* R.; ROLLOX *business*)

MRS. G. This is the manager. I'll make my inquiries at once (*to* ROLLOX) Thank you, I shan't require anything more substantial than a glass of wine and a biscuit.

ROL. He shall bring it at once, ma'am.

(*points towards terrace, going*, L.)

MRS. G. I beg your pardon, but——

ROL. Madam.

MRS. G. The fact is, I'm here to make inquiries. I—would you kindly tell me if a clerical gentleman, in short, a high dignitary of the Church, arrived here this morning?

ROL. Not that I'm aware of, madam, but I'll inquire, we have so many visitors.

MRS. G. But you'll have no doubt in recognising who I mean, a fine portly gentleman, in black, very short—(*pause*) —unmentionables. (ROLLOX *bows*) Buttoned at the knee (ROLLOX *bows*), and black silk stockings, black shoes with High Church heels (ROLLOX *bows*), and a white ulster. (ROLLOX *starts*) You are surprised—I must explain—the gentleman has just arrived from a very warm climate, where to relieve black with white is a necessity.

ROL. A-hem. I'll see at once, madam. (*at door*) All black, and from a warm climate. (*Exit quick'y*, L. D.)

MRS. G. Ah, I shall see him now. The benign influence shed by the Professor at Dorchester Square has affected the whole household, and I—I also have inhaled deeply from the well-spring of his seductive eloquence. (*changes voice*) They're all at him. I—I have stolen a march on them all. I heard accidentally Adolphus tell my niece he was coming here, and so I came down; my excuse shall be that I omitted to give him yesterday my contribution to the fund of the Hindoo General Advancement Society. (*recklessly*) Oh, Titus—Titus—I shall hear thy voice again!

SPIN. (*off* R. *terrace*) Just get an oil-rag and polish these 'ere marble-topp'd tables.

MRS. G. He's here. Ah!

SPIN. (*off*) Look at them stains!

MRS. G. His voice. Ah! ah!

Enter SPINACH, *top of stairs.*

MRS. G. Oh! Ah! ah! a—Professor.
(*holds right hand straight out*)

SPIN. (*turns*) Eh? (*starts; picture*)

MRS. G. (*languishingly*) Won't you shake hands?

SIN. (*comes down steps, bowing*) I—I—really ma'am—I—excuse me—my hands, ye know. I've been polishing liquor stains from the lounge tables. I——

MRS. G. And why do that? but there. (*holds hand out*) The honour is mine, even if your hands were enveloped in the product of Day and Martin's. (*takes his hand; business*)

SPIN. 'ighly honoured mam, 'ighly honoured, and now to business. (*suddenly unrolls bill of fare with* L. *hand*) Mock turtle, oxtail, spring, pea and Joolien. Giblets is off.

MRS. G. (*goes* L.; *quickly turns*) What?

SPIN. Mock turtle, oxtail, spring pea and Joolien. Giblets is off.

MRS. G. Oh! (*puts hand to head*) Oh, what is this?

SPIN. (*still holding bill*) Rich and succulent soups, mam. (MRS. GRANBY *looks dazed; rolls bill up*) I see what it is. Old lady's very fatigued. I think, mam, a little solid would do you a lot of good. Let me order you a nice cutlet, or a bit of juicy steak, eh?

MRS. G. (*slowly*) Juicy steak!

SPIN. And a bottle of Moselle, eh? Ha, ha! (*chuckles*) That will bring the colour to your withered—no, I mean alabaster cheek.

MRS. G. Oh, tell me, why do you act like this?

SPIN. Why, my dooty, mam, my dooty.

MRS. G. Never before, never in my whole life have I felt like this. (*comes closer*) I want consolation, (SPINACH *looks at bill of fare*) oh——(*looks at him with a die-away expression*) Oh, so bad.

SPIN. (*edges off and puts hand to chin; aside*) Now what's her little game I wonder!

MRS. G. (*gushingly*) But I see——

SPIN. Eh?

MRS. G. I see—it is done to try me. Ah-r-r——
(*comes closer*)

SPIN. Keep away, mam, please, keep away. (*business*)

MRS. G. (*pauses*) Then you spurn me? Oh, Professor.

SPIN. My name ain't Professor, it's Spinach.

MRS. G. I know it is—I know it is.

SPIN. Then call me Spinach, mam.

MRS. G. (*a step forward*) Ah! may I—may I—(*suits action to word*)—go a step further, and call you T. Spinach?

SPIN. (*business*) No, mam; certainly not.

MRS. G. (*overcome*) Ah!

SPIN. I see now what it is. She's observed me, unbeknown. She 'ave gloated on my 'iacynthine locks, and revelled in my rolling eye. (*strikes breast*) Timothy, my boy, be firm. (*catches* MRS. GRANBY'S *eye*) Whew! she puts me in a cold sweat, I must nip this in the bud. (*affectedly*) No, mam, no; it would be culpable on my part, not to say crooil, to pretend to misunderstand you; but dooty, dooty, mam, commands me to say *no*. Spinach, if you like, but T. Spinach—never!

MRS. G. (*collapsed*) Oh—o—o—o!
(*head down and clasped hands*)

SPIN. (*aside*) Poor thing. I've stabbed her to the vitals. (*cheerfully*) You'll get over it.

MRS. G. Get over it. Do you know, Professor——

SPIN. Spinach!

MRS. G. Yes. Sweet name. (*dwells on the name*) Spinach!

SPIN. The sound gives you quite an appetite, don't it? Say it over a few times, and you'll be able to eat a couple of kidneys and a bit of broiled 'am.

MRS. G. Oh, thou merry soul. (*smiles*)

SPIN. Ah, ha, ha, go on! tchk!—

MRS. G. Well, as I was saying, do you know, I followed you down from London.

SPIN. The devil you did.

MRS. G. I know when you use such forcible language, that you are affected. Did I—did I do very wrong?

SPIN. Well, I—you see, mam, I'm in an awkward position. I——

MRS. G. This! (*points to him up and down*) This strange raiment, you have evidently donned for a purpose.

SPIN. Well, I must wear something.

MRS. G. Ah, you cannot conceal your identity, nothing can hide from my sight the heavenly candour of that noble brow.

SPIN. Oh, mam, I really——

MRS. G. No. I speak the truth, but a truce to this, my purpose now is strictly business.

SPIN. Right you air. (*unrolls bill quickly with left hand*) Mock turtle, oxtail, spring pea, and Joolian. Giblets is off.

MRS. G. Again those strange words, (*looks at* SPINACH) but no doubt you have a purpose. (*moves, crosses towards steps*) I require—— (*pause*)

SPIN. Yes, now come, a little something!

MRS. G. (*mounts steps*) I do. (*brokenly to him*) A little something. (*looks back*) A little fresh air.

(*Exit on terrace*)

SPIN. Well, I thought I knew something about women, but this specimen beats me entirely.

Re-enter quickly at top, MRS. GRANBY.

MRS. G. Hist, Professor!

SPIN. Spinach.

MRS. G. Spinach here. (SPINACH *goes to steps*) I had forgot my purpose. For your Hindoos. (*gives heavy purse and exits quickly*)

SPIN. What's this? (*looks in purse*) Gold! Five, ten, fifteen, twenty pounds! (*pause*) For the Hindoos. Yes, Matilda, and I've got six of 'em. Well, this is a windfall and no mistake. Generous old lady. I never had such a fee for nothing in all my life. (*pause*) Ought I to take it and give no return, not even a few tender words of comfort? *No!* (*puts purse in pocket, goes up steps*) I'll go to the love-sick maiden, and talk to her—like a—father.

Exit terrace, R. *Band on parade; strikes up piano, "When other lips." Enter* WAITER *from terrace*

SECOND WAITER. Spinach is crotchetty this morning, sets me on a job and then sets me off it, while he parleys to that old party there. Ah, well, he ain't a bad sort. (*Enter* ADOLPHUS *and* EDITH, L.) Ahem! Lunch, sir. Table de hôte's on upstairs, sir.

ADOL. Thanks, we don't want anything at present—that is—where's the bill of fare?

SECOND WAITER. I'll get it at once, sir. (*going* R.)

ADOL. Never mind, we'll take something, later on.

SECOND WAITER. Very good, sir. (*going* L.)

ADOL. I say, waiter, have you observed a clerical gentleman among the arrivals this morning—a high dignitary of the Church?

SECOND WAITER. No, sir; but I'll inquire.

ADOL. Ah! Thanks, much obliged.

SECOND WAITER. Thank'ee, sir. (*Exit*, L)

ED. Adolphus, I'm so nervous. I wish we hadn't come.

ADOL. Nonsense, little pet. The dear old Professor will make it all right. Now, I've got nice lodgings for you, and I'll stay at the hotel here; when I see the Professor, I'll tell him what we've done; he'll scold at first, but afterwards he'll look it over, especially, darling, after I've handed him this. (*holds purse up*) A subscription to the Hindoos, ha, ha!

ED. I hope, dear Adolphus, everything will come all right.

ADOL. Not a doubt of it, dear. Hark, what nice music, "When other lips." Ah, Edith darling. (*takes her in his arms*) When these lips are mine! (*kisses her twice or thrice. Band breaks up into piano, as before, "The same old game," gradually dying away.*) Edith, I know this hotel well. (*goes* R.) This terrace overlooks the whole of the parade (*mounts steps*) and the exquisite view—Hollo!!! back Edith, back, my pet.

ED. Oh, what is it?

ADOL. There's the Professor talking to your aunt.

ED. (*wringing her hands*) Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?

ADOL. (*hurriedly*) I've got it. I'll put you in a cab, now, and you shall go straight to your temporary home. You may only be there a few hours. I'll go with you, and then come back, and get it over. Now, darling, come along; you'll find everything will turn out satisfactory. Waiter. Come, dear!

(*Exeunt* L.; *re-enter* SPINACH *down steps*)

SPIN. I can understand that old lady less than ever—she's taken such a hinterest in my 'indoos. When I was going to thank her for her money, she said it shouldn't be the only instalment; me an' Matilda's in luck! (*Enter* MATILDA, L. C. *on terrace with bonnet on; stands* L. C.) She's evidently quite gone on me.

MAT. (*aside*) Ah!

SPIN. She's gone down the terrace steps on to the parade, but she'll be back. Ah! I could see she wanted to lead the conversation into an amatory channel.

MAT. (*aside*) Ah!

SPIN. But I fought shy of anything approaching a tender character. It wouldn't do. Suppose I let my fancy run wild and Matilda was to see it?

MAT. (*comes down*, L.) She did see it.

SPIN. Hollo, Matilda, you here; dear me, how strange.

MAT. Ah, you gay deceiver, I've found you out.

SPIN. Found me out, why you knew I was here, Matilda, didn't you?

MAT. Ugh!!!

SPIN. (*starts back*) Eh!!

MAT. I saw you.

SPIN. Matilda, reproach me not, I am innocent.

MAT. I saw you with her, from the parade, and I came up the terrace steps; how loving you were, and me striving to keep everything nice at our little place,—(*tearfully*)—and trying to keep the children clean and tidy.

SPIN. Oh dear, oh dear; well, there now, come, Matilda —I——

MAT. Get away from me, me doing all this, and you gallivanting with the first one you meet, because she's got nice clothes, but she's on the parade, I'll go down and meet her—(*goes* R., *turns*)—and I'll—I'll—scratch her yellow skin off, I will.

SPIN. Now, Matilda, do be reasonable; do you think I'd gallivant with an old she-dragon like that when I've got such a lovely *crummy* little woman all to myself? No, my dear, you don't think that. (*puts arm gently round her waist*) No, my dear, you wouldn't insult your Timothy by thinking that. Oh, no, no. There, kiss.

During this scene TIMOTHY *keeps helping* MATILDA *to various tit-bits from tables, and puts fowl in* MATILDA'S *bag. All done as a matter of course.*

MAT. Well, then, what were you talking about? Tell me the truth, Timothy.

SPIN. Matilda, would I do otherwise? Well, now don't you go a-blaming of me. The fact is, I certainly think she's been feasting on my 'iacynthing locks, and revelling in my rolling eye.

MAT. But they're mine, Timothy; mind, they're mine.

SPIN. They are, Matilda, as you very sensibly remark; you are the sole proprietor. But what d'you think? This old lady's taken a great fancy to our little family—the whole six of 'em. She do call them 'indoos; but let that pass, she's

taken an interest in them, and here's the proof—the practical proof. (*shows purse; opens it*)

MAT. Oh, Timothy! Gold—real golden suv'rins. It's for the children, so I'll lay it out. (*holds out hand*)

SPIN. (*puts it in pocket*) At present, Matilda, I think I'll continue banker.

MAT. Well, don't you go and spend it on the spree, as you have done many a time.

SPIN. Matilda, it's a trust, and as a trust shall by me be 'eld sacred. But this is only the first instalment; there's more to come.

MAT. Oh, how good of her. Timothy, she might send them to school.

SPIN. School—they go to school. I send 'em to school.

MAT. No, Timothy; you know very well it's the Government sends them to school.

SPIN. Yes, but I start 'em out o' the 'ouse, and ain't that sending 'em to school?

MAT. What I mean, she might put them into a good school.

SPIN. Shouldn't wonder, and give 'em a good lift in life, eh?

MAT. (*overjoyed*) Yes!

SPIN. There's our eldest, Doolittle, he might go into the Church!

MAT. The very thing!

SPIN. And Marc Antony, he steals all the other boys' marbles, she might put him into the law—eh?

MAT. What better?

SPIN. Then there's little Wellington, the very boy for the army.

MAT. Oh, bee—utiful, I must have another spy at her. I'll go down by the terrace steps. (*runs up steps and turns*) Timothy!

SPIN. Yes, my love. (MATILDA *beckons*, SPINACH *goes* R.)

MAT. When, when you see her again, I shouldn't mind a little harmless trifling.

SPIN. Thank ye, my dear.

MAT. But!!! (*holds finger up*)

SPIN. Oh, Matilda, trust your Timothy. (*Exit* MATILDA *on to terrace*) That's over, very satisfactory indeed, but this ain't business, I must see how they're doing upstairs with the table d'hôte. I ought to be there. (*going* L.)

Enter quickly ADOLPHUS, L.

ADOL. Ah, Professor. (*holds out hand*)

SPIN. What, again; look here, are you alluding to me?

ADOL. Why, yes. I—I hope you'll hear me. I took the liberty of following you from town. Oh, won't you shake hands? (*holds out hand*)

SPIN. (*pause*) Look here, my young friend; you've got hold of the wrong party to chaff.

ADOL. Chaff—surely, Professor, you don't suspect me of any trivial motive in coming here.

SPIN. I don't know what your business is, but what do you call me Professor for, when my name's Spinach?

ADOL. (*respectfully*) Of course, I'm aware of that, but I certainly should not take the liberty of calling you by your bare Christian name, unless I had your permission to do so.

SPIN. Look here, young man, you're treading on dangerous ground, you know. A Spinach ain't a going to be trifled with.

ADOL. And I don't mean to trifle with you, Professor—I——

SPIN. Spinach.

ADOL. Very well, then, under protest, Spinach, my visit to you is two-fold, partly to give you my contribution to the Hindoos, and——

SPIN. (*all eagerness*) Eh? What?

ADOLPHUS *puts purse in his hand;* SPINACH, *business; aside.*

ADOL. And partly to ask you to fulfil your promise with regard to myself and Edith.

SPIN. You'll excuse me, young gentleman, but I really can't follow you.

ADOL. Is it possible, Professor?

SPIN. Spinach!

ADOL. (*bows*) Spinach! Is it possible, you have forgotten what you said to me? The promise you made.

SPIN. What promise?

ADOL. To tell my honoured parents that Adolphus' mind's made up, and that he means to wed his Edith, and that you approve, don't you remember?

SPIN. No—I'll be damned if I do!

ADOL. Ah, wait. (*takes notes out of pocket-book*) Professor.

SPIN. Spinach!

ADOL. Spinach. I forgot to give you our joint contribution to the Hindoos, Edith's as well as mine. Here it is, two ten-pound notes!

(*forces them into his hand. Business.* SPINACH)

SPIN. Oh, but I say, really——

ADOL. Not a word of thanks, Professor, I mean Spinach, but may I ask now, if you remember—eh?

SPIN. Um! Oh, to be sure, to be sure. I remember all about it now, and to think I should have forgotten—ha, ha!

ADOL. But my respected pa and ma will be down here presently. You won't forget to talk to them, eh?

SPIN. Not me, my boy. I won't forget, but I say, I don't know them.

ADOL. What? Now you're off again. I'm off to join Edith. I shall be back though, and I say——

SPIN. Yes!

ADOL. It shan't be our last contribution to the Hindoos.

SPIN. Oh, 'ow good you are.

ADOL. Not our last by a long chalk, because there's more where that came from—eh! ha! ha! (*goes to door*, L.)

SPIN. Ha! ha!

ADOL. (*at door*) Ta, ta, Professor.

SPIN. Spinach!

ADOL. Spinach! (*Exit* L.)

SPIN. Well, I can't make anything of this, and I ain't a-going to try. My young 'uns are getting wealthy, and no mistake. Here, I must go to that table d'hôte; I really must not neglect business like this—I——

Enter quickly O'HAVERSACK, *holds out his hands*]

O'HAV. Ah, Professor, how d'ye do?

SPIN. What! Another one? Oh, I'm getting reckless. Here goes. How are ye, eh? How do—delighted, I'm sure—de-lighted. (*both shake hands vigorously*)

O'HAV. And the same here, Professor.

SPIN. Spinach, my boy.

O'HAV. To be sure, Spinach, with all my heart.

SPIN. And how are things, eh?

O'HAV. Glorious, Spinach, glorious!

SPIN. Oh, I *am* glad to hear that.

O'HAV. And, Lydia—ye'll be glad to know, Spinach, that Lydia's recovering.

SPIN. Oh, Lydia's recovering, is she? That *is* good news? Has she been bad long?

O'HAV. What!!!

SPIN. Eh?

O'HAV. Faith, Spinach, ye don't pretend to forget the moment she sank overpowered in your arms.

SPIN. No; I think I have a slight remembrance. Yes, of course, she sank into my arms. You're quite right.

O'HAV. Ah, I thought you'd not forget that episode.

SPIN. Now, d'you think I would.

O'HAV. Ah! Professor.

SPIN. Spinach!

O'HAV. Right ye are. Spinach—ah—ye can't tell what a contented man I feel, in spite of what they say in Dorchester Square.

SPIN. And what do they say in Dorchester Square?

O'HAV. Why, that ye'd never sink to an alliance with the O'Haversacks,

SPIN. Oh, pooh, pooh, pooh, bosh !

O'HAV. Just what I say, Spinach, ye'd overlook wealth to be allied to the sister of a man—(*holds left hand up*)—who lost two fingers.

SPIN. What, here ? (*looks round*) I'll have 'em searched for.

O'HAV. Spinach, now you know very well I lost them at Inkermann.

SPIN. Oh, I remember, so you did.

O'HAV. I suppose when it's over ye'll be taking Lydia to Banglepore

SPIN. To where ?

O'HAV. To Banglepore.

SPIN. (*rubs his chin*) Well, ye know, I ain't actually made up my mind.

O'HAV. Oh, Professor.

SPIN. Spinach !

O'HAV. To be sure, Spinach, do you know, me boy, Lydia wouldn't survive without ye.

SPIN. You don't say so.

O'HAV. I mane it. (*goes to* L. *door, stamps foot*) Without there, Lydia. Come here.

Enter LYDIA, L.

LYD. Yes, brother !

O'HAV. Curtsey to the man av your choice.

LYD. Yes, brother. (*curtsies to* SPINACH, *who bows*)

SPIN. (*aside*) I must put a stop to this, he hasn't mentioned anything about the Hindoos.

O'HAV. D'ye see her, Spinach ? behold the embodiment of all the fiminine graces. (*goes to* LYDIA ; *whispers*)

SPIN. I shall fight shy of these two as soon as I get my Hindoo contribution.

O'HAV. Spinach, I just mentioned you might be off without her, and behold the effect. (*aside*) Bend your neck, or I'll break it.

SPIN. Sur—prising !

O'HAV. Ain't she for all the world like a lily—a broken one.

SPIN. (*aside*) I'm glad he said a broken one.

O'HAV. (*to* LYDIA) Ye may go now upstairs to the table d'hôte and have your dinner. And occupy your mind with a little light literature. You'll find a "War Cry" in my coat pocket.

LYD. Yes, brother ! (*going*, L.)

O'HAV. What, where's your curtsey to the man of your choice ? (*some business ;* LYDIA *exits*) And now, Spinach, we'll arrange a little matter together. Ye may guess I'm not what's called a rich man, so as ye're going to take Lydia away from me, ye must lave me an equivalent in money.

SPIN. (*starts*) What do you mean?

O'HAV. Why, ye wouldn't acquire a treasure like that without laving her poor and only relative a substantial sum of money?

SPIN. (*aside*) Oh, this will never do! Here! (*turns half-round and holds hand out*) For the 'indoos.

O'HAV. (*eye-glass, and looking at palm*) What!!

SPIN. (*same business*) A trifle for the 'indoos!

O'HAV. Spinach—I'm disappointed—I never thought you'd thry and bleed your future brother-in-law!

SPIN. Oh, all's fish that comes to my net.

O'HAV. Oh, very well, then, as I said I'm not rich—(*putting hand in pocket*)—in fact, I'm as poor as the Hindoos, but anyhow, here's half-a-crown, and may the devil take 'em!

SPIN. What!!! a half-a-crown, and may the devil take 'em, is that what ye say?

O'HAV. Be asy now.

SPIN. Keep your half-crown—I scorns the hoffering. The 'indoos can do without it.

O'HAV. (*aside*) He manes to cut up rusty. Look here, Spinach, we'll come to business now.

SPIN. And right you air. (*unrolls bill quickly with* R. *hand*) Mock turtle, ox-tail, spring pea, and Joolien—giblets is off.

O'HAV. What do I hear?—hark ye, sir—don't thrifle with me. I'm an ould warrior, and I'll stand no nonsense. (*holds hand up*) I left two fingers behind me at Inkermann!

SPIN. Yes, my friend, and if you'd brought your two fingers away and left your venerable carcase at Inkermann, the public would be benefited thereby.

O'HAV. What do I hear?

SPIN. The truth!

O'HAV. (*in rage*) If it wasn't for one thing I'd take immediate vengeance. That one thing is your cloth, it protects you.

SPIN. My cloth? (*throws napkin away*) Here, come on, you bald-'eaded bully. (*squares up*) Come on!

(*dances round him*)

O'HAV. I won't. I'm off fighting, Professor.

SPIN. Spinach, you carrotty-headed fraud.

O'HAV. Spinach, I mane. Would you fight with a man who's been mutilated in his country's cause?

SPIN. Then be off, or else I'll call the maids and have you drowned in the stock pot.

O'HAV. Ye'll drive me straight to suicide. (*on steps*)

SPIN. Yes, and the best way for you to do it is to lay out that half-crown in a bottle of Vermin Killer, and drink it off.

O'HAV. Ah, the devil! (*Exit*, R.)

SPIN. Whew! never was in such a passion in my life. What's come over everybody, I can't make out, and there's that there table d'hôte. I really must go upstairs. (*going, L.*)

BIL. (*off, L.*) My son! where is he?

MRS. B. Yes, Adolphus, where are you?

Enter BILLINGS *and* MRS. BILLINGS.

BIL. }
MRS. B. } Professor! (*holding out hands*)

SPIN. (*rushing forward*) How are ye? How de do? (*all shake hands vigorously*) Pleased, I'm sure!

BIL. }
MRS. B. } This is a surprise.

SPIN. Yes, ain't it?—I am re-joiced. Ah—r—r.
(*shakes hands as before*)

MRS. B. We heard you had gone to Goatstile, but, Professor—our Adolphus, have you seen him, Professor?

SPIN. Spinach!

MR. B. Really, it's very good of you—well—it—a—Spinach. We have reason to believe Adolphus has fled here with Edith, niece of Mrs. Granby, you know—it's the lady we introduced you to yesterday.

SPIN. Yes, yes, I know. (*aside*) These are the younggent's pa and ma. I must earn that money honestly, a promise is a promise. Well now, look here—by the bye, what's your name.

BIL. }
MRS. B. } What?

SPIN. I know it's stupid of me, but I've really forgotten it.

BIL. }
MRS. B. } Billings!

SPIN. Billings, to be sure—well, now, Billings, what's the good of making a noise about nothing?—now, why not let the young people have their way, eh?

(BILLINGS *and* MRS. BILLINGS *surprised*)

BIL. But, Professor!

SPIN. Spinach!

BIL. (*smiles*) Spinach, you wouldn't countenance disobedience, would you?

SPIN. Disobedience be hanged! Young blood is young blood, ain't it?

MRS. B. (*sighs; looks at* BILLINGS) Ah, there's something in that, Amos.

BIL. It's strange; that never struck me before.

SPIN. Very well; look at the case in all its bearings. Think of your own courting days.

BIL. (*sighs*) Ah! there's something in that, Mary Ann.

MRS. B. (*short*) There is; it struck me before.

SPIN. Well, now, what do you say?

BIL. }
MRS. B. } Professor!

SPIN. Spinach!

BIL. }
MRS. B. } Spinach! Your powerful intercession has vanquished us. They shall be made one!
(*together*) }

SPIN. Hurrah! (*aside*) I've honestly earned the money.

MR. B. And now we'll come to business.

SPIN. Right you air. (*unrolls bill with* L. *hand*) Mock turtle, ox-tail, spring pea and Joolien—giblets is off.

MRS. B. (*sidles off*) What does he mean, Billings?

BIL. (*follows with her*) Hush, he has a motive in this, he wants us to go. Come!

(*both go towards steps*; SPINACH *pauses, then follows*)

SPIN. I say. (*both turn*, SPINACH *holds palm behind*) Ain't ye got a trifle for the "'indoos"?

MRS. B. (*to* BILLINGS) Ah, the Fund.

MR. B. I've not forgotten. I meant to give you my subscription later on.

SPIN. Thank yo. (*palm still side of him*) If it's all the same, I'll take it now.

BIL. }
MRS. B. } With pleasure. (*puts purse in his hand*)

SPIN. Thank ye—you are kind. (*goes*, C.)

BIL. (*top of stairs*) Extraordinary man, Mary Ann.

MRS. B. A gem, Amos! (*top of stairs*)

BIL. So impecunious!

MRS. B. And yet so pious.

BIL. Such resources.

MRS. B. (*leans and looks*) And such—no trousers do not become him. (*Exeunt*)

SPIN. (*who has been counting*) What lucky little beggars my 'indoos are; seems a pity to waste all this money on 'em. (*pause*) I haven't had a spree for such a long time. I think—I've a great mind to——

Enter WAITER.

WAITER. Spinach! Table d'hote's over, and Mr. Rollox wishes to see you in his room.

SPIN. Oh, all right. (*Exit* WAITER, L. *Band here plays piano*, "We'll all get blind drunk when Johnny comes marching home!") That decides me. I'll be off to London, and look all my old pals up. Where's my frock coat, I must be quick! (*goes to sideboard, opens and takes out old black frock coat, puts it on*) Now for my tile. (*puts greasy high hat on*) Now my perquisite bag. (*takes out old carpet bag*) Can't go by terrace steps, this door will take me round. (*opens it*) Coast clear. Now Timothy Spinach, Matilda or no Matilda, rollicking joy for twenty-four hours.

(*Exit*, L. 2, *door*)

Enter WAITER, L.

WAITER. He wants you now, Spinach. Why he ain't here! I'll go and tell Mr. Rollox. (*meets* ROLLOX *coming on*)

ROL. Did you give my message to Spinach?

WAITER. I did, but he's gone, sir.

ROL. Yes, and he shall go altogether when I see him.

Re-enter BILLINGS *and* MRS. BILLINGS.

BIL. *and* MRS. B. The Professor is off with a carpet bag.

Re-enter O'HAVERSACK.

O'HAV. The Professor is off with a carpet bag.

ROL. What!

Enter MRS. GRANBY.

MRS. G. Oh! Titus is off with a carpet bag.

ALL. The station!

ROL. This way's nearest, back of the Hotel.

(*Exit*, R. *door*)

ALL. Station, station!

Band plays little louder, "When Johnny," &c.; when all are off, ROLLOX *comes,* L. ; *uproarious noise heard,* R.

ROL. What's that?

Enter L., *coming on backwards and looking off,* WAITERS, BOOTS, CHAMBERMAIDS, GUESTS, STABLEMEN, &c., &c., *jeering and laughing. Enter, very sedately, but glaring* R. *and* L., SPINACH, *with umbrella, white ulster, &c., &c. Stands horror struck.*

The rest in a circle, with their arms stretched out pointing at him. All shrieking with laughter and shouting, "Look at Spinach, *&c.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same as Act I. Window,* L. C., *&c. Enter* BILLINGS *from conservatory with letter.*

BIL. (*deliberately reads*) "P.S.—I have also received a terrific shock at the hands of a black-coated demon, one Spinach!" Now it's this postcript that puzzles me. I'm glad Mary Ann didn't see it. (*pause*) I'll read it once more. (*reads*) "Dear Billings,—I shall be with you to-morrow. A medical man on board, coming over, told me my constitution required rest on land, before going into business matters. I therefore took up quarters at the Grand at Goatstile, but instead of quietness have been subjected to the greatest

annoyance and discomfort by the diabolical noise made by the town band, which has compelled me to cut my visit short, and quit the place. I will explain all when I see you. —Yours, &c., WILLIAM ARRACK. P.S.—I have also received a terrific shock at the hands of a black-coated demon, one Spinach!"

Enter MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. GRANBY.

MRS. B. My dear, I've conveyed the Professor's advice to Mrs. Granby.

BIL. (*inquiringly*) And Mrs. Granby?

MRS. G. Oh, my dear Mr. Billings, anything proceeding from that eminent man shall be received by me with the greatest deference. Of course, he must be obeyed, and as you are agreeable, why, let the dear children be united at once.

BIL. And I've no doubt much the best plan after all. By-the-bye, Mrs. Granby, do you know we expect another visitor to-day?

MRS. G. Indeed, no! I was not aware of it.

MRS. B. Amos's partner, the head of our Calcutta branch, has written to say he will be here this morning.

BIL. And strange to say, he comes from Goatstile.

MRS. G. Goatstile-h! By-the-bye, has the illustrious given any indications of stirring yet?

BIL. No; I put my ear to the keyhole just now, and all was quiet, with the exception of a subdued murmur, which I think proceeded from his nose.

MRS. G. } Heigho!
MRS. B. }

MRS. G. I believe he saw no one last night.

BIL. No one but Richards, and the copper-coloured retainer.

MRS. G. I understand also he was dreadfully put out.

BIL. Put out; why he—but you shall hear the narrative in Richards' own words. (*rings bell; to* MRS. GRANBY) My dear, don't you think the Professor's movements rather out of the common?

MRS. G. Ah! he has a lot on his mind.

BIL. (*aside*) No, I really can't make out that postcript!

Enter RICHARDS, L.

RICH. Yes, sir.

BIL. Ah, Richards, inform us once more of what occurred last night on the Professor's arrival.

RICH. Yes, sir; his benevolence arrived precisely at five-and-twenty minutes past twelve. I was in the porter's cheer a-sittin' up for him. Rampunkah was also a-lying curled up

on the mat a-sittin' up for him. He drew up in a cab at the time mentioned; I opened the door, he entered; the cab druv off. I gave him his candle and said "Good-night, your benevolence"; he answered never a word, but took the candle, lifted Rampunkah off the mat with his foot, and went upstairs to bed—ha!

BIL. (*to* MRS. GRANBY) There, that will do, Richards. By-the-bye, you might go and see if he's stirring now.

RICH. He is, sir, the furriner has gone up with his shaving water.

BIL. Why didn't you tell me? Go at once and ask, with our compliments, if he will be served with anything in his room, or wait till lunch?

RICH. I will, sir.

(*Exit* RICHARDS, L.)

BIL. Something has evidently upset him.

MRS. G. Yes, from your butler's report, his serene nature is evidently ruffled.

Enter ADOLPHUS *and* EDITH, R. EDITH *goes to* MRS. BILLINGS.

MRS. B. Dear child. (MRS. GRANBY *kisses* EDITH) Now, Adolphus, this change of front on our part, as you are aware, is due to the Professor's influence; therefore, as he will be down directly, are you in a fit state of mind to receive his blessing?

MRS. G. And you, Edith, can you appreciate his tender regard for your welfare?

ED. I—I hope so. (*bashfully*)

ADOL. Fact is, governor, and you, mamma—Mrs. Granby, you also—our gratitude all round is so great, that we have been for the last half hour endeavouring to realise our happiness.

Enter RICHARDS.

MR. B. (*to* RICHARDS) Ah—well——

RICH. The Professor desires me to say, with his compliments, that he has been so upset within the last twenty-four hours, that he is too full to eat anything.

ALL. Poor gentleman!

BILL. (*aside*) Very mysterious. I wonder if it has anything to do with that postscript?

RICH. Likewise——

ALL. Yes!

RICH. The O. and Miss O'Haversack are a-coming up the stairs.

MRS. B. What persecution!

O'HAV. (*off*) Ah! no occasion at all!

Enter with LYDIA. RICHARDS *stands at door.*

O'HAV. Billings, me boy, good day. Adolphus, how de do? Ladies, your most obedient——

BIL. Really, sir, we must ask you to what are we indebted for this early morning call?

O'HAV. Mark time, Billings, now, and I'll tell you all about it. Silence everybody and listen. Where's my sister Lydia?

LYD. Here, brother.

O'HAV. Come out here. (LYDIA *stands*, C.) Now all of ye fix your eyes upon that spicimin of faymale illigance. (*quietly to* RICHARDS) My good man, *you're* not wanted at all.

RICH. Hem! (*Exit, dignified*)

BIL. Really, O'Haversack—we——

O'HAV. Billings, mark time, me boy, and all of you listen. That (*points to* LYDIA) young and tinder maiden is about to enter an action of brache of promise of marriage—damages five thousand pounds—against Professor Titus Spinach, of Banglepore.

ALL. What—monstrous!

LYD. (*tearfully and distracted*) Oh, I can't help it—I——

O'HAV. Silence, Lydia (*looks round*), and I'm going (*folds arms*) to sub—paner ye all as witnesses.

ALL. (*expressions of ridicule, &c.*) Pooh—pooh! &c., &c.

O'HAV. I want your evidence as to finding my sisther clasped to the Professor's bosom. I repate, I want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and the truth I'll have—if you shirk the duty (*shakes finger*), mark the consequences. I'm a man of a warrum timperament—in pace I'm a lamb, in war I'm a lion. (*holds hand up*) I lost two fingers at——

TIT. (*off*) Ba—poo—poo—soo—la—dam.

O'HAV. Ah, the devil! (*in terror*) I didn't know he was back—hide me someone—he'll drown me in the stock pot.

(*kneels behind* MRS. GRANBY)

Enter TITUS, *looking back.*

TIT. 'Pon my word, I shall never be able to acclimatise that Hindoo. Ah, *good* morning all, sorry I wasn't down before; I've been at my devotions since six o'clock. (*during this he has been shaking hands; now comes to* MRS. GRANBY) Ah! (MRS. GRANBY *curtsies;* TITUS *sees* O'HAVERSACK *kneeling*) Hollo—why is our old warrior on his knees, may I ask? (*keeps eye on* O'HAVERSACK, *who looks at him back; rises and gradually goes off backwards, still looking at* TITUS, *and keeping his hands stretched out before him. Exits quickly,* L.; LYDIA *follows*) Well, I never saw such an extraordinary

thing in my life, he's evidently been taking lessons of Rampunkah. Well, and how are we all? Ah, here are the little ones. (*goes to* ADOLPHUS *and* EDITH) There, now; look at that; ain't they made for each other? Billings, I understand you are acting the stern parent here; now you mustn't do it any longer. These two must be united in the bonds of wedlock, and you must give your consent.

BIL. That's settled.

TIT. (*to* MRS. BILLINGS) And you?

MRS. B. (*smiles*) It's settled!

TIT. (*to* MRS. GRANBY) You?

MRS. G. Oh, settled!

TIT. (*to* ADOLPHUS *and* EDITH) There! (*to* ADOLPHUS) I told you I'd do it.

BIL. (*smiling*) As I say, that was arranged when we saw you at Goatstile, Spinach?

TIT. (*starts*) Eh, Spinach? (*aside*) What means this familiarity? (*aside*) Professor, if you please!

(*aside to* BILLINGS)

BIL. Oh, I beg pardon. (*aside to* TITUS)

TIT. Did I understand you to say you saw me at Goatstile?

BIL. Why, of course I did!

TIT. (*aside*) He observed my humiliation.

MRS. B. (*comes down*) And (*smiles*) I saw you, Spinach.

TIT. (*aside*) Spinach again! (*aside to* MRS. BILLINGS) SPINACH.

MRS. B. Oh, I beg pardon. (*goes up*)

TIT. She also observed my humiliation.

ADOL. (*comes down*) Spinach, we settled it all down yonder, eh?—ha, ha!

TIT. (*aside to him*) If it's all the same to you, Professor Spinach.

ADOL. Oh, I beg pardon. (*goes up*)

MRS. G. (*comes down*) Of course (*smiles*), Spinach, you remember our little *tête-à-tête*, ha—a—a— (*goes up*)

TIT. (*aside*) My dignity's evaporated. (*pause*) They observed the way I was received at the hotel, and hence their familiarity. I'll put my foot on it—I'll make 'em feel their stations through their pockets. (*aloud*) By-the-bye, now we're all assembled it wouldn't be a bad idea to take the opportunity to—ah—receive—ah—your contributions towards the Hindoo General Advancement Fund of the Hindoo General Advancement Society. (*general consternation*)

MRS. B. (*comes down*) Professor, you forget I—er—that is—you remember I gave you a purse of sovereigns at Goatstile?

TIT. The de:—er—the deuce you did.

MRS. B. (*comes* C.) Yes. (*smiles*) Our joint contribution, Professor.

(*goes up with* MR. BILLINGS; TITUS *amazed*)

ADOL. (*comes down*) You remember I paid you—I mean, I gave you down yonder, a purse of sovereigns and notes, you know.

TIT. No—I'll be—d—hanged if I do.

MRS. G. (*comes smiling down*) Ahem! you recollect my little mite—um—purse of sovereigns—ha! a—a—a.

(*goes up*, C.)

TIT. (*takes handkerchief, mops forehead*) Well, this licks everything I ever came across; I couldn't have believed it. (*quickly to* EDITH) Here, did you give me a purse of sovereigns? speak out if you think you did, my dear, don't be afraid.

ED. No sir, I did not.

TIT. (*takes her hand*) Ah! Truthful girl. (*looks round glaring*) Truthful girl. (*aside,* EDITH *goes up*) It will now be necessary for me to administer to this family circle a rebuke of a very severe character, trenchant yet dignified, firm yet incisive, in short, a regular blow up. (*aloud*) Ahem! I regret to say I have observed this morning in the household, to my great astonishment, a spirit of prevarication allied to extreme niggardliness, in fact, a tendency to shuffle out of responsible engagements, I allude to the promised subscriptions to the Hindoo General Advancement Fund of the Hindoo General Advancement Society.

BIL. Professor, surely——

TIT. Stay, Mr. Billings, one moment, I presume that every one here at present recognises the disinterestedness of my motives, because if there is one individual who sees in me anything but an upright able-bodied professor, let me hear his name. (*Enter* RICHARDS *quickly announcing* MR. ARRACK. TITUS *without turning*) Mr. Arrack, then let Mr. Arrack step forth!

Enter MR. ARRACK; *quickly passes to* BILLINGS; *knocking against* TITUS, *who glares at him.*

MR. A. Ah! Amos, my old friend!

BIL. How are you, Arrack? (*shakes hands;* MR. ARRACK *goes to* MRS. BILLINGS *and shakes hands round;* MRS. BILLINGS *goes to* SPINACH) Head of our Indian house, Professor; takes great interest in matters connected with India; large subscription to the Hindoos, no doubt. May I introduce?

TIT. You may, Billings, you may.

BIL. Arrack, I have the honour of introducing you to Professor Titus Spinach, of Banglepore.

SPINACH *attituding;* MR. ARRACK *goes up, looks at him closely, then bursts out into a peculiar monotonous laugh;* SPINACH *starts, astounded.*

MR. A. (*to* BILLINGS) What did you say? A professor? Ha! ha! ha! Ho, ho, ho!

BIL. Arrack, for Heaven's sake, remember whom you are addressing.

TIT. What!!! may I ask—tickles—the gentlemen?

MR. A. (*to* TITUS) Why, don't you remember? I saw you at Goatstile.

TIT. (*aside*) He also observed my humiliation. (*aloud*) Curse Goatstile.

MR. A. Well, you saved me from a horrible fate, and I'm grateful. Ladies and gentlemen, but for him I should have been lying on the beach last night. (*points to* TITUS)

ALL. What!

MR. A. Fact, I assure you. Is it not so?

TIT. My venerable friend, what *are* you talking about?

MR. A. But it was a dreadful shock at first. Ha, ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho, ho!

TIT. My good friend, you're not a locomotive. These merry antics do not become your years, or your hairs either, not as I perceive that you have a superfluous quantity.

(*points to his head*)

MR. A. Ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha!

TIT. He's got the steam on again. (*aside*) He's trying to ridicule me.

MR. A. But I say, Spinach.

TIT. Eh? Here, less familiarity—Professor, if you please.

MR. A. Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!

TIT. Do give us a little variety. Fancy you're entering a tunnel and turn the whistle on.

MR. A. (*aside to him*) I say—seriously, you know—you mustn't deceive a worthy household, friends of mine, you know. (SPINACH, *in a rage*) Professor, ha, ha! Why, where's your testimonials? Have you got a—ha! ha!—diploma?

TIT. No, I haven't, but I'll tell you what I have got—and that's a pair of shoes with heavy clumped soles, and if you don't case your witty colloquillisms, I'll play a tune upon your venerable person with my right foot. (*rage*)

MR. A. What, a threat?

TIT. Yes, and a threat which I'll carry out.

MR. A. Never? I'll—I'll— Billings, a word with you in private.

BIL. We're all under the impression there's a little misunderstanding between you two gentlemen.

Mr. A. No misunderstanding. I'll simply explain, and let you all know the proper status of the individual you have been harbouring here.

(*Looks at* SPINACH; *all move towards door*, R., MR. ARRACK *last*.

TIT. Now then, now then, remember my clumped sole.
(*all exit*, R.)

MR. A. I'm lost in amazement at the contemplation of your knavish soul.

SPINACH *stoops to take shoe off.* MR. ARRACK *exits quickly.*

TIT. This sort of thing is getting too much for me, altogether. I only want to be catechised before an Exeter Hall Committee to put an end to my existence. Heigh ho, pity the sorrows of a poor P.P., which means pious Professor.
(*sits*, R.C.)

Enter RICHARDS, *mysteriously.*

RICH. Your benevolence.

TIT. Eh? Oh, Richards; is that you? Well——

RICH. Something has occurred which prompts me in your interest to ask you a question, Professor.

TIT. Go ahead, Richards.

RICH. Is your benevolence acquainted with a young woman whose Christian name is Matilda?

TIT. Matilda, Matilda– not to my recollection, Richards. I daresay I've met Matildas in my time, but at present I can't bring my mind to any particular Matilda.

RICH. Oh, well—the fact is,—I—I—(*whispers*)—always keep my ears open.

TIT. (*same whisper*) Well, Richards, I never suggested you tied 'em down, or corked them up.

RICH. Ah, I means figgeratively. Well, I've received information from——

TIT. Wait, Richards. From information I received, is the proper delivery. (*proudly*) Tho' occupyiug a cell in the busy hive of the Church, I'm not quite deficient in a little secular knowledge as well.

RICH. I've heard this young woman whispering to our cook, who is a pusson of very low tastes, and the name Spinach has been mentioned, also the fact that she met Mrs. Granby this morning and followed her to this house. I can vouch to her ringing the bell quite bold, asking to see the cook, and making friends with her at once.

TIT. Ah, well, it's nothing to do with me, Richards, thank ye, all the same.

RICH. Then I begs your pardon; but I thought if there was anything in it, that I'd warn you.

TIT. Quite right, Richards, quite right.

RICH. Specially as I've heerd that some gentleman in your benevolence's position ain't above little weaknesses, just the same as the rest of us poor folks.

TIT. Yes, Richards, quite so, but I happen to be a white sheep, and that makes all the difference.

RICH. Ah, then again I begs your pardon.

TIT. Don't mention it, Richards. (*rises*) You shall be rewarded. (*both*, L.C.) Richards, you shall have the opportunity of contributing something towards the Hindoos. (*takes pocket-book and pencil*) There's a chance now, what shall it be? Glorious opportunity, Richards, with two exquisite feelings in concomitance. First, the pang of parting with your money, and next the thought that it's in a good cause. What shall I put you down for?

RICH. Professor, excuse me. (*at door* L.) The 'ead parlourmaid and myself are about to enter into partnership for life, and our joint savin's will be wanted for another good cause—we intends openin' a pub. (*Exit*, L.)

TIT. (*shuts and pockets book*) Ah, well, perhaps Richards is right. Perhaps even I—if I'd stayed at home all these years, and been very careful—even I might now be the proud possessor of a pub, who knows? (*sits wrapped in thought*)

Enter MRS. GRANBY, R.

MRS. G. Ah, there he sits. What a halo of saintly calm surrounds him! What beautiful thoughts are at present chasing each other in that wonderful and capacious receptacle—his brain!

TIT. Ah! I think I could do a stiff brandy-and-soda now. I must call Rampunkah. (MRS. GRANBY, R.C.) It's a funny thing that because I'm a clerical dignitary I must take my little refreshments surreptitiously, obliged to have my brandy carried about in a leather bottle, hid under Rampunkah's waistcoat; but there—— (*turns, sees* MRS. GRANBY) Eh? I——

MRS. G. Ah! Professor—er—you gave me leave at one time to call you Spinach; may I do so now?

TIT. Certainly—if—if it does you any good.

MRS. G. Ah! Oh, can you doubt it?

TIT. I tell you what I doubt, and that is about that purse of sovereigns. I can't get over that, you know.

MRS. G. Ah—well, say no more about that.

TIT. Well, we won't; but a purse of sovereigns is a purse of sovereigns, you know, especially when you get the credit of fingering them, and you haven't.

(MRS. GRANBY *looks round, places finger to her lip*)

TIT. (*aside*) What's all this about?

MRS. G. (*gives cheque*) There!

TIT. What's this? (*reads*) "Pay Titus Spinach £100." Great Jonah! Madam, I can't, I can't, really.

(*motion to give it, then pulls it back*)

MRS. G. You must, you shall.

TIT. Well, if you insist, I—how shall I—how can I thank you ?

MRS. G. I will tell you. (*comes closer to him*) A few short hours ago you forbade me to call you T. Spinach. May I—(*sighs*) Oh, deny me not, pity my weakness,—may I do so now ?

TIT. May you ? You may. You shall call me Titus !

MRS. G. Ah ! (*clasps hands*)

TIT. (*aside*) And cheap at the price—and I'll call you by your Christian name. What is it ?

MRS. G. (*hesitatingly*) Emma !

TIT. And a very pretty name, too.

MRS. G. Oh, Titus !

TIT. What's the matter ?

MRS. G. Ha, ha-a-a-a ! (*falls into his arms fainting as* MATILDA *comes on* L., *and goes behind curtains at back*)

TIT. Here, I say, Emma. This won't do. Some one will be here presently.

MAT. (*peeps ; aside*) Ah, some one is here.

TIT. She's coming to. (*bends down*) What is it, Emma ?

MRS. G. (*faintly*) I don't think any one will come for some time.

TIT. D'ye think so? Well—we'd better be on the safe side, so the sooner you resume a proper perpendicular there'll be nothing to fear.

(*she rises.* TITUS *places her in chair, and sits next to her*)

MAT. (*aside*) Oh, you double-eyed pair of wretches !

MRS. G. Titus, were this moment my last, I think I could die willingly.

TIT. To that sentiment, Emma, I say, ditto.

MRS. G. You do ? Oh, what bliss ! But you will soon leave me—that is, us—to go back and labour under that broiling Eastern sun.

TIT. Yes, Emma—'tis so—I—I can't leave the Hindoos, you know.

MAT. (*peeps out*) No. If I caught you trying it, that's all. (*shakes fist at him*)

MRS. G. Heigh ho ! No—I should not wish you to ; would that I could labour with you; my fortune and all I possess should then go to the Hindoos.

MAT. She's bribing him. Ah, madam, I'll stir you up presently.

TIT. Far be it from me, Emma, to damp such a noble resolution, but I——

MRS. G. Oh, pray don't misunderstand me. I meant to share your labours as—as a sister.

TIT. (*aside*) A thought has struck me. (*pause*) Why shouldn't I—— (*looks at* MRS. GRANBY, *and she at him* ;

business) Emma, excuse my emotion. If—that is—do you think you could share my labours in a nearer relation than a sister? (MATILDA *looks out; glares at him*)

MRS. G. What? (*clutches his arm*) Titus, do not, oh, do not trifle with my poor heart, it's had a lot of battering about. Oh, do not you bruise it.

TIT. Emma, do I look like a bruiser? no, I am in earnest.

MRS. G. I am unworthy of thee, Titus, even the job of tying thy shoe strings would be an honour too great for me.

TIT. That thou should'st never do, Emma, because they're buckles If—Emma, if you think you could be happy with me, take me.

MRS. G. Happy with you? Oh—I—I think the balance of my poor mind is going.

TIT. (*aside*) As long as the balance at her bank ain't going I don't mind. Emma, your answer!

MRS. G. Titus, if you think a poor lamb like me worthy of such a shepherd, take me!

TIT. (*holds arms out*) Emma, come to the fold.

MRS. GRANBY *puts head on his breast, and* TITUS *wraps his arms round her;* MATILDA *sobs, with handkerchief to her face.*

MAT. (*aside*) I—(*sobs*)—I'll make streaky bacon of her—(*sobs*)—ugly—face, presently, I will.

MRS. G. Titus, I feel like some poor little dove who has for years been flying—(*both rocking*)—hither and thither, and thither and hither, and who has at last found peace, and rest, and happiness.

TIT. And I, Emma, even I, feel like unto some poor animal who has for years been wandering hither, (*both rocking*) and thither and hither, seeking fodder on a barren, stubbly plain, and who has at last by a chain of fortuitous circumstances lighted upon a field of golden corn.

MRS. G. Ah, Titus!

TIT. Oh, Emma!

(*they embrace;* MATILDA *comes out* C., *not seen, and stands watching just behind them*)

MAT. (*to* TITUS, *after pause*) When you've quite done, my man, just you come back with me to Goatstile.

(*both start up*)

TIT. Eh?

MRS. G. Ah!

MAT. (*to* TITUS) Yes, it's me; I've found you at last. They told me they thought you'd gone to London, and I followed you. (*to* MRS. GRANBY) And I followed you, too—don't look at me like that, you nasty false thing you—ugh!

TIT. Here, I say——

MRS. G. Woman, who are you?

MAT. I ain't a woman. (*folds arms and straightens up*) I am the mother of his "'indoos"!

TIT. Oh lor—oh lor!

MRS. G. She's mad. (MATILDA *goes to* TITUS)

TIT. Keep away—keep away. (*aside*) I'll lock myself into my room—keep away. (*at door*, L.) I know you not.

(*Exit with a bolt*, L.)

MATILDA *shrieks out*, MRS. GRANBY *rings bell. Enter everybody.* RICHARDS, L. 1 E.

BIL. What's all this?

MRS. G. There's a mad woman there, take her away

RICH. Here now, missus, come away.

MR. A. First of all, let's hear what she has to say!

MAT. (*tearfully*) Oh, thank you, sir, please I've come after Spinach. He's my husband.

MR. A. Ah! (*to all*) I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he wasn't.

MRS. G. Its false. Your husband, indeed!

MAT. Yes, my husband, and I can prove it. I've got all his 'indoos with me.

ALL. Oh, she's mad.

MR. A. After that, I can't say she's sane, myself.

BIL. My good woman, you must go away from here. I'm afraid you wish to extort money.

MAT. No, I'm sure I don't—(*sob*)—and I see you don't believe me, but I can bring *proof*.

MR. A. Ah, now, if we had proof, that's a different matter.

MAT. (*goes*, L.) And you shall have it. (*at door*, L.) I'll bring all the "'indoos" here. (*Exit*, L.)

ALL. Mad—oh, mad! (*general shaking of heads*)

BIL. But, where's the Professor? (*rings bell*)

MRS. G. Ah! He's gone, he's been frightened by that wrotched woman.

Enter RICHARDS, L.

BIL. Richards, where's the Professor?

RICH. I've not seen him; I believe he's gone out, sir.

BIL. Dear me! Is that woman gone?

RICH. She's just ran out.

BIL. Ah, I'm very sorry he should have been so upset.

MR. A. (*who has been looking out of window*) Hollo!

ALL. What is it?

MR. A. By George! look here. (*all crowd to window*) Now, Billings, what do you say? (MRS. GRANBY *looking, shrieks*) Isn't the man an impostor? (BILLINGS *astounded*)

MRS. B. Oh dreadful—dreadful! (*to* ADOLPHUS *and* EDITH) Children, this is no sight for you—go away.

(EDITH *and* ADOLPHUS *go* R.)

ADOL. Come, Edith. (*at door*, R.) Poor old Spinach, he's had a fright and taken a little too much stimulant.

(*Exit with* EDITH, R.)

BIL. I say, we'd better not let him hang to the railings of the square like this.

MRS. G. Oh, he's holding on by two hands. Ah! he's let go one hand. Oh, and now he's letting go the other. Ah!! he's down.

(MRS. BILLINGS *assists* MRS. GRANBY.)

BIL. He mustn't stop there. Richards, get assistance and bring him in.

RICH. Yes, sir. (*Exit* RICHARDS, L.)

MRS. B. (*to* MRS. GRANBY) My dear, this will be no scene for you—come away.

MRS. G. No, I won't. In spite of his weaknesses, I'll stand by him. (MRS. BILLINGS *comforts her*)

MR. A. But man alive, can't you believe your own eyes?

BIL. It's no use, his identity is established in my mind in spite of all you say. (SPINACH *off*) "I shay 'eres too many shaires 'ere!"

Enter SPINACH *between* RICHARDS *and another* SERVANT, L.

SPIN. Ah! (*hiccup*) 'ow ish you all?

BIL. Oh, Professor, Professor!

SPIN. Spinsh, Spinsh!

BIL. Well, Spinach!

SPIN. Has any one sheen my—(*hiccup*)—I follered her up, lost shight of her in sqhuare. (*pause—shakes head*) I've sphent all the 'indoos' money.

BIL. Dear, dear; what will Exeter Hall say?

SPIN. War? Eggsheter 'all, who's he? Tell him mind his own business. I repeat, hash any one seen M'tilda?

MR. A. Ah, that's the mad woman.

SPIN. War? Do you mean inshinuate, Matilda lunatic?

MR. A. No—no—no.

SPIN. Ver—well, then—keep your 'air on. I beg pardon—shee—you ain't got any.

BIL. Now, Professor; I——

SPIN. Spinsh!

BIL. Just rest a little; sit down quietly.

SPIN. (*attempts to hold hand out*) I shay—give ush trifle for 'indoos. (*gradually leans head on table*)

MR. A. Ah, nice-looking article; what do you say, Mrs. Granby?

MRS. G. It's a woman's office to be merciful; so I say

that "Still, for all slips of his, there is an odour of sanctity about him even now."

MR. A. There's a diabolical odour of whisky about him.

MRS. B. We'd better try and get him to bed.

BIL. But how?—he's so stubborn.

MRS. G. I—I'll try and persuade him. (*leans over and whispers*) Titus! (*terrific snore from* SPINACH) Ah! (*retires*)

MR. A. Let me try. (*claps him on back*) Spinach!

SPIN. (*starts up*) Mor-turtle—ox-tail—shping pea and Jooli-en. (*hiccup*) Shiberlets is off, eh?—hollo—don mine me, I'm o-right. (*begins to sing, drunkenly, waves arms*) La—la—soo—la—ka—a—a—a.

Enter quickly RAMPUNKAH, *who salaams and drops on his knees, taking hold of* SPINACH'S *hand and rubbing it, looking up into his face.*

RAM. Unkoo—lee—um—pum-pum.

SPIN. (*pause*) Don—un—stan.

Gradually looks round and sees RAMPUNKAH; *glares—gradually assuming look of terror.*

MR. A. Now, Mrs. Granby! (*gives arm*) Allow me—we can do no good. (*she takes his arm; both at door,* R.)

MRS. G. In spite of his weakness, my sentiments are not altered. (*both exeunt* R. *door*)

SPIN. (*rises;* RAMPUNKAH *still rubbing and grinning, kneeling down*) Timothy Spinsh, a long career of dissipation has f—ulminated. (*shakes head tearfully*) My poor booy. (*hiccups*) He's come for you. (*looks one side at* RAMPUNKAH) Oh—oo—oo—h——

BIL. Ah, here's a reaction, come, come, Spinach.

SPIN. I shay (*mysteriously*), what is it?

BIL. What?

SPIN. That, ain't he wisible to you?

BIL. Why, that's your Hindoo.

SPIN. (*shakes head*) No, he ain't one of my 'indoos.

BIL. Nonsense, you're not so bad as that, not know Rampunkah?

SPIN. Rum—— (*hiccup*) Who?

BIL. Rampunkah!

SPIN. No—nor quainted with, ish—ish—he mortal, real flesh and blood.

BIL. Mortal? why of course he is.

SPIN. Shay his name again.

BIL. Rampunkah!

SPIN. Then, Rummy-punker, I'll teache you manners. (*lifts his foot and placing it against* RAMPUNKAH'S *chest, sends him over*) Take that. (RAMPUNKAH *rises gravely and exits,* L., *salaaming*) Went off like a shentleman, didn't he? (*sits suddenly,* C.)

MRS. B. We'd better leave him, dear.

BIL. Yes, I think so, for the present. Look after him, Richards. Ta, ta, Professor.

SPIN. Spinsh.

BIL. (*with* MRS. BILLINGS *at door*, R.) Yes. Spinach, an eccentric man, Mary Ann.

MRS. B. A caution, Amos.

BIL. So—so very cool.

MRS. B. Yet so intemperate.

BIL. Such many sidedness.

MRS. B. And such—but no. I've lost all admiration for them. (*Exit*, R., *with* BILLINGS)

RICH. (*comes*, C.) Feel better, Professor?

SPIN. Spinsh!

RICH. No, your benevolence, I couldn't take the liberty.

SPIN. (*looks*) Who're you?

RICH. (*smiles*) You knows me. I'm the butler.

SPIN. Well, look 'ere. I'm b—wildered. I've—hic—a little of 'indoo's money left. If you take me where my 'Tilda ish—ere's suvrin.

RICH. (*smiles*) Now, why didn't you tell me before? it's as much as my place is worth, but we'll sneak out by the front door, and round to the mews, and I think you'll find her.

SPIN. Lead on—hic. (RICHARDS *off* L.) Now, 'Tilda, mercy and f—giveness for your penitent Tim—hic—thy——

(*Business. Exit*, R.)

Enter EDITH *and* ADOLPHUS.

ADOL. I quite agree with you, darling—with the exception of Mrs. Granby, they're all abusing the poor Professor, so as you say, we're better away.

Enter MRS. GRANBY.

MRS. G. I shall hear no more—I shall not stay anywhere f Titus is abused.

Enter MR. ARRACK, R.

MR. A. But, my dear madam, when I see a gentle nature like yours imposed upon I am bound by all the laws of chivalry to enlighten you.

ADOL. (*aside*) And put a spoke in his own wheel at the same time.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. BILLINGS.

BIL. Well, now, my partner Arrack thinks, and I think also, that we'd better constitute ourselves into a Court of Inquiry, for the purpose of elucidating the mysteries that have been going on for the last twenty-four hours.

MR. A. Hear, hear!

TIT. (*off*, L.) "There, there, say no more about it!"

TITUS *enters*, L.

TIT. Well, how did you get on; did you get rid of her? (ALL *dumbfounded*) Seem to be in a fog—all of you, wondering where I've been, eh? Oh, don't look at me like that, I can easily explain; I had a little headache, and the shock was a little too much for me, so I went to put my head in a basin of water, that's all; I'm all right again.

MR. A. Well—I'm glad to see it.

ALL. We're *all* glad to see it.

TIT. I'm glad to hear it, thanks.

MRS. G. (*comes*, C.) Titus, I joy in your recovery.

TIT. And, Emma—I——

MAT. (*off*) He's in there, darlings; go into him; he won't have the heart to throw you off.

TIT. Oh, lor! there's her voice.

Enter quickly six children, neatly dressed—three boys and three girls, sized in a sequence from small to high; two take each leg of SPINACH, *two each hand, and one before, one his coat-tails; all cry* "DADDY, Daddy!"

Enter MATILDA.

MAT. Behold, the proof—his "'Indoos!"

TIT. Murder! Take 'em away, take 'em away.

(*Exits* R.; *changes quick*)

General uproar. MRS. GRANBY *shrieks, and faints into* MR. ARRACK'S *arms;* TIMOTHY *pops head in* L. *and calls* MATILDA, *disappears. Children cry* "DADDY!" *and run off, followed by* MATILDA.

MAT. Merciful heavens! Why, oh, dear! oh, dear!

(*runs off*, L.)

BIL. Are we all bewitched?

Re-enter TITUS, L.

TIT. Not while a Professor's on the premises. A light breaks in upon me; you have all been confounding me with my long lost twin brother, Timothy Spinach.

MR. A. Waiter at an hotel, at Goatstile.

TIT. I've no doubt he was.

MR. A. Then I see it all.

ALL. We see it all!

MRS. G. Titus, I see it all.

TIT. And, Emma, *I* see it all.

O'HAV. (*off* L.) Where's the Professor?

TIT. Here's the warrior!

BIL. Here's the nuisance!

Enter O'HAVERSACK *and* LYDIA.

O'HAV. Professor, I've heard it all; let me take your hand in mine; there's two fingers missing, but——

MR. A. What's that scoundrel doing here?

(*points to* O'HAVERSACK)

O'HAV. Murther! It's Arrack himself!

TIT. Do you know the old warrior?

MR. A. Warrior, he's a defaulting clerk from our Calcutta house, his name is Murphy; hold your left hand up, you rascal—(O'HAVERSACK *obeys*)—just so, two fingers missing; a barrel of Chutnee fell on them; on sick list and full salary for nine months, and then, to show his gratitude, robs the safe.

O'HAVERSACK *hangs his head, and* LYDIA *goes to him, takes his hand and looks round.*

TIT. And what will you do with him now?

MR. A. (*pause*) Pah, Billings, I leave him to you.

BIL. There, sir, quit the house at once, or you will do so in company with a policeman.

O'HAV. Niver fear, I'm going! (*goes,* L., LYDIA *after him*)

TIT. (*to* LYDIA) Stay—ahem! young woman, you once expressed a wish to teach the heathen. (*in a broken voice*) Are you still of the same mind?

LYD. (*brokenly*) Oh, sir, thank you, but I shall go with him he is my husband.

O'HAV. 'Tis my wife—Lydia, (*points* L.) come on. The game's up.

TIT. Stay. (*goes,* L.C.) I'm authorised to expend money for the Hindoos' advancement, and as I look on you as being quite as black as any Hindoo, take this to begin another life.

(*gives notes to* O'HAVERSACK, *who takes them*)

O'HAV. And faith, I'll thry, and if I don't succeed—shure, I'll send the money back. (*Exit both,* L.)

TIT. And now, Billings, a Professor has an appetite as well as other folks, perhaps a little more so, and as I've had no breakfast, I think I could pick a bit.

Enter RICHARDS, *quickly.*

RICH. Lunch is ready!

TITUS. Ah!

BIL. And it wouldn't be a bad idea at lunch to-day for all of us to constitute ourselves head waiters to——

ALL. The Professor.

TIT. No—no!

Laughs, and MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. GRANBY *take his arm as the Curtain falls.*

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Adolphus Billings (*his Son*).....MR. LAWRENCE CAUTLEY.

Richards (*a Butler*).....MR. EDMUND LYONS.

Professor Titus Spinach, LL.D., (*Professor of Dead Languages, Banglepore*).....
Timothy Spinach (*Head Waiter, The Grand, Goatstile-on-Sea*).....
} MR. EDWARD RIGHTON.

The O'Haversack.....MR. FRED DESMOND.

Mr. Rollox (*Manager of the Grand*).....MR. HERBERT AKHURST.

Rampunkah (*the Professor's Hindoo Servant*).....MR. J. W. BRADBURY.

Mr. Arrack (*old-fashioned Guest*).....MR. J. G. WILTON.

Mrs. Billings.....MISS ETHEL HOPE.

The Hon. Mrs. Granby.....MISS CARLOTTA LE CLERCQ.

Edith Granby.....MISS E. ROSIER.

Matilda Spinach.....MISS ELIZA RUDD.

Lydia O'Haversack.....MISS EMMA RITTA.

Waiters, Chambermaids, Guests, Servants, &c.

ACT I.—BILLINGS' DRAWING ROOM, DORCHESTER SQUARE. *First Day.*

ACT II.—COFFEE ROOM AND TERRACE, THE GRAND, GOATSTILE-ON-SEA. *Second Day.*

ACT III.—BILLINGS' DRAWING ROOM AGAIN. *Third Day*

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TWINS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Drawing-room, richly furnished; glass doors* R.C., *curtained, opening on balustraded terrace and conservatory; plants, small fancy screen; small table* R., *with pens, ink, paper, &c.; couch, chairs, doors* R. *and* L.U.E.

Enter BILLINGS, L.D., *to begin.*

BIL. (*looks at watch*) Ah! the time's getting on, I must inquire if everything's all right. (*touches bell*)

Enter RICHARDS, L.D.

BIL. Ah, Richards, everything smooth?

RICH. Yes, sir.

BIL. Carriage gone to the station?

RICH. Yes, sir; I sent Peters off early to meet hevery train in case the Professor should alter his plans, and arrive unexpectedly.

BIL. Good—and the fires?

RICH. Are ablazing in all his rooms.

BIL. That's right, we must take care of his health, and keep up the temperature—(*pause*)—it's a precious charge, Richards.

RICH. It are, sir, a weight of responsibility will 'ang on my shoulders all the time of his *serjern* here.

BIL. (*sighs*) Oh, and on mine too.

RICH. If you please, sir, I suggested it to misses, and we've made one alteration.

BIL. What's that?

RICH. We've changed his lordship's bed-room from the green to the blue room.

BIL. The blue room—why?

RICH. The view from the window, sir, which is strikingly happropriate to the circumstances.

BIL. I wasn't aware there was a view.

RICH. Oh yes, sir, by standing on a chair, the spire of St. Margaret's Church is distinctly wisible.

BIL. Ah, to be sure it is, your forethought is admirable, Richards, the blue room by all means—but—I say, Richards, what about the pictures?

RICH. (*smiles*) Oh, they are removed, sir, and various more sootable subjects put up in their stead.

BIL. Capital ! capital !

RICH. Yes, sir, I've taken away Leshuno Venus, and 'ung up a map of the world.

BIL. Ah ! Capital—but—the Three Graces, Richards——

RICH. We've turned their faces to the wall.

Enter MRS. BILLINGS, *quickly*, L.D.

MRS. B. Oh, Richards, they've sent a box of the wrong pickle—and the Chutnee's not arrived ; pray, see about it at once.

RICH. I will, mam. (*going*)

MRS. B. Mind you get the right sort. It's foreign.

RICH. Yes, mam !

MRS. B. Be sure it's hot, Richards, you must get it hot.

RICH. Yes, mam ! (*Exit*, L.D.)

MRS. B. (*sits* C.) Amos, I'm near worried to death with excitement.

BIL. Naturally, my love, naturally ; but let us both try and keep calm, Mary Anne ; remember what's at stake.

MRS. B. I will, I do, Amos.

BIL. As you know the honour of receiving the Professor as a guest has fallen to me, as being a subscriber to the Hindoo General Advancement Society ; so, as I say, let us try and deserve that honour.

MRS. B. I wish it was all over ; until it is, I shall be so nervous, Amos. You've seen him, what is he like ?

BIL. I did see him, my love, when I went to Bombay on that railway business some years ago ; but my recollection is very indistinct. I've an idea he's extremely open and pleasant. I had an introduction, I think—I may say I'm sure he'll remember me.

MRS. B. Well, I shall have someone with me to help to entertain him. I didn't tell you, Amos, but I've invited the Hon. Mrs. Granby and her niece to stay a few days.

BIL. What ! Now, Mary Anne, you know the Professor expressly stipulated for quietness.

MRS. B. Yes, but he won't object to one or two ladies, I'm sure, Amos. I've done the right thing. I've made inquiries, and I've heard for a fact that the Professor is extremely partial to elderly ladies' society. Besides, you forget that Mrs. Granby is a subscriber to that Hindoo fund.

BIL. Ah ! So she is. But what about Edith, her niece ? You know what you told me about Adolphus.

MRS. B. Yes, but I'll keep a good watch on them both.

Enter R.D. ADOLPHUS.

ADOL. I say gov'ner ; (*comes down*) and you too, mater, you do look perplexed, in fact, both of you look as if you hadn't had any sleep for a month.

BIL. Adolphus, my boy, I don't think I *have* had a good night's rest ever since it was announced who was coming.

ADOL. Poor old dad—try and take it cool.

BIL. Adolphus, I have some news for you, I've invited Mrs. Granby here.

ADOL. *(eagerly)* And Edith?

MRS. B. I never referred to *Edith*, Adolphus.

ADOL. Oh!

MRS. B. But as Mrs. Granby never visits without her niece—why—Edith is coming too.

ADOL. *(overjoyed)* Ah!!!

MRS. B. But remember, Adolphus, I'll have no flirtation. Edith is a very nice girl, but your father and I have arranged your future, you know that.

ADOL. Oh, yes, I know it.

MRS. B. I must be mother-in-law to nothing under an Earl's daughter. We look to rank, Amos; are those not our sentiments? *(to* BILLINGS, *who sits at table,*

BIL. Sentiments! Bah!. Rank, pooh! I say with Bobby Burns, "The goud is but the guinea stamp."

ADOL. *(goes and shakes his hand)* Right, dad! "The man's the man for a' that."

MRS. B. Oh! What horrid language.

Enter RICHARDS, L.

RICH. The Hon. Mrs. and Miss Edith Granby are a-coming up.

ADOL. Ha! (BILLINGS *rises*)

MRS. B. *(quickly to* RICHARDS) Richards, did you see about that?

RICH. I did, mam!

MRS. B. *(points finger)* They're hot?

RICH. As fire, ma'am!

Enter MRS. GRANBY *and* EDITH, L.D. *Exit* RICHARDS.

MRS. G. Ah, dear Mrs. Billings! I had your note, and was just able to make arrangements in time. *(shakes hands with* BILLINGS—EDITH *goes to* BILLINGS *and* ADOLPHUS)

MRS. B. Yes. I thought you and dear Edith would —— *(sees* EDITH *and* ADOLPHUS *together)* Ah, how well she looks! (EDITH *comes to* MRS. BILLINGS—*gives hand)* Dear child! Well, as I was saying, I thought you would like to be acquainted with our distinguished guest.

MRS. G. The Professor. Ah, dear Mrs. Billings, it is the one wish of my life to know him.

BIL. Well, it will soon be gratified; we're expecting him every moment.

MRS. G. So soon; dear me, how agitated I feel. I'm afraid I shall never go through the ordeal of an introduction.

Enter RICHARD.

RICH. The O'. and Miss O'Haversack.

BIL. }
MRS. B. } The O'Haversacks ! ! !
MRS. G. }

MRS. G. Really, Mrs. Billings, I'm afraid my niece and I will have to bring our visit to a premature close.

MRS. B. Pray don't.

BIL. They were never invited.

MRS. B. There's a mistake, it shall be explained.

MRS. G. I don't mind poor Lydia, she's under his thumb, but he's odious.

Enter O'HAVERSACK *and* LYDIA.

O'HAV. Ah, Billings, my boy. How are ye, ladies? Your servant and slave. (*bows*) I've just called to pull you out of a difficulty. It was only this morning that my sister Lydia there said to me, "Professor Spinach of Banglepore is expected to arrive at the Billingses to-day." Didn't you say that, Lydia?

LYD. I did, brother !

O'HAV. Well, I said to myself, I must be there. Being an old Indian, I must go and help Billings out of a difficulty. Didn't I say that to myself, Lydia ?

LYD. You did, brother.

O'HAV. No sooner said than I acted on it ; and here I am, and here's Lydia ; and so make the best use of us possible.

BIL. My dear Haversack, under the circumstances, don't you think——

O'HAV. No, Billings ; decidedly no. I never think. Do I think, Lydia ?

LYD. Yes, brother.

O'HAV. What !

LYD. Er—no, brother.

O'HAV. (*to* BILLINGS) No.

BIL. But the Professor, you know.

O'HAV. Now, Billings, me boy, leave the Professor to me

Re-enter RICHARDS *with telegram.*

RICH. A telegram ! (*hands it to* BILLINGS)

ALL. From the Professor ?

BIL. It is. (*reads*) "From Titus Spinach to Amos Billings"——

ALL. Yes !

BIL. "Will arrive by the 5.45."

ALL. (*sigh*) Ah ! !

BIL. This telegram's been delayed, it's past that now. (*all look at watches*) Hollo ! (*looks at telegram*)

ALL. What is it ?

BIL. Listen! *(reads)* "Am accompanied by a Hindoo!" *(general consternation)*

ALL. A Hindoo!

O'HAV. Don't be alarmed, they're perfectly harmless things. *(violent ring)*

BIL. *(rushes off)* 'Tis he!

ALL. Ha!

O'HAV. Well, Mrs. Billings, Lydia and I will be off, unless you wish us to stay, in which case only spake the word.

MRS. B. Stay to dinner, we shall be delighted.

O'HAV. Madame, not more than we shall! *(noise off; everybody start)*

SPIN. *(off)* That's it. Give my puggree to Rampunkah!

ALL. He's come!

SPIN. *(off)* Remember you, of course I remember you, Billings, why shouldn't I? I never forget a face, there! lead on.

Enter RICHARDS.

RICH. Professor Titus Spinach!

Enter SPINACH *in bishop's dress, minus hat, and wearing tightly-buttoned short light grey ulster, very tight, and followed by* PILLINGS.

SPIN. And here we are. This the family circle, Billings? These your sons and daughters, eh?

BIL. Your benevolence, I will introduce them separately.

SPIN. Do, but first of all excuse me wearing my ulster. I've not got used to the change of climate yet, and this keeps me warm and tight, as you perceive. *(turns himself round and shows broad band of ulster; the band round middle is black)* Now, Billings, put us all on an easy footing.

BIL. Then first, your benevolence, allow me——

SPIN. Wait—excuse me, I'm just a leetle short-sighted; one moment, while I call for my glasses. *(strikes attitude and claps hands grotesquely; enter* L. *quickly,* RAMPUNKAH, *who salaams; ladies give slight shriek)* Ah, I beg your pardon, ladies, I see Rampunkah's too much for you. You must take him by degrees, but don't be frightened, he's as harmless as a dove. *(glares at him)* Shoo, shoo, lah, lah!

RAM. Soo, la, sahib. *(gives glasses)*

SPIN. Kloo! Kloo! *(waves hand grotesquely dignified)*

RAM. Sa. *(Exit* RAMPUNKAH, *backwards)*

SPIN. There—see him go—regular glided off, as I may say. What one would call a moving spectacle, eh? Now then, Billings, now we're ready.

BIL. First then, your benevolence, allow me——

SPIN. Hooh!! Whew!! I say, Billings, there's a dev— a deuce of a draught here—pooh!!

ADOL. The conservatory door—I'll close it.
(*goes up* R. C.)

SPIN. Thank ye. Your little boy, Billings?

BIL. My only son; and now, your benevolence, I have much pleasure in introducing our friend, the Hon. Mrs. Granby.
(*business*)

SPIN. Ah, to *be* sure, my dear madam; how are ye, and how is Granby? I haven't met him since we stayed on the hills at Bangshamwallah, some years ago. Lor, what a jolly man he was! (BILLINGS *tugs his coat*) When you see him, remember me kindly, will you? (*to* BILLINGS) Eh?

BIL. (*loud whisper*) He's dead, your benevolence.

SPIN. What? Well I—well, there, 'pon my life, what a ridiculous memory I have got, never mind. Ah, Mrs. Granby, it must be a pleasant thing for you to go back to the memory of the happy hours you and Granby have spent together. Ah! two convivial souls, as you were; happy, too, in the possession of each other's hearts, one heart between you, as I may say.

BIL. (*distressed, whispers loud*) Professor.

SPIN. (*aside*) Eh?

BIL. (*as before*) They were divorced.

SPIN. The dev—deuce they were. I—I—oh dear—well really—I—'pon my life. I was thinking of quite a different party—well, never mind—I do remember now, and my dear madam, it is my pleasing duty to tell you that at the last poor Granby was very penitent, really very penitent, and he was a deal more than sorry for having had any words with you. Yes, my dear madam, he was really very penitent, and went off quite peaceable.

BIL. (*distressed as before*) He shot himself in a fit of delirium tremens.

SPIN. (*looks at him*) I say, Billings, I wish you wouldn't impart your information by instalments.
(*business*—MRS. GRANBY *goes up*)

BIL. (*brings* LYDIA O'HAVERSACK *forward*) This lady—is——

SPIN. Stop—I know it—I know it, Billings—I could see it at once, why you're made for each other, Mrs. Billings, how are you? (*business*).

BIL. No! No!

SPIN. Eh?

O'HAV. Sir——

BIL. Stay! As my guest, I must introduce the lady. You were wrong, Professor. This lady is Miss Lydia O'Haversack.

SPIN. I really am extremely sorry. Billings, you must not put me on a wrong scent. You really mustn't.

BIL. Your benevolence—this is my wife.

SPIN. Ah, to be sure; de—lighted, madam—de—lighted.

(*business*) And that's your little girl, eh? (*looks at* EDITH *and* ADOLPHUS) along with your little boy. (*they don't see him*) Anybody can tell they're brother and sister. See how loving they look at each other; watch him squeezing her hand, see——

(*they suddenly start from each other as they are observed*)

MRS. B. Adolphus!

BIL. We've only one child, Professor, my boy, Adolphus, here. (*business*)

SPIN. How de do, 'Dolphus—good little boy, eh?

BIL. This young lady is Miss Edith Granby. (*business*)

SPIN. In-deed—charmed—I'm sure (*takes her hand*) 'pon my word, she's a little princess, and see how nice her frock fits. (*pause admiringly*) Ah, it's quite a treat to me to see all you ladies dressed. Fact is, you know, I come from a climate where,—a-hem (*aside*),—I just pulled up in time.

MRS. G. Doubtless, Professor, the fashions are different where you came from.

SPIN. Yes, they are—they are.

MRS. G. Now, what may I ask, Professor, is the style of dress worn by the ladies in that part?

SPIN. (*startled*) Eh!

MRS. B. Mrs. Granby means the fashions, what do they wear?

SPIN. What do they wear—well, some of them have a weakness for bangles.

MRS. G. Ah—as ornaments, but we mean what do they wear in the shape of clothing?

SPIN. Er—er—of clothing?

MRS. G. Just so, Professor.

SPIN. Yes, of clothing. (*nervous*) Phew!

MRS. G. The style, you know.

MRS. B. We don't want particulars—only the style.

SPIN. Just—so—the style.

MRS. G. }
MRS. B. } (*both smile*) Yes!

SPIN. Er—PRIMITIVE—primitive—thank goodness! Billings.

BIL. Yes, Professor—I'm all attention, may I show you your apartments?

O'HAV. (*comes down*) Stay!

BIL. Oh! I forgot; I have another guest.

O'HAV. Never mind, Mr. Billings; I'll introduce myself. Your benivolince sees in me an old Indian.

SPIN. (*puts glasses up*) Ah, dear me. An old Indian, eh—(*aside to* BILLINGS)—he certainly ain't a young Indian, Billings, eh?

O'HAV. Yes, sir; and I'm proud to say it. I've fought and

bled for me country ; I've been wounded for me country ; I've been mutilated in my country's cause. (*holds left hand up*) I left two fingers on the battlefield of Inkermann.

SPIN. Ah, that reminds me, Billings, I'd like to wash my hands.

BIL. Certainly, your lordship. This way.

SPIN. (*going, turns*) I know you'll kindly postpone your exciting narrative for another occasion. Ladies, excuse me. (*business*)

Exit L., *with* BILLINGS. O'HAVERSACK *keeps fingers up, and then turns up stage.*

O'HAV. No matter.

MRS. G. Ah, what a distinguished appearance !

MRS. B. Ah, what an ornament ! (*to* EDITH) Don't you think so, child ?

ED. I think he's a very nice old gentleman.

MRS. B. Ah, he is. (*sighs*)

MRS. G. He is. (*sighs ; both going with* EDITH)

MRS. B. Come Lydia, you'll join us, to my boudoir.

O'HAVERSACK *rushes to door, holds it for ladies, bowing, when* LYDIA *exits.*

O'HAV. Lydia, kape your senses on the Q. V. I've something to communicate.

(*all exeunt but* O'HAVERSACK *and* ADOLPHUS)

ADOL. Well, O'Haversack, what's your opinion of the Professor ?

O'HAV. Faith, Adolphus, I can't tell ye. I like him well enough ; but, man alive, to miss such a treat as I had in store for him ; I was about to explain one of the most exciting episodes in modern sthrife, one of the narrowest escapes a man ever had in the whole history of warfare, whin—tare-an-ages—he went off to wash his hands.

ADOL. Well, you can retail it on another occasion.

O'HAV. Faith, I may not be in the vein, Adolphus. (*holds hand up*) I assure ye I left two fingers behind me at Inkermann, and——

ADOL. Yes, and, old fellow, I've left two cigars behind me in the conservatory ; we've heaps of time to smoke 'em, come along.

O'HAV. To look at that, now ; lead on, me boy.

(*Exeunt into conservatory,* R.)

Re-enter RICHARDS.

RICH. Mr. Billings, s—oh, he ain't here ; well, I'll wait till I see him—I've (*looks off*) had enough of that savage for one day ; I'm not in the habit of associating with heathens, and that I'll inform the governor, if it costs me my place ;

why, if—if this sort of thing goes on I shall actually be contamitainted, and there's a dreadful outlook.

(SPINACH *off*, L.)

SPIN. My dear Billings, everything's nice and comfortable—nice and comfortable, I assure you.

RICH. There's his master, now for it.

Enter SPINACH *and* BILLINGS.

SPIN. (*sees* RICHARDS) Ah, here's another friend of the family. (*to* BILLINGS) You've not introduced me. (*to* RICHARDS) How de-do, how de-do?

(*offers hand;* RICHARDS *looks pleased*)

BIL. Stop, Professor—that's Richards, my butler.

SPIN. Oh, indeed! and a very fine young butler, too.

RICH. (*deprecatingly*) Oh, sir.

SPIN. No, Richards, I mean it. (*to* BILLINGS) I've been so long abroad, things come as strange as possible. I took Richards here for a smart young ecclesiastic. (RICHARDS *smiles*)

BIL. Did you want to see me, Richards?

RICH. Er—yes, sir—no, sir—not now, sir.

BIL. Then you needn't wait.

RICH. (*at door*, L.) No, sir—recklesiastic and a smart young butler. Ah! (*Exit*, L.)

BIL. And now, how do you like your rooms?

SPIN. Capital, Billings—capital!

BIL. Ah—I'm very pleased to hear it.

SPIN. But I say, there's one little thing. I'm not complaining you know at all—but——

BIL. I'm all attention.

SPIN. Don't you think, Billings, the decorations in my bedroom are rather sombre in hue, and enervating in nature? Eh?

BIL. Professor, they shall be altered at once.

SPIN. Thank ye, thank ye. You see an illustrated section of a convict prison is not a very exhilarating subject to gaze upon—eh? eh?

BIL. I'll see to it; rest easy, Professor.

SPIN. And now that we're arranging affairs, there's another little matter, Billings, if you'll excuse me alluding to it.

BIL. Oh, certainly. I'm all attention.

SPIN. It's about my man's diet, Rampunkah, there.

(*motions off with thumb*)

BIL. Ah, to be sure.

SPIN. Now, have you got such a thing in the house as a large bag o' rice?

BIL. I've no doubt we have; but, if not, it shall be got.

SPIN. Ah, do—and—give him carte blanche—d'ye see?

BIL. It shall be attended to.

SPIN. You know, Billings, I don't mind telling you. Rampunkah's rather an incubus.

BIL. Indeed!

SPIN. Yes, he's all very well at Banglepore, but over here he's quite out of his element.

BIL. I wonder, Professor, you brought him over.

SPIN. Ah! (*puts finger to his nose*) That's where it is.

BIL. Eh?

SPIN. Sh! oh! (*looks round*) He's an example. (BILLINGS *looks mystified*) Listen! When the Hindoo General Advancement Society hold their next annual meeting at Exeter Hall, which I attend, I put Rampunkah into my white ulster, and shove him on the platform.

BIL. Ah. I begin to understand.

SPIN. And there he stands, a striking example of the mollifying influence of British culture in the far East.

BIL. To be sure—to be sure.

SPIN. Besides, it shows the society they get something for their money—if it's only a white ulster, ha, ha, haw, haw, d'ye see?

BIL. Ha, ha, ha!

(*business.* SPINACH *digs* BILLINGS *in the ribs, chuckling*)

SPIN. Ah! Billings, a man circumstanced like me has a lot of matters to attend to.

BIL. Ah! spiritual, my lord.

SPIN. And temporal, and more of the latter; but it pays, Billings, it pays; we clergy have our fingers in every pie, and when it's there we grope round for the plums, d'ye see? (*moves fingers round*)

BIL. Yes, your gracious, you've a lot of power in your hands.

SPIN. In our hands, no, Billings. (*whisper*) Our power lies in our calves. (*points to his calves, holding leg up*)

BIL. You surprise me.

SPIN. Yes, our chief strength, Billings, lies in our picturesqueness. (*strikes attitude*) As a rule, a parson with a fully developed calf is at the top of the tree. A shrunk shank is generally sent abroad. I except my own case, as I'm rather a striking instance to the contrary, but between ourselves, Billings, I'm a churchman with very liberal ideas, and they don't want our sort at home. (*noise off*)

Enter MRS. BILLINGS *quickly.*

MRS. B. Oh, Professor, Professor!

SPIN. My dear madam, calm your agitation, what's the matter?

MRS. B. Oh, dreadful, dreadful!

BIL. Mary Ann, what is it?

SPIN. Yes, Mary Ann—I mean, Mrs. Billings, what is it?

MRS. B. Your man, that horrid black fellow!

SPIN. Nay, copper-colour, Mrs. Billings—give him his due.

MRS. B. Black or copper, he—oh, dreadful, he's actually been embracing the maids.

SPIN. He has, has he?—just wait a bit. (*claps his hands as before. Enter* RAMPUNKAH *immediately*) Loo-umpah-hoda-boda-kah!

RAM. Sah-Alla-la-la-pa-shoo-lah-koo-koo!

SPIN. Koo-koo-lah-sa-kickee-kickee!

RAM. Salaams-Sa! (SPINACH *waves him off as before*).

SPIN. It's all right now. He won't do it again. Fact is, he's been imbibing some of your strong English beer. Oh, ugh! I say, these draughts are severe.

BIL. I'll place the screen. (*puts screen at table*, R.)

SPIN. Don't trouble. Well, as I was saying, it won't occur again.

MRS. B. Indeed, Professor, I hope not.

SPIN. In future we'll keep him to the rice bag.

BIL. And now, is there anything your benevolence requires before dinner?

SPIN. Nothing, thank ye. Stay, I want to peruse a letter, perhaps drop a line—so——

BIL. Then we'll leave you. Here (*going to small table*) are pens, ink, and paper.

SPIN. (*goes up*) Ah, thank ye.

BIL. And now we'll leave you till dinner. Come, my love.

MRS. B. Yes, Amos. (SPINACH *and* MRS. BILLINGS *bow*)

BIL. (*at door*, L.) Mary Ann, he's a wonderful man.

MRS. B. A saint, Amos.

BIL. So incomprehensible!

MRS. B. And yet so affable.

BIL. Such intellect!

MRS. B. (*points*) And such calves! (*both exit*, L.)

SPIN. (*seated*, R.C., *at table, with open letter*) Dear me, how my heart goes out to that twin brother of mine, and yet I've not seen him for five-and-thirty years. Let me read this once more, so—so. Ah, here we are, "The last I have heard of William Spinach he was seen at Goatstile-on-Sea, but whether a resident or otherwise I have not been able to find out." Now what's the good of a private inquiry agent if he can't find out? Now let me see. (*musing*)

Re-enter O'HAVERSACK *from conservatory.*

O'HAV. Ah! (*aside*) Banglepore in a brown study. Now's the time to work out the scheme that's revolving in my brain, now to find Lydia at once. (*Exit quickly*, L.)

Re-enter ADOLPHUS.

ADOL. *(perceiving* SPINACH*)* Ah, there's the Professor, what a jolly old animal he looks—I wonder—I've a good mind to—he seemed to take a fancy to Edith—ay—and me too. Our prospects look hopeless. *Something* must be done. I wonder whether he would intercede for us. By Jove, I'll ask him.

SPIN. Yes; I'll start for Goatstile-on-Sea to-morrow. *(aside)*

ADOL. To-morrow; then I'll lose no time, Professor!

SPIN. Ah, Billings! little boy; how de do?

ADOL. Your benevolence, I hope you won't think me obtrusive, but if you would give me five minutes of your precious time, you would confer a boon on two throbbing hearts.

SPIN. Certainly, my boy, are you one of the throbbing hearts?

ADOL. Professor, I am.

SPIN. And where's the other throbbing heart?

ADOL. With her aunt and Mrs. Billings. I allude to the young lady you saw just now—Edith Granby.

SPIN. Oh, ah, to be sure; well now, come, what can I do?

ADOL. *(imploringly)* Intercede for us.

SPIN. Eh? what? what? Have you been doing anything wrong?

ADOL. No, your benevolence, unless loving each other devotedly, fervently, ecstatically, is wrong.

SPIN. Well, what can I do?

ADOL. Oh, intercede for us. *(clasps hands)*

SPIN. Young man, you're making a very serious request.

ADOL. Ah, our happiness for life is at stake.

SPIN. Well, I won't be hard, tell me all the circumstances, everything, don't be afraid, I'm in a relaxed mood, so fire away.

ADOL. My tale, your benevolence, is concentrated in two short sentences. I love her, and she loves me.

SPIN. How long have you known each other?

ADOL. For just twelve months.

SPIN. Ah! and what point have you arrived at?

ADOL. Professor!

SPIN. Have you kissed each other?

ADOL. Oh! often.

SPIN. You have—have you? *(smacks lips)* Ah! and did she relish it?

ADOL. I believe the process is agreeable to her.

SPIN. Dear, dear; what a lucky dog you are. I had no such luck at your age.

ADOL. Indeed, Professor!

SPIN. The only kisses I had were from an old lady who adopted me, and brought me up; and she was over seventy.

ADOL. Oh, what a pity. I sympathise with the hardships of your early youth.

SPIN. Ah, well, well, well. Now what's your name?

ADOL. Adolphus.

SPIN. Well, Adolphus, I'll see the young lady myself, and if her sentiments coincide with yours, I'll take the affair into my own hands.

ADOL. You will?

SPIN. I will. I like her looks—and I like yours, so—rest contented.

ADOL. Professor, you—you have made me for ever your debtor. I—I—excuse me, but you're a brick.

(*seizes and shakes his hand*)

SPIN. Yes, my boy, we're all made of clay.

ADOL. (*going*) Now to see Edith, and impart the news.

(*Exit quickly*, L.)

Re-enter O'HAVERSACK *and* LYDIA—*they come*, C.

SPIN. I think I'd better write again to that agent!

(*business*)

O'HAV. (*to* LYDIA) He's there, be asy now, take your cue from me. (*aloud*) Lydia, my poor gurl, how long have you had these sentiments?

LYD. Since I——

O'HAV. (*aside*) Spake up!

LYD. Since I first saw Professor Spinach.

SPIN. (*aside, starts*) Eh, somebody mentioned my name.

O'HAV. Ah, Lydia, my poor gyurl, I'm sore afraid the charrum of deportment and graces of person possessed by that eminent gintleman have created an impression on your too susciptible heart, is it not so? (*aside*) Say Yis.

LYD. Yes, brother—'tis so.

SPIN. (*aside*) Dear, dear, what do I hear?

O'HAV. Ah thin, Lydia. I'm afraid you've been very wake indade. (*aside*) Bring out your kerchief and snigger.

(*business*)

SPIN. (*aside*) Oh, Titus—Titus! What have you done?

O'HAV. Ah, come, I can't bear to see ye cry, what is it ye want, sisther. Ye can't have the Professor; what's the next best thing? Tell me. (*aside*) I want to tache the hathen, spake out, and be hanged to ye.

LYD. I want to teach the heathen.

O'HAV. (*aside*) In a broken voice.

LYD. In a broken voice.

O'HAV. (*aside*) Ah, the divil, whisht. (*aloud*) And where do you want to go to, child? (*aside*) Out loud. To Banglepore.

LYD. Out loud to Banglepore.

O'HAV. A——h, whisht, I tell ye. (*aloud*) Ah, Lydia, my poor child, ye're infatuated. I'll lave ye for the prisint, and

I hope when next I see yo, ye'll be more composed. (*aside at door* L.) If the Professor don't rise to that bait, my name's not O'Haversack ! (*Exit* L. D.)

SPIN. (*aside; stooping and looking between screen and* LYDIA) I'm in an extremely peculiar position. I'm the innocent recipient of a very delicate secret; my presence has evidently been too much for that poor girl. Ah ! yes, yes ! she's been admiring my calves, and they've overpowered her. (LYDIA *sighs heavily*) I'd better impart consolation to her. (*clears throat*) A-ah-heur—(*comes down;* LYDIA *rises*)—sit still, pray sit still. What ! in tears ? My poor young lady, what ails you ? Speak out.

LYD. Oh, sir—I mean, your benevolence—I want to——
(*pauses*)

SPIN. Do you, now ? Well, come—yes——

LYD. To—to——

SPIN. Yes, my dear, I'm all attention.

LYD. Teach—the heathen in a broken voice——

SPIN. Eh—is it necessary for that purpose, my dear, that you should be the possessor of a broken voice ?

LYD. (*sobbingly*) I think so ; I don't know.

SPIN. Dear, dear; this is very affecting. She's still labouring under great excitement, I think. Yes, I really think I'd better cover up my calves. (*pause*) And where is it you want to go to, my dear—to teach the heathen ?

LYD. (*sobbingly*) Out loud to Banglepore.

SPIN. What ? Out loud to Banglepore ? Oh, the poor girl's raving.

LYD. Oh, sir—I—I'm so miserable.
(*bursts out crying and falls on* SPINACH'S *shoulders*)

SPIN. Oh, lor—help—help !

Dinner gong strikes. RICHARDS *comes on quickly to announce it, falls back thunderstruck, and knocks up against the others who come on.* SPINACH, *with* LYDIA *over his shoulder, claps hands.* O'HAVERSACK *rushes on and takes* SPINACH'S *hand and shakes it.* RAMPUNKAH *tries to pull him away, and on the general confusion the Act Drop descends quickly.*

Every one looking at SPINACH *seriously, and* O'HAVERSACK *smiling.*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Coffee Room of the Grand, Goatstile-on-Sea. Large opening from* R. *to* C. *Four steps leading to platform, set as terrace, with covered roof. Two or three marble-topped small tables, with glasses on. Small iron chairs. Splendid marine cloth at back. Sands, pier, &c. In the room two tables. Sideboard with glasses, &c. Chairs. Two doors,* L. *As Curtain rises,* GUESTS *discovered, some spying through glasses, &c. The old-fashioned* GUEST (MR. ARRACK) *seated at table with newspaper. The Band strikes up loud, "The Same Old Game," and all go down steps leading to parade, where Band plays.* MR. ARRACK *visibly annoyed. In the room, two* WAITERS *discovered busy.*

SECOND WAITER. Hullo—band playing again, and old yellowskin outside. (MR. ARRACK *rises*) Here he comes; I'm off. (*Exit,* L.)

MR. A. (*top of steps*) *I* say —*you*, sir.

FIRST WAITER. Yes, sir.

MR. A. Where's the manager?

FIRST WAITER. Mr. Rollox, sir, is out, sir.

MR. A. Oh, Mr. Rollox is out, is he? very well, then if Mr. Rollox is out, is there another responsible party in, may I humbly ask?

FIRST WAITER. Yes, sir, Mr. Spinach is in.

MR. A. Oh, Mr. Spinach is in, is he? and who is Mr. Spinach, if I may inquire?

FIRST WAITER. Our head waiter, sir.

MR. A. Oh, ah, then kindly ask your head waiter to step here a moment.

FIRST WAITER. Yes, sir.

Exit, L. *Band in the distance.* MR. ARRACK *comes down steps.*

MR. A. Upon my word, it's abominable. I come down here to acquire restoring power through the agency of the salubrious atmosphere, and my purpose is frustrated by the horrible noise made by the horrible band playing their horrible plebeian airs under my very nose, into my very ears, and before my very eyes, but I'll put a stop to it; I've written to the management about it before, and now——

SPINACH (*off*) Well, confound it; how can I help it, ask the cook.

TIMOTHY *enters,* L., *dressed as waiter and with general greasy aspect; turns and speaks off.*

SPIN. How *can* you make giblet soup if you ain't got the materials? (*turns,* R.) I beg pardon, excuse my outburst, but I *am* annoyed.

MR. A. Well, sir, and I'm annoyed, too.

SPIN. Ah, then there's a pair of us annoyed.

MR. A. I know nothing about that. Now, sir, I insist on knowing why my grievance has not been remedied.

SPIN. Eh?

MR. A. Answer me, why has my complaint been taken no notice of?

SPIN. Now, how d'you think I can tell? I'm not a doctor.

MR. A. What!

SPIN. I don't think I can assist you. Where does yer grievance lie? In the stomach?

MR. A. Confound you, sir, how dare you insult me? I'll report you to the management.

SPIN. Then what d'ye ask me questions out of my department for?

MR. A. I won't bandy words with you, sir.

SPIN. No, don't, I'm very busy.

MR. A. Ah! May I ask if this is the usual style at this hotel of treating the guests? are you generally so abrupt?

SPIN. Well, generally. (*aside*) In the summer.

MR. A. Ah, very well then, kindly get me my bill. I'll go to another hotel.

SPIN. Certainly. (*pause*) He's a very old man. I'd better give him a chance. Now look here, you're an elderly gentleman, so I'll act mercifully towards you. (MR. ABRACK *enraged*) Now keep your hair on! (*looks at head*) I beg pardon, I see you have none left. Well, now listen. If you leave the Grand and mean to stay at Goatstile, the consequences, at your age, to put it mildly, will be disastrous.

MR. A. (*startled*) What d'ye say?

SPIN. The place is so full, that you won't get a bed anywhere, the upshot being you'll have to sleep on the beach, which certainly has its advantage, as you'll get plenty of ozone, but, on the other hand, you'll very likely be found by some intelligent policeman, conveyed to the lock-up, shut up in a cold cell, and next morning fined five pounds for being a vagrant.

MR. A. Oh, dear me, dear me; dreadful, dreadful. My good fellow, pardon me. I'll retract all I've said. (*goes to* SPINACH) Let the band play "The Same Old Game" as long as they like.

SPIN. (*starts*) Eh?

MR. A. Oh, I've no objection at all. Let them strike up "Tommy make room—for—your uncle."

SPIN. Oh, lor! Oh, lor!

MR. A. (*ringing hands*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

SPIN. He's off his head. Yes, the picture I've drawn has been too 'arrowing, and he's gone mad. Calm yourself.

MR. A. But you'll forgive me?

SPIN. Of course I will; there, go to your room, lie down, take a bath, and shave your head. I beg pardon (*points*), you ain't none left.

MR. A. (*going*, L.) I'll do what you say. (*at door*) Lie on the beach, ugh! (*Exit*, L.)

SPIN. Ah! if we do get snubbed in the winter, we generally takes it out in the summer.

Enter ROLLOX, L., *with long paper.*

ROL. Spinach, here's the carte.

SPIN. Thanks. (*takes paper and reads*) Mock-turtle, ox-tail, spring pea, Julien, *giblet.* Now, Mr. Rollox, look 'ere——

ROL. It's all right, Spinach, we've made a mixture of the giblet.

SPIN. That's all very well, but what about the solid part? you must have something to show its giblet, if it's only the goose's beak.

ROL. We'll do without it.

SPIN. You can't do without, Mr. Rollox, and you know it; you can cheat the public in any kind of soup, except ox-tail and giblet. At a push, with ox-tail you can put in a small-sized bone or two, and say the meat's evaporated; but giblet wants variety, and is a cut beyond the cleverest artist. You know what a set of draughts are, Mr. Rollox, don't ye?

ROL. A draught-board, draughts, yes.

SPIN. Very well, then. (*strikes attitude*) Ox-tail is draughts, but giblets is *chess.*

ROL. Oh, that's enough. Well, I'll cross it out. (*marks paper*) There.

SPIN. That's better. (*takes it*) I'll just go and see if there's anyone outside wants lunch. (*goes* R.; *on top of steps; reads*) Mock turtle, ox-tail, spring pea, and Jooli-en—(*pause*)—giblets off—— (*Exit on to terrace*)

ROL. A cantankerous individual is Spinach, but useful for all that—just the man we want here—in the summer.

Enter SECOND WAITER *ushering in* HON. MRS. GRANBY.

SECOND WAITER. This is the coffee room, ma'am.

ROL. Robert, get the bill of fare—(*points*)—on the terrace.

SECOND WAITER. Yes, sir.

(*Exit on terrace* R.; ROLLOX *business*)

MRS. G. This is the manager. I'll make my inquiries at once (*to* ROLLOX) Thank you, I shan't require anything more substantial than a glass of wine and a biscuit.

ROL. He shall bring it at once, ma'am.

(*points towards terrace, going*, L.)

MRS. G. I beg your pardon, but——

ROL. Madam.

MRS. G. The fact is, I'm here to make inquiries. I—would you kindly tell me if a clerical gentleman, in short, a high dignitary of the Church, arrived here this morning?

ROL. Not that I'm aware of, madam, but I'll inquire, we have so many visitors.

MRS. G. But you'll have no doubt in recognising who I mean, a fine portly gentleman, in black, very short—(*pause*) —unmentionables. (ROLLOX *bows*) Buttoned at the knee (ROLLOX *bows*), and black silk stockings, black shoes with High Church heels (ROLLOX *bows*), and a white ulster. (ROLLOX *starts*) You are surprised—I must explain—the gentleman has just arrived from a very warm climate, where to relieve black with white is a necessity.

ROL. A-hem. I'll see at once, madam. (*at door*) All black, and from a warm climate. (*Exit quick'y*, L. D.)

MRS. G. Ah, I shall see him now. The benign influence shed by the Professor at Dorchester Square has affected the whole household, and I—I also have inhaled deeply from the well-spring of his seductive eloquence. (*changes voice*) They're all at him. I—I have stolen a march on them all. I heard accidentally Adolphus tell my niece he was coming here, and so I came down; my excuse shall be that I omitted to give him yesterday my contribution to the fund of the Hindoo General Advancement Society. (*recklessly*) Oh, Titus—Titus—I shall hear thy voice again!

SPIN. (*off* R. *terrace*) Just get an oil-rag and polish these 'ere marble-topp'd tables.

MRS. G. He's here. Ah!

SPIN. (*off*) Look at them stains!

MRS. G. His voice. Ah! ah!

Enter SPINACH, *top of stairs.*

MRS. G. Oh! Ah! ah! a—Professor.

(*holds right hand straight out*)

SPIN. (*turns*) Eh? (*starts; picture*)

MRS. G. (*languishingly*) Won't you shake hands?

SIN. (*comes down steps, bowing*) I—I—really ma'am—I—excuse me—my hands, ye know. I've been polishing liquor stains from the lounge tables. I——

MRS. G. And why do that? but there. (*holds hand out*) The honour is mine, even if your hands were enveloped in the product of Day and Martin's. (*takes his hand; business*)

SPIN. 'ighly honoured mam, 'ighly honoured, and now to business. (*suddenly unrolls bill of fare with* L. *hand*) Mock turtle, oxtail, spring, pea and Joolien. Giblets is off.

MRS. G. (*goes* L.; *quickly turns*) What?

SPIN. Mock turtle, oxtail, spring pea and Joolien. Giblets is off.

MRS. G. Oh! (*puts hand to head*) Oh, what is this?

SPIN. (*still holding bill*) Rich and succulent soups, mam. (MRS. GRANBY *looks dazed; rolls bill up*) I see what it is. Old lady's very fatigued. I think, mam, a little solid would do you a lot of good. Let me order you a nice cutlet, or a bit of juicy steak, eh?

MRS. G. (*slowly*) Juicy steak!

SPIN. And a bottle of Moselle, eh? Ha, ha! (*chuckles*) That will bring the colour to your withered—no, I mean alabaster cheek.

MRS. G. Oh, tell me, why do you act like this?

SPIN. Why, my dooty, mam, my dooty.

MRS. G. Never before, never in my whole life have I felt like this. (*comes closer*) I want consolation, (SPINACH *looks at bill of fare*) oh——(*looks at him with a die-away expression*) Oh, so bad.

SPIN. (*edges off and puts hand to chin; aside*) Now what's her little game I wonder!

MRS. G. (*gushingly*) But I see——

SPIN. Eh?

MRS. G. I see—it is done to try me. Ah-r-r——

(*comes closer*)

SPIN. Keep away, mam, please, keep away. (*business*)

MRS. G. (*pauses*) Then you spurn me? Oh, Professor.

SPIN. My name ain't Professor, it's Spinach.

MRS. G. I know it is—I know it is.

SPIN. Then call me Spinach, mam.

MRS. G. (*a step forward*) Ah! may I—may I—(*suits action to word*)—go a step further, and call you T. Spinach?

SPIN. (*business*) No, mam; certainly not.

MRS. G. (*overcome*) Ah!

SPIN. I see now what it is. She's observed me, unbeknown. She 'ave gloated on my 'iacynthine locks, and revelled in my rolling eye. (*strikes breast*) Timothy, my boy, be firm. (*catches* MRS. GRANBY'S *eye*) Whew! she puts me in a cold sweat, I must nip this in the bud. (*affectedly*) No, mam, no; it would be culpable on my part, not to say crooil, to pretend to misunderstand you; but dooty, dooty, mam, commands me to say *no*. Spinach, if you like, but T. Spinach—never!

MRS. G. (*collapsed*) Oh—o—o—o!

(*head down and clasped hands*)

SPIN. (*aside*) Poor thing. I've stabbed her to the vitals. (*cheerfully*) You'll get over it.

MRS. G. Get over it. Do you know, Professor——

SPIN. Spinach!

MRS. G. Yes. Sweet name. (*dwells on the name*) Spinach!

SPIN. The sound gives you quite an appetite, don't it? Say it over a few times, and you'll be able to eat a couple of kidneys and a bit of broiled 'am.

MRS. G. Oh, thou merry soul. (*smiles*)

SPIN. Ah, ha, ha, go on! tchk!—

MRS. G. Well, as I was saying, do you know, I followed you down from London.

SPIN. The devil you did.

MRS. G. I know when you use such forcible language, that you are affected. Did I—did I do very wrong?

SPIN. Well, I—you see, mam, I'm in an awkward position. I——

MRS. G. This! (*points to him up and down*) This strange raiment, you have evidently donned for a purpose.

SPIN. Well, I must wear something.

MRS. G. Ah, you cannot conceal your identity, nothing can hide from my sight the heavenly candour of that noble brow.

SPIN. Oh, mam, I really——

MRS. G. No. I speak the truth, but a truce to this, my purpose now is strictly business.

SPIN. Right you air. (*unrolls bill quickly with left hand*) Mock turtle, oxtail, spring pea, and Joolian. Giblets is off.

MRS. G. Again those strange words, (*looks at* SPINACH) but no doubt you have a purpose. (*moves, crosses towards steps*) I require—— (*pause*)

SPIN. Yes, now come, a little something!

MRS. G. (*mounts steps*) I do. (*brokenly to him*) A little something. (*looks back*) A little fresh air.

(*Exit on terrace*)

SPIN. Well, I thought I knew something about women, but this specimen beats me entirely.

Re-enter quickly at top, MRS. GRANBY.

MRS. G. Hist, Professor!

SPIN. Spinach.

MRS. G. Spinach here. (SPINACH *goes to steps*) I had forgot my purpose. For your Hindoos. (*gives heavy purse and exits quickly*)

SPIN. What's this? (*looks in purse*) Gold! Five, ten, fifteen, twenty pounds! (*pause*) For the Hindoos. Yes, Matilda, and I've got six of 'em. Well, this is a windfall and no mistake. Generous old lady. I never had such a fee for nothing in all my life. (*pause*) Ought I to take it and give no return, not even a few tender words of comfort? *No!* (*puts purse in pocket, goes up steps*) I'll go to the love-sick maiden, and talk to her—like a—father.

Exit terrace, R. *Band on parade; strikes up piano, "When other lips." Enter* WAITER *from terrace*

SECOND WAITER. Spinach is crotchetty this morning, sets me on a job and then sets me off it, while he parleys to that old party there. Ah, well, he ain't a bad sort. (*Enter* ADOLPHUS *and* EDITH, L.) Ahem! Lunch, sir. Table de hôte's on upstairs, sir.

ADOL. Thanks, we don't want anything at present—that is—where's the bill of fare?

SECOND WAITER. I'll get it at once, sir. (*going* R.)

ADOL. Never mind, we'll take something, later on.

SECOND WAITER. Very good, sir. (*going* L.)

ADOL. I say, waiter, have you observed a clerical gentleman among the arrivals this morning—a high dignitary of the Church?

SECOND WAITER. No, sir; but I'll inquire.

ADOL. Ah! Thanks, much obliged.

SECOND WAITER. 'Thank'ee, sir. (*Exit*, L)

ED. Adolphus, I'm so nervous. I wish we hadn't come.

ADOL. Nonsense, little pet. The dear old Professor will make it all right. Now, I've got nice lodgings for you, and I'll stay at the hotel here; when I see the Professor, I'll tell him what we've done; he'll scold at first, but afterwards he'll look it over, especially, darling, after I've handed him this. (*holds purse up*) A subscription to the Hindoos, ha, ha!

ED. I hope, dear Adolphus, everything will come all right.

ADOL. Not a doubt of it, dear. Hark, what nice music, "When other lips." Ah, Edith darling. (*takes her in his arms*) When these lips are mine! (*kisses her twice or thrice. Band breaks up into piano, as before, "The same old game," gradually dying away.*) Edith, I know this hotel well. (*goes* R.) This terrace overlooks the whole of the parade (*mounts steps*) and the exquisite view—Hollo!!! back Edith, back, my pet.

ED. Oh, what is it?

ADOL. There's the Professor talking to your aunt.

ED. (*wringing her hands*) Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?

ADOL. (*hurriedly*) I've got it. I'll put you in a cab, now, and you shall go straight to your temporary home. You may only be there a few hours. I'll go with you, and then come back, and get it over. Now, darling, come along; you'll find everything will turn out satisfactory. Waiter. Come, dear!

(*Exeunt* L.; *re-enter* SPINACH *down steps*)

SPIN. I can understand that old lady less than ever—she's taken such a hinterest in my 'indoos. When I was going to thank her for her money, she said it shouldn't be the only instalment; me an' Matilda's in luck! (*Enter* MATILDA, L. C. *on terrace with bonnet on; stands* L. C.) She's evidently quite gone on me.

MAT. (*aside*) Ah!

SPIN. She's gone down the terrace steps on to the parade, but she'll be back. Ah! I could see she wanted to lead the conversation into an amatory channel.

MAT. (*aside*) Ah!

SPIN. But I fought shy of anything approaching a tender character. It wouldn't do. Suppose I let my fancy run wild and Matilda was to see it?

MAT. (*comes down*, L.) She did see it.

SPIN. Hollo, Matilda, you here; dear me, how strange.

MAT. Ah, you gay deceiver, I've found you out.

SPIN. Found me out, why you knew I was here, Matilda, didn't you?

MAT. Ugh!!!

SPIN. (*starts back*) Eh!!

MAT. I saw you.

SPIN. Matilda, reproach me not, I am innocent.

MAT. I saw you with her, from the parade, and I came up the terrace steps; how loving you were, and me striving to keep everything nice at our little place,—(*tearfully*)—and trying to keep the children clean and tidy.

SPIN. Oh dear, oh dear; well, there now, come, Matilda —I——

MAT. Get away from me, me doing all this, and you gallivanting with the first one you meet, because she's got nice clothes, but she's on the parade, I'll go down and meet her—(*goes* R., *turns*)—and I'll—I'll—scratch her yellow skin off, I will.

SPIN. Now, Matilda, do be reasonable; do you think I'd gallivant with an old she-dragon like that when I've got such a lovely *crummy* little woman all to myself? No, my dear, you don't think that. (*puts arm gently round her waist*) No, my dear, you wouldn't insult your Timothy by thinking that. Oh, no, no. There, kiss.

During this scene TIMOTHY *keeps helping* MATILDA *to various tit-bits from tables, and puts fowl in* MATILDA'S *bag. All done as a matter of course.*

MAT. Well, then, what were you talking about? Tell me the truth, Timothy.

SPIN. Matilda, would I do otherwise? Well, now don't you go a-blaming of me. The fact is, I certainly think she's been feasting on my 'iacynthing locks, and revelling in my rolling eye.

MAT. But they're mine, Timothy; mind, they're mine.

SPIN. They are, Matilda, as you very sensibly remark; you are the sole proprietor. But what d'you think? This old lady's taken a great fancy to our little family—the whole six of 'em. She do call them 'indoos; but let that pass, she's

taken an interest in them, and here's the proof—the practical proof. (*shows purse; opens it*)

MAT. Oh, Timothy! Gold—real golden suv'rins. It's for the children, so I'll lay it out. (*holds out hand*)

SPIN. (*puts it in pocket*) At present, Matilda, I think I'll continue banker.

MAT. Well, don't you go and spend it on the spree, as you have done many a time.

SPIN. Matilda, it's a trust, and as a trust shall by me be 'eld sacred. But this is only the first instalment; there's more to come.

MAT. Oh, how good of her. Timothy, she might send them to school.

SPIN. School—they go to school. I send 'em to school.

MAT. No, Timothy; you know very well it's the Government sends them to school.

SPIN. Yes, but I start 'em out o' the 'ouse, and ain't that sending 'em to school?

MAT. What I mean, she might put them into a good school.

SPIN. Shouldn't wonder, and give 'em a good lift in life, eh?

MAT. (*overjoyed*) Yes!

SPIN. There's our eldest, Doolittle, he might go into the Church!

MAT. The very thing!

SPIN. And Marc Antony, he steals all the other boys' marbles, she might put him into the law—eh?

MAT. What better?

SPIN. Then there's little Wellington, the very boy for the army.

MAT. Oh, bee—utiful, I must have another spy at her. I'll go down by the terrace steps. (*runs up steps and turns*) Timothy!

SPIN. Yes, my love. (MATILDA *beckons*, SPINACH *goes* R.)

MAT. When, when you see her again, I shouldn't mind a little harmless trifling.

SPIN. Thank ye, my dear.

MAT. But!!! (*holds finger up*)

SPIN. Oh, Matilda, trust your Timothy. (*Exit* MATILDA *on to terrace*) That's over, very satisfactory indeed, but this ain't business, I must see how they're doing upstairs with the table d'hôte. I ought to be there. (*going* L.)

Enter quickly ADOLPHUS, L.

ADOL. Ah, Professor. (*holds out hand*)

SPIN. What, again; look here, are you alluding to me?

ADOL. Why, yes. I—I hope you'll hear me. I took the liberty of following you from town. Oh, won't you shake hands? (*holds out hand*)

SPIN. (*pause*) Look here, my young friend; you've got hold of the wrong party to chaff.

ADOL. Chaff—surely, Professor, you don't suspect me of any trivial motive in coming here.

SPIN. I don't know what your business is, but what do you call me Professor for, when my name's Spinach?

ADOL. (*respectfully*) Of course, I'm aware of that, but I certainly should not take the liberty of calling you by your bare Christian name, unless I had your permission to do so.

SPIN. Look here, young man, you're treading on dangerous ground, you know. A Spinach ain't a going to be trifled with.

ADOL. And I don't mean to trifle with you, Professor—I——

SPIN. Spinach.

ADOL. Very well, then, under protest, Spinach, my visit to you is two-fold, partly to give you my contribution to the Hindoos, and——

SPIN. (*all eagerness*) Eh? What?

ADOLPHUS *puts purse in his hand;* SPINACH, *business; aside.*

ADOL. And partly to ask you to fulfil your promise with regard to myself and Edith.

SPIN. You'll excuse me, young gentleman, but I really can't follow you.

ADOL. Is it possible, Professor?

SPIN. Spinach!

ADOL. (*bows*) Spinach! Is it possible, you have forgotten what you said to me? The promise you made.

SPIN. What promise?

ADOL. To tell my honoured parents that Adolphus' mind's made up, and that he means to wed his Edith, and that you approve, don't you remember?

SPIN. No—I'll be damned if I do!

ADOL. Ah, wait. (*takes notes out of pocket-book*) Professor.

SPIN. Spinach!

ADOL. Spinach. I forgot to give you our joint contribution to the Hindoos, Edith's as well as mine. Here it is, two ten-pound notes!

(*forces them into his hand. Business.* SPINACH)

SPIN. Oh, but I say, really——

ADOL. Not a word of thanks, Professor, I mean Spinach, but may I ask now, if you remember—eh?

SPIN. Um! Oh, to be sure, to be sure. I remember all about it now, and to think I should have forgotten—ha, ha!

ADOL. But my respected pa and ma will be down here presently. You won't forget to talk to them, eh?

SPIN. Not me, my boy. I won't forget, but I say, I don't know them.

ADOL. What? Now you're off again. I'm off to join Edith. I shall be back though, and I say——

SPIN. Yes!

ADOL. It shan't be our last contribution to the Hindoos.

SPIN. Oh, 'ow good you are.

ADOL. Not our last by a long chalk, because there's more where that came from—eh! ha! ha! (*goes to door*, L.)

SPIN. Ha! ha!

ADOL. (*at door*) Ta, ta, Professor.

SPIN. Spinach!

ADOL. Spinach! (*Exit* L.)

SPIN. Well, I can't make anything of this, and I ain't a-going to try. My young 'uns are getting wealthy, and no mistake. Here, I must go to that table d'hôte; I really must not neglect business like this—I——

Enter quickly O'HAVERSACK, *holds out his hands*

O'HAV. Ah, Professor, how d'ye do?

SPIN. What! Another one? Oh, I'm getting reckless. Here goes. How are ye, eh? How do—delighted, I'm sure—de-lighted. (*both shake hands vigorously*)

O'HAV. And the same here, Professor.

SPIN. Spinach, my boy.

O'HAV. To be sure, Spinach, with all my heart.

SPIN. And how are things, eh?

O'HAV. Glorious, Spinach, glorious!

SPIN. Oh, I *am* glad to hear that.

O'HAV. And, Lydia—ye'll be glad to know, Spinach, that Lydia's recovering.

SPIN. Oh, Lydia's recovering, is she? That *is* good news? Has she been bad long?

O'HAV. What!!!

SPIN. Eh?

O'HAV. Faith, Spinach, ye don't pretend to forget the moment she sank overpowered in your arms.

SPIN. No; I think I have a slight remembrance. Yes, of course, she sank into my arms. You're quite right.

O'HAV. Ah, I thought you'd not forget that episode.

SPIN. Now, d'you think I would.

O'HAV. Ah! Professor.

SPIN. Spinach!

O'HAV. Right ye are. Spinach—ah—ye can't tell what a continted man I feel, in spite of what they say in Dorchester Square.

SPIN. And what do they say in Dorchester Square?

O'HAV. Why, that ye'd never sink to an alliance with the O'Haversacks.

SPIN. Oh, pooh, pooh, pooh, bosh !

O'HAV. Just what I say, Spinach, ye'd overlook wealth to be allied to the sister of a man—(*holds left hand up*)—who lost two fingers.

SPIN. What, here ? (*looks round*) I'll have 'em searched for.

O'HAV. Spinach, now you know very well I lost them at Inkermann.

SPIN. Oh, I remember, so you did.

O'HAV. I suppose when it's over ye'll be taking Lydia to Banglepore

SPIN. To where ?

O'HAV. To Banglepore.

SPIN. (*rubs his chin*) Well, ye know, I ain't actually made up my mind.

O'HAV. Oh, Professor.

SPIN. Spinach !

O'HAV. To be sure, Spinach, do you know, me boy, Lydia wouldn't survive without ye.

SPIN. You don't say so.

O'HAV. I mane it. (*goes to* L. *door, stamps foot*) Without there, Lydia. Come here.

Enter LYDIA, L.

LYD. Yes, brother !

O'HAV. Curtsey to the man av your choice.

LYD. Yes, brother. (*curtsies to* SPINACH, *who bows*)

SPIN. (*aside*) I must put a stop to this, he hasn't mentioned anything about the Hindoos.

O'HAV. D'ye see her, Spinach ? behold the embodiment of all the fiminine graces. (*goes to* LYDIA ; *whispers*)

SPIN. I shall fight shy of these two as soon as I get my Hindoo contribution.

O'HAV. Spinach, I just mentioned you might be off without her, and behold the effect. (*aside*) Bend your neck, or I'll break it.

SPIN. Sur—prising !

O'HAV. Ain't she for all the world like a lily—a broken one.

SPIN. (*aside*) I'm glad he said a broken one.

O'HAV. (*to* LYDIA) Ye may go now upstairs to the table d'hôte and have your dinner. And occupy your mind with a little light literature. You'll find a "War Cry" in my coat pocket.

LYD. Yes, brother ! (*going*, L.)

O'HAV. What, where's your curtsey to the man of your choice ? (*some business ;* LYDIA *exits*) And now, Spinach, we'll arrange a little matter together. Ye may guess I'm not what's called a rich man, so as ye're going to take Lydia away from me, ye must lave me an equivalent in money.

SPIN. (*starts*) What do you mean?

O'HAV. Why, ye wouldn't acquire a treasure like that without laving her poor and only relative a substantial sum of money?

SPIN. (*aside*) Oh, this will never do! Here! (*turns half-round and holds hand out*) For the 'indoos.

O'HAV. (*eye-glass, and looking at palm*) What!!

SPIN. (*same business*) A trifle for the 'indoos!

O'HAV. Spinach—I'm disappointed—I never thought you'd thry and bleed your future brother-in-law!

SPIN. Oh, all's fish that comes to my net.

O'HAV. Oh, very well, then, as I said I'm not rich—(*putting hand in pocket*)—in fact, I'm as poor as the Hindoos, but anyhow, here's half-a-crown, and may the devil take 'em!

SPIN. What!!! a half-a-crown, and may the devil take 'em, is that what ye say?

O'HAV. Be asy now.

SPIN. Keep your half-crown—I scorns the hoffering. The 'indoos can do without it.

O'HAV. (*aside*) He manes to cut up rusty. Look here, Spinach, we'll come to business now.

SPIN. And right you air. (*unrolls bill quickly with* R. *hand*) Mock turtle, ox-tail, spring pea, and Joolien—giblets is off.

O'HAV. What do I hear?—hark ye, sir—don't thrifle with me. I'm an ould warrior, and I'll stand no nonsense. (*holds hand up*) I left two fingers behind me at Inkermann!

SPIN. Yes, my friend, and if you'd brought your two fingers away and left your venerable carcase at Inkermann, the public would be benefited thereby.

O'HAV. What do I hear?

SPIN. The truth!

O'HAV. (*in rage*) If it wasn't for one thing I'd take immediate vengeance. That one thing is your cloth, it protects you.

SPIN. My cloth? (*throws napkin away*) Here, come on, you bald-headed bully. (*squares up*) Come on!

(*dances round him*)

O'HAV. I won't. I'm off fighting, Professor.

SPIN. Spinach, you carrotty-headed frau d.

O'HAV. Spinach, I mane. Would you fight with a man who's been mutilated in his country's cause?

SPIN. Then be off, or else I'll call the maids and have you drowned in the stock pot.

O'HAV. Ye'll drive me straight to suicide. (*on steps*)

SPIN. Yes, and the best way for you to do it is to lay out that half-crown in a bottle of Vermin Killer, and drink it off.

O'HAV. Ah, the devil! (*Exit,* R.)

SPIN. Whew! never was in such a passion in my life. What's come over everybody, I can't make out, and there's that there table d'hôte. I really must go upstairs. (*going*, L.)

BIL. (*off*, L.) My son! where is he?

MRS. B. Yes, Adolphus, where are you?

Enter BILLINGS *and* MRS. BILLINGS.

BIL. }
MRS. B. } Professor! (*holding out hands*)

SPIN. (*rushing forward*) How are ye? How de do? (*all shake hands vigorously*) Pleased, I'm sure!

BIL. }
MRS. B. } This is a surprise.

SPIN. Yes, ain't it?—I am re-joiced. Ah—r—r.
(*shakes hands as before*)

MRS. B. We heard you had gone to Goatstile, but, Professor—our Adolphus, have you seen him, Professor?

SPIN. Spinach!

MR. B. Really, it's very good of you—well—it—a—Spinach. We have reason to believe Adolphus has fled here with Edith, niece of Mrs. Granby, you know—it's the lady we introduced you to yesterday.

SPIN. Yes, yes, I know. (*aside*) These are the young gent's pa and ma. I must earn that money honestly, a promise is a promise. Well now, look here—by the bye, what's your name.

BIL. }
MRS. B. } What?

SPIN. I know it's stupid of me, but I've really forgotten it.

BIL. }
MRS. B. } Billings!

SPIN. Billings, to be sure—well, now, Billings, what's the good of making a noise about nothing?—now, why not let the young people have their way, eh?

(BILLINGS *and* MRS. BILLINGS *surprised*)

BIL. But, Professor!

SPIN. Spinach!

BIL. (*smiles*) Spinach, you wouldn't countenance disobedience, would you?

SPIN. Disobedience be hanged! Young blood is young blood, ain't it?

MRS. B. (*sighs; looks at* BILLINGS) Ah, there's something in that, Amos.

BIL. It's strange; that never struck me before.

SPIN. Very well; look at the case in all its bearings. Think of your own courting days.

BIL. (*sighs*) Ah! there's something in that, Mary Ann.

MRS. B. (*short*) There is; it struck me before.

SPIN. Well, now, what do you say?

BIL. } Professor!
MRS. B. }
SPIN. Spinach!
BIL. } Spinach! Your powerful intercession
MRS. B. } has vanquished us. They shall be made
(*together*) } one!
SPIN. Hurrah! (*aside*) I've honestly earned the money.
MR. B. And now we'll come to business.
SPIN. Right you air. (*unrolls bill with* L. *hand*) Mock turtle, ox-tail, spring pea and Joolien—giblets is off.
MRS. B. (*sidles off*) What does he mean, Billings?
BIL. (*follows with her*) Hush, he has a motive in this, he wants us to go. Come!
(*both go towards steps*; SPINACH *pauses, then follows*)
SPIN. I say. (*both turn,* SPINACH *holds palm behind*) Ain't ye got a trifle for the "'indoos"?
MRS. B. (*to* BILLINGS) Ah, the Fund.
MR. B. I've not forgotten. I meant to give you my subscription later on.
SPIN. Thank yo. (*palm still side of him*) If it's all the same, I'll take it now.
BIL. } With pleasure. (*puts purse in his hand*)
MRS. B. }
SPIN. Thank ye—you are kind. (*goes,* C.)
BIL. (*top of stairs*) Extraordinary man, Mary Ann.
MRS. B. A gem, Amos! (*top of stairs*)
BIL. So impecunious!
MRS. B. And yet so pious.
BIL. Such resources.
MRS. B. (*leans and looks*) And such—no trousers do not become him. (*Exeunt*)
SPIN. (*who has been counting*) What lucky little beggars my 'indoos are; seems a pity to waste all this money on 'em. (*pause*) I haven't had a spree for such a long time. I think—I've a great mind to——

Enter WAITER.

WAITER. Spinach! Table d'hote's over, and Mr. Rollox wishes to see you in his room.
SPIN. Oh, all right. (*Exit* WAITER, L. *Band here plays piano,* "We'll all get blind drunk when Johnny comes marching home!") That decides me. I'll be off to London, and look all my old pals up. Where's my frock coat, I must be quick! (*goes to sideboard, opens and takes out old black frock coat, puts it on*) Now for my tile. (*puts greasy high hat on*) Now my perquisite bag. (*takes out old carpet bag*) Can't go by terrace steps, this door will take me round. (*opens it*) Coast clear. Now Timothy Spinach, Matilda or no Matilda, rollicking joy for twenty-four hours.
(*Exit,* L. 2, *door*)

Enter WAITER, L.

WAITER. He wants you now, Spinach. Why he ain't here! I'll go and tell Mr. Rollox. (*meets* ROLLOX *coming on*)

ROL. Did you give my message to Spinach?

WAITER. I did, but he's gone, sir.

ROL. Yes, and he shall go altogether when I see him.

Re-enter BILLINGS *and* MRS. BILLINGS.

BIL. *and* MRS. B. The Professor is off with a carpet bag.

Re-enter O'HAVERSACK.

O'HAV. The Professor is off with a carpet bag.

ROL. What!

Enter MRS. GRANBY.

MRS. G. Oh! Titus is off with a carpet bag.

ALL. The station!

ROL. This way's nearest, back of the Hotel.

(*Exit*, R. *door*)

ALL. Station, station!

Band plays little louder, "When Johnny," &c.; when all are off, ROLLOX *comes,* L. ; *uproarious noise heard,* R.

ROL. What's that?

Enter L., *coming on backwards and looking off,* WAITERS, BOOTS, CHAMBERMAIDS, GUESTS, STABLEMEN, &c., &c., *jeering and laughing. Enter, very sedately, but glaring* R. *and* L., SPINACH, *with umbrella, white ulster, &c., &c. Stands horror struck.*

The rest in a circle, with their arms stretched out pointing at him. All shrieking with laughter and shouting, "Look at Spinach, *&c.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same as Act I. Window,* L. C., *&c. Enter* BILLINGS *from conservatory with letter.*

BIL. (*deliberately reads*) "P.S.—I have also received a terrific shock at the hands of a black-coated demon, one Spinach!" Now it's this postcript that puzzles me. I'm glad Mary Ann didn't see it. (*pause*) I'll read it once more. (*reads*) "Dear Billings,—I shall be with you to-morrow. A medical man on board, coming over, told me my constitution required rest on land, before going into business matters. I therefore took up quarters at the Grand at Goatstile, but instead of quietness have been subjected to the greatest

annoyance and discomfort by the diabolical noise made by the town band, which has compelled me to cut my visit short, and quit the place. I will explain all when I see you. —Yours, &c., WILLIAM ARRACK. P.S.—I have also received a terrific shock at the hands of a black-coated demon, one Spinach!"

Enter MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. GRANBY.

MRS. B. My dear, I've conveyed the Professor's advice to Mrs. Granby.

BIL. (*inquiringly*) And Mrs. Granby?

MRS. G. Oh, my dear Mr. Billings, anything proceeding from that eminent man shall be received by me with the greatest deference. Of course, he must be obeyed, and as you are agreeable, why, let the dear children be united at once.

BIL. And I've no doubt much the best plan after all. By-the-bye, Mrs. Granby, do you know we expect another visitor to-day?

MRS. G. Indeed, no! I was not aware of it.

MRS. B. Amos's partner, the head of our Calcutta branch, has written to say he will be here this morning.

BIL. And strange to say, he comes from Goatstile.

MRS. G. Goatstile-h! By-the-bye, has the illustrious given any indications of stirring yet?

BIL. No; I put my ear to the keyhole just now, and all was quiet, with the exception of a subdued murmur, which I think proceeded from his nose.

MRS. G. } Heigho!
MRS. B. }

MRS. G. I believe he saw no one last night.

BIL. No one but Richards, and the copper-coloured retainer.

MRS. G. I understand also he was dreadfully put out.

BIL. Put out; why he—but you shall hear the narrative in Richards' own words. (*rings bell; to* MRS. GRANBY) My dear, don't you think the Professor's movements rather out of the common?

MRS. G. Ah! he has a lot on his mind.

BIL. (*aside*) No, I really can't make out that postcript!

Enter RICHARDS, L.

RICH. Yes, sir.

BIL. Ah, Richards, inform us once more of what occurred last night on the Professor's arrival.

RICH. Yes, sir; his benevolence arrived precisely at five-and-twenty minutes past twelve. I was in the porter's cheer a-sittin' up for him. Rampunkah was also a-lying curled up

on the mat a-sittin' up for him. He drew up in a cab at the time mentioned; I opened the door, he entered; the cab druv off. I gave him his candle and said "Good-night, your benevolence"; he answered never a word, but took the candle, lifted Rampunkah off the mat with his foot, and went upstairs to bed—ha!

BIL. (*to* MRS. GRANBY) There, that will do, Richards. By-the-bye, you might go and see if he's stirring now.

RICH. He is, sir, the furriner has gone up with his shaving water.

BIL. Why didn't you tell me? Go at once and ask, with our compliments, if he will be served with anything in his room, or wait till lunch?

RICH. I will, sir.

(*Exit* RICHARDS, L.)

BIL. Something has evidently upset him.

MRS. G. Yes, from your butler's report, his serene nature is evidently ruffled.

Enter ADOLPHUS *and* EDITH, R. EDITH *goes to* MRS. BILLINGS.

MRS. B. Dear child. (MRS. GRANBY *kisses* EDITH) Now, Adolphus, this change of front on our part, as you are aware, is due to the Professor's influence; therefore, as he will be down directly, are you in a fit state of mind to receive his blessing?

MRS. G. And you, Edith, can you appreciate his tender regard for your welfare?

ED. I—I hope so. (*bashfully*)

ADOL. Fact is, governor, and you, mamma—Mrs. Granby, you also—our gratitude all round is so great, that we have been for the last half hour endeavouring to realise our happiness.

Enter RICHARDS.

MR. B. (*to* RICHARDS) Ah—well——

RICH. The Professor desires me to say, with his compliments, that he has been so upset within the last twenty-four hours, that he is too full to eat anything.

ALL. Poor gentleman!

BILL. (*aside*) Very mysterious. I wonder if it has anything to do with that postscript?

RICH. Likewise——

ALL. Yes!

RICH. The O. and Miss O'Haversack are a-coming up the stairs.

MRS. B. What persecution!

O'HAV. (*off*) Ah! no occasion at all!

Enter with LYDIA. RICHARDS *stands at door.*

O'HAV. Billings, me boy, good day. Adolphus, how de do? Ladies, your most obedient——

BIL. Really, sir, we must ask you to what are we indebted for this early morning call?

O'HAV. Mark time, Billings, now, and I'll tell you all about it. Silence everybody and listen. Where's my sister Lydia?

LYD. Here, brother.

O'HAV. Come out here. (LYDIA *stands*, C.) Now all of ye fix your eyes upon that spicimin of faymale illigance. (*quietly to* RICHARDS) My good man, *you're* not wanted at all.

RICH. Hem! (*Exit, dignified*)

BIL. Really, O'Haversack—we——

O'HAV. Billings, mark time, me boy, and all of you listen. That (*points to* LYDIA) young and tinder maiden is about to enter an action of brache of promise of marriage—damages five thousand pounds—against Professor Titus Spinach, of Banglepore.

ALL. What—monstrous!

LYD. (*tearfully and distracted*) Oh, I can't help it—I——

O'HAV. Silence, Lydia (*looks round*), and I'm going (*folds arms*) to sub—paner ye all as witnesses.

ALL. (*expressions of ridicule, &c.*) Pooh—pooh! &c., &c.

O'HAV. I want your evidence as to finding my sisther clasped to the Professor's bosom. I repate, I want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and the truth I'll have—if you shirk the duty (*shakes finger*), mark the consequences. I'm a man of a warrum timperament—in pace I'm a lamb, in war I'm a lion. (*holds hand up*) I lost two fingers at——

TIT. (*off*) Ba—poo—poo—soo—la—dam.

O'HAV. Ah, the devil! (*in terror*) I didn't know he was back—hide me somoone—he'll drown me in the stock pot.

(*kneels behind* MRS. GRANBY)

Enter TITUS, *looking back.*

TIT. 'Pon my word, I shall never be able to acclimatise that Hindoo. Ah, *good* morning all, sorry I wasn't down before; I've been at my devotions since six o'clock. (*during this he has been shaking hands; now comes to* MRS. GRANBY) Ah! (MRS. GRANBY *curtsies;* TITUS *sees* O'HAVERSACK *kneeling*) Hollo—why is our old warrior on his knees, may I ask? (*keeps eye on* O'HAVERSACK, *who looks at him back; rises and gradually goes off backwards, still looking at* TITUS, *and keeping his hands stretched out before him. Exits quickly,* L.; LYDIA *follows*) Well, I never saw such an extraordinary

thing in my life, he's evidently been taking lessons of Rampunkah. Well, and how are we all? Ah, here are the little ones. (*goes to* ADOLPHUS *and* EDITH) There, now; look at that; ain't they made for each other? Billings, I understand you are acting the stern parent here; now you mustn't do it any longer. These two must be united in the bonds of wedlock, and you must give your consent.

BIL. That's settled.

TIT. (*to* MRS. BILLINGS) And you?

MRS. B. (*smiles*) It's settled!

TIT. (*to* MRS. GRANBY) You?

MRS. G. Oh, settled!

TIT. (*to* ADOLPHUS *and* EDITH) There! (*to* ADOLPHUS) I told you I'd do it.

BIL. (*smiling*) As I say, that was arranged when we saw you at Goatstile, Spinach?

TIT. (*starts*) Eh, Spinach? (*aside*) What means this familiarity? (*aside*) Professor, if you please!

(*aside to* BILLINGS)

BIL. Oh, I beg pardon. (*aside to* TITUS)

TIT. Did I understand you to say you saw me at Goatstile?

BIL. Why, of course I did!

TIT. (*aside*) He observed my humiliation.

MRS. B. (*comes down*) And (*smiles*) I saw you, Spinach.

TIT. (*aside*) Spinach again! (*aside to* MRS. BILLINGS) SPINACH.

MRS. B. Oh, I beg pardon. (*goes up*)

TIT. She also observed my humiliation.

ADOL. (*comes down*) Spinach, we settled it all down yonder, eh?—ha, ha!

TIT. (*aside to him*) If it's all the same to you, Professor Spinach.

ADOL. Oh, I beg pardon. (*goes up*)

MRS. G. (*comes down*) Of course (*smiles*), Spinach, you remember our little *tête-à-tête*, ha—a—a— (*goes up*)

TIT. (*aside*) My dignity's evaporated. (*pause*) They observed the way I was received at the hotel, and hence their familiarity. I'll put my foot on it—I'll make 'em feel their stations through their pockets. (*aloud*) By-the-bye, now we're all assembled it wouldn't be a bad idea to take the opportunity to—ah—receive—ah—your contributions towards the Hindoo General Advancement Fund of the Hindoo General Advancement Society. (*general consternation*)

MRS. B. (*comes down*) Professor, you forget I—er—that is—you remember I gave you a purse of sovereigns at Goatstile?

TIT. The de—er—the deuce you did.

MRS. B. (*comes* C.) Yes. (*smiles*) Our joint contribution, Professor.

(*goes up with* MR. BILLINGS; TITUS *amazed*)

ADOL. (*comes down*) You remember I paid you—I mean, I gave you down yonder, a purse of sovereigns and notes, you know.

TIT. No—I'll be—d—hanged if I do.

MRS. G. (*comes smiling down*) Ahem! you recollect my little mite—um—purse of sovereigns—ha! a—a—a.

(*goes up*, C.)

TIT. (*takes handkerchief, mops forehead*) Well, this licks everything I ever came across; I couldn't have believed it. (*quickly to* EDITH) Here, did you give me a purse of sovereigns? speak out if you think you did, my dear, don't be afraid.

ED. No sir, I did not.

TIT. (*takes her hand*) Ah! Truthful girl. (*looks round glaring*) Truthful girl. (*aside*, EDITH *goes up*) It will now be necessary for me to administer to this family circle a rebuke of a very severe character, trenchant yet dignified, firm yet incisive, in short, a regular blow up. (*aloud*) Ahem! I regret to say I have observed this morning in the household, to my great astonishment, a spirit of prevarication allied to extreme niggardliness, in fact, a tendency to shuffle out of responsible engagements, I allude to the promised subscriptions to the Hindoo General Advancement Fund of the Hindoo General Advancement Society.

BIL. Professor, surely——

TIT. Stay, Mr. Billings, one moment, I presume that every one here at present recognises the disinterestedness of my motives, because if there is one individual who sees in me anything but an upright able-bodied professor, let me hear his name. (*Enter* RICHARDS *quickly announcing* MR. ARRACK. TITUS *without turning*) Mr. Arrack, then let Mr. Arrack step forth!

Enter MR. ARRACK; *quickly passes to* BILLINGS; *knocking against* TITUS, *who glares at him.*

MR. A. Ah! Amos, my old friend!

BIL. How are you, Arrack? (*shakes hands;* MR. ARRACK *goes to* MRS. BILLINGS *and shakes hands round;* MRS. BILLINGS *goes to* SPINACH) Head of our Indian house, Professor; takes great interest in matters connected with India; large subscription to the Hindoos, no doubt. May I introduce?

TIT. You may, Billings, you may.

BIL. Arrack, I have the honour of introducing you to Professor Titus Spinach, of Banglepore.

SPINACH *attituding;* MR. ARRACK *goes up, looks at him closely, then bursts out into a peculiar monotonous laugh;* SPINACH *starts, astounded.*

MR. A. (*to* BILLINGS) What did you say? A professor? Ha! ha! ha! Ho, ho, ho!

BIL. Arrack, for Heaven's sake, remember whom you are addressing.

TIT. What!!! may I ask—tickles—the gentlemen?

MR. A. (*to* TITUS) Why, don't you remember? I saw you at Goatstile.

TIT. (*aside*) He also observed my humiliation. (*aloud*) Curse Goatstile.

MR. A. Well, you saved me from a horrible fate, and I'm grateful. Ladies and gentlemen, but for him I should have been lying on the beach last night. (*points to* TITUS)

ALL. What!

MR. A. Fact, I assure you. Is it not so?

TIT. My venerable friend, what *are* you talking about?

MR. A. But it was a dreadful shock at first. Ha, ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho, ho!

TIT. My good friend, you're not a locomotive. These merry antics do not become your years, or your hairs either, not as I perceive that you have a superfluous quantity.

(*points to his head*)

MR. A. Ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha!

TIT. He's got the steam on again. (*aside*) He's trying to ridicule me.

MR. A. But I say, Spinach.

TIT. Eh? Here, less familiarity—Professor, if you please.

MR. A. Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!

TIT. Do give us a little variety. Fancy you're entering a tunnel and turn the whistle on.

MR. A. (*aside to him*) I say—seriously, you know—you mustn't deceive a worthy household, friends of mine, you know. (SPINACH, *in a rage*) Professor, ha, ha! Why, where's your testimonials? Have you got a—ha! ha!—diploma?

TIT. No, I haven't, but I'll tell you what I have got—and that's a pair of shoes with heavy clumped soles, and if you don't case your witty colloquillisms, I'll play a tune upon your venerable person with my right foot. (*rage*)

MR. A. What, a threat?

TIT. Yes, and a threat which I'll carry out.

MR. A. Never? I'll—I'll— Billings, a word with you in private.

BIL. We're all under the impression there's a little misunderstanding between you two gentlemen.

MR. A. No misunderstanding. I'll simply explain, and let you all know the proper status of the individual you have been harbouring here.

(*Looks at* SPINACH; *all move towards door*, R., MR. ARRACK *last*.

TIT. Now then, now then, remember my clumped sole.
(*all exit*, R.)

MR. A. I'm lost in amazement at the contemplation of your knavish soul.

SPINACH *stoops to take shoe off.* MR. ARRACK *exits quickly.*

TIT. This sort of thing is getting too much for me, altogether. I only want to be catechised before an Exeter Hall Committee to put an end to my existence. Heigh ho, pity the sorrows of a poor P.P., which means pious Professor.
(*sits*, R.C.)

Enter RICHARDS, *mysteriously.*

RICH. Your benevolence.

TIT. Eh? Oh, Richards; is that you? Well——

RICH. Something has occurred which prompts me in your interest to ask you a question, Professor.

TIT. Go ahead, Richards.

RICH. Is your benevolence acquainted with a young woman whose Christian name is Matilda?

TIT. Matilda, Matilda– not to my recollection, Richards. I daresay I've met Matildas in my time, but at present I can't bring my mind to any particular Matilda.

RICH. Oh, well—the fact is,—I—I—(*whispers*)—always keep my ears open.

TIT. (*same whisper*) Well, Richards, I never suggested you tied 'em down, or corked them up.

RICH. Ah, I means figgeratively. Well, I've received information from——

TIT. Wait, Richards. From information I received, is the proper delivery. (*proudly*) Tho' occupyiug a cell in the busy hive of the Church, I'm not quite deficient in a little secular knowledge as well.

RICH. I've heard this young woman whispering to our cook, who is a pusson of very low tastes, and the name Spinach has been mentioned, also the fact that she met Mrs. Granby this morning and followed her to this house. I can vouch to her ringing the bell quite bold, asking to see the cook, and making friends with her at once.

TIT. Ah, well, it's nothing to do with me, Richards, thank ye, all the same.

RICH. Then I begs your pardon; but I thought if there was anything in it, that I'd warn you.

TIT. Quite right, Richards, quite right.

RICH. Specially as I've heerd that some gentleman in your benevolence's position ain't above little weaknesses, just the same as the rest of us poor folks.

TIT. Yes, Richards, quite so, but I happen to be a white sheep, and that makes all the difference.

RICH. Ah, then again I begs your pardon.

TIT. Don't mention it, Richards. (*rises*) You shall be rewarded. (*both*, L.C.) Richards, you shall have the opportunity of contributing something towards the Hindoos. (*takes pocket-book and pencil*) There's a chance now, what shall it be? Glorious opportunity, Richards, with two exquisite feelings in concomitance. First, the pang of parting with your money, and next the thought that it's in a good cause. What shall I put you down for?

RICH. Professor, excuse me. (*at door* L.) The 'ead parlourmaid and myself are about to enter into partnership for life, and our joint savin's will be wanted for another good cause—we intends openin' a pub. (*Exit*, L.)

TIT. (*shuts and pockets book*) Ah, well, perhaps Richards is right. Perhaps even I—if I'd stayed at home all these years, and been very careful—even I might now be the proud possessor of a pub, who knows? (*sits wrapped in thought*)

Enter MRS. GRANBY, R.

MRS. G. Ah, there he sits. What a halo of saintly calm surrounds him! What beautiful thoughts are at present chasing each other in that wonderful and capacious receptacle—his brain!

TIT. Ah! I think I could do a stiff brandy-and-soda now. I must call Rampunkah. (MRS. GRANBY, R.C.) It's a funny thing that because I'm a clerical dignitary I must take my little refreshments surreptitiously, obliged to have my brandy carried about in a leather bottle, hid under Rampunkah's waistcoat; but there—— (*turns, sees* MRS. GRANBY) Eh? I——

MRS. G. Ah! Professor—er—you gave me leave at one time to call you Spinach; may I do so now?

TIT. Certainly—if—if it does you any good.

MRS. G. Ah! Oh, can you doubt it?

TIT. I tell you what I doubt, and that is about that purse of sovereigns. I can't get over that, you know.

MRS. G. Ah—well, say no more about that.

TIT. Well, we won't; but a purse of sovereigns is a purse of sovereigns, you know, especially when you get the credit of fingering them, and you haven't.

(MRS. GRANBY *looks round, places finger to her lip*)

TIT. (*aside*) What's all this about?

MRS. G. (*gives cheque*) There!

TIT. What's this? (*reads*) "Pay Titus Spinach £100." Great Jonah! Madam, I can't, I can't, really.

(*motion to give it, then pulls it back*)

MRS. G. You must, you shall.

TIT. Well, if you insist, I—how shall I—how can I thank you ?

MRS. G. I will tell you. (*comes closer to him*) A few short hours ago you forbade me to call you T. Spinach. May I—(*sighs*) Oh, deny me not, pity my weakness,—may I do so now ?

TIT. May you ? You may. You shall call me Titus !

MRS. G. Ah ! (*clasps hands*)

TIT. (*aside*) And cheap at the price—and I'll call you by your Christian name. What is it ?

MRS. G. (*hesitatingly*) Emma !

TIT. And a very pretty name, too.

MRS. G. Oh, Titus !

TIT. What's the matter ?

MRS. G. Ha, ha-a-a-a ! (*falls into his arms fainting as* MATILDA *comes on* L., *and goes behind curtains at back*)

TIT. Here, I say, Emma. This won't do. Some one will be here presently.

MAT. (*peeps ; aside*) Ah, some one is here.

TIT. She's coming to. (*bends down*) What is it, Emma ?

MRS. G. (*faintly*) I don't think any one will come for some time.

TIT. D'ye think so? Well—we'd better be on the safe side, so the sooner you resume a proper perpendicular there'll be nothing to fear.

(*she rises.* TITUS *places her in chair, and sits next to her*)

MAT. (*aside*) Oh, you double-eyed pair of wretches !

MRS. G. Titus, were this moment my last, I think I could die willingly.

TIT. To that sentiment, Emma, I say, ditto.

MRS. G. You do? Oh, what bliss ! But you will soon leave me—that is, us—to go back and labour under that broiling Eastern sun.

TIT. Yes, Emma—'tis so—I—I can't leave the Hindoos, you know.

MAT. (*peeps out*) No. If I caught you trying it, that's all. (*shakes fist at him*)

MRS. G. Heigh ho ! No—I should not wish you to ; would that I could labour with you; my fortune and all I possess should then go to the Hindoos.

MAT. She's bribing him. Ah, madam, I'll stir you up presently.

TIT. Far be it from me, Emma, to damp such a noble resolution, but I——

MRS. G. Oh, pray don't misunderstand me. I meant to share your labours as—as a sister.

TIT. (*aside*) A thought has struck me. (*pause*) Why shouldn't I—— (*looks at* MRS. GRANBY, *and she at him ;*

business) Emma, excuse my emotion. If—that is—do you think you could share my labours in a nearer relation than a sister? (MATILDA *looks out; glares at him*)

MRS. G. What? (*clutches his arm*) Titus, do not, oh, do not trifle with my poor heart, it's had a lot of battering about. Oh, do not you bruise it.

TIT. Emma, do I look like a bruiser? no, I am in earnest.

MRS. G. I am unworthy of thee, Titus, even the job of tying thy shoe strings would be an honour too great for me.

TIT. That thou should'st never do, Emma, because they're buckles If—Emma, if you think you could be happy with me, take me.

MRS. G. Happy with you? Oh—I—I think the balance of my poor mind is going.

TIT. (*aside*) As long as the balance at her bank ain't going I don't mind. Emma, your answer!

MRS. G. Titus, if you think a poor lamb like me worthy of such a shepherd, take me!

TIT. (*holds arms out*) Emma, come to the fold.

MRS. GRANBY *puts head on his breast, and* TITUS *wraps his arms round her;* MATILDA *sobs, with handkerchief to her face.*

MAT. (*aside*) I—(*sobs*)—I'll make streaky bacon of her—(*sobs*)—ugly—face, presently, I will.

MRS. G. Titus, I feel like some poor little dove who has for years been flying—(*both rocking*)—hither and thither, and thither and hither, and who has at last found peace, and rest, and happiness.

TIT. And I, Emma, even I, feel like unto some poor animal who has for years been wandering hither, (*both rocking*) and thither and hither, seeking fodder on a barren, stubbly plain, and who has at last by a chain of fortuitous circumstances lighted upon a field of golden corn.

MRS. G. Ah, Titus!

TIT. Oh, Emma!

(*they embrace;* MATILDA *comes out* C., *not seen, and stands watching just behind them*)

MAT. (*to* TITUS, *after pause*) When you've quite done, my man, just you come back with me to Goatstile.

(*both start up*)

TIT. Eh?

MRS. G. Ah!

MAT. (*to* TITUS) Yes, it's me; I've found you at last. They told me they thought you'd gone to London, and I followed you. (*to* MRS. GRANBY) And I followed you, too—don't look at me like that, you nasty false thing you—ugh!

TIT. Here, I say——

MRS. G. Woman, who are you?

MAT. I ain't a woman. (*folds arms and straightens up*) I am the mother of his "'indoos"!

TIT. Oh lor—oh lor!

MRS. G. She's mad. (MATILDA *goes to* TITUS)

TIT. Keep away—keep away. (*aside*) I'll lock myself into my room—keep away. (*at door*, L.) I know you not.

(*Exit with a bolt*, L.)

MATILDA *shrieks out*, MRS. GRANBY *rings bell. Enter everybody.* RICHARDS, L. 1 E.

BIL. What's all this?

MRS. G. There's a mad woman there, take her away

RICH. Here now, missus, come away.

MR. A. First of all, let's hear what she has to say!

MAT. (*tearfully*) Oh, thank you, sir, please I've come after Spinach. He's my husband.

MR. A. Ah! (*to all*) I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he wasn't.

MRS. G. Its false. Your husband, indeed!

MAT. Yes, my husband, and I can prove it. I've got all his 'indoos with me.

ALL. Oh, she's mad.

MR. A. After that, I can't say she's sane, myself.

BIL. My good woman, you must go away from here. I'm afraid you wish to extort money.

MAT. No, I'm sure I don't—(*sob*)—and I see you don't believe me, but I can bring *proof*.

MR. A. Ah, now, if we had proof, that's a different matter.

MAT. (*goes*, L.) And you shall have it. (*at door*, L.) I'll bring all the "'indoos" here. (*Exit*, L.)

ALL. Mad—oh, mad! (*general shaking of heads*)

BIL. But, where's the Professor? (*rings bell*)

MRS. G. Ah! He's gone, he's been frightened by that wretched woman.

Enter RICHARDS, L.

BIL. Richards, where's the Professor?

RICH. I've not seen him; I believe he's gone out, sir.

BIL. Dear me! Is that woman gone?

RICH. She's just ran out.

BIL. Ah, I'm very sorry he should have been so upset.

MR. A. (*who has been looking out of window*) Hollo!

ALL. What is it?

MR. A. By George! look here. (*all crowd to window*) Now, Billings, what do you say? (MRS. GRANBY *looking, shrieks*) Isn't the man an impostor? (BILLINGS *astounded*)

MRS. B. Oh dreadful—dreadful! (*to* ADOLPHUS *and* EDITH) Children, this is no sight for you—go away.

(EDITH *and* ADOLPHUS *go* R.)

ADOL. Come, Edith. (*at door*, R.) Poor old Spinach, he's had a fright and taken a little too much stimulant.

(*Exit with* EDITH, R.)

BIL. I say, we'd better not let him hang to the railings of the square like this.

MRS. G. Oh, he's holding on by two hands. Ah! he's let go one hand. Oh, and now he's letting go the other. Ah!! he's down.

(MRS. BILLINGS *assists* MRS. GRANBY.)

BIL. He mustn't stop there. Richards, get assistance and bring him in.

RICH. Yes, sir. (*Exit* RICHARDS, L.)

MRS. B. (*to* MRS. GRANBY) My dear, this will be no scene for you—come away.

MRS. G. No, I won't. In spite of his weaknesses, I'll stand by him. (MRS. BILLINGS *comforts her*)

MR. A. But man alive, can't you believe your own eyes?

BIL. It's no use, his identity is established in my mind in spite of all you say. (SPINACH *off*) "I shay 'ere's too many shaires 'ere!"

Enter SPINACH *between* RICHARDS *and another* SERVANT, L.

SPIN. Ah! (*hiccup*) 'ow ish you all?

BIL. Oh, Professor, Professor!

SPIN. Spinsh, Spinsh!

BIL. Well, Spinach!

SPIN. Has any one sheen my—(*hiccup*)—I follered her up, lost shight of her in sqhuare. (*pause—shakes head*) I've sphent all the 'indoos' money.

BIL. Dear, dear; what will Exeter Hall say?

SPIN. War? Eggsheter 'all, who's he? Tell him mind his own business. I repeat, hash any one seen M'tilda?

MR. A. Ah, that's the mad woman.

SPIN. War? Do you mean inshinuate, Matilda lunatic?

MR. A. No—no—no.

SPIN. Ver—well, then—keep your 'air on. I beg pardon—shee—you ain't got any.

BIL. Now, Professor; I——

SPIN. Spinsh!

BIL. Just rest a little; sit down quietly.

SPIN. (*attempts to hold hand out*) I shay—give ush trifle for 'indoos. (*gradually leans head on table*)

MR. A. Ah, nice-looking article; what do you say, Mrs. Granby?

MRS. G. It's a woman's office to be merciful; so I say

that "Still, for all slips of his, there is an odour of sanctity about him even now."

MR. A. There's a diabolical odour of whisky about him.

MRS. B. We'd better try and get him to bed.

BIL. But how?—he's so stubborn.

MRS. G. I—I'll try and persuade him. (*leans over and whispers*) Titus! (*terrific snore from* SPINACH) Ah! (*retires*)

MR. A. Let me try. (*claps him on back*) Spinach!

SPIN. (*starts up*) Mor-turtle—ox-tail—shping pea and Jooli-en. (*hiccup*) Shiberlets is off, eh?—hollo—don mine me, I'm o-right. (*begins to sing, drunkenly, waves arms*) La—la—soo—la—ka—a—a—a.

Enter quickly RAMPUNKAH, *who salaams and drops on his knees, taking hold of* SPINACH'S *hand and rubbing it, looking up into his face.*

RAM. Unkoo—lee—um—pum-pum.

SPIN. (*pause*) Don—un—stan.

Gradually looks round and sees RAMPUNKAH; *glares—gradually assuming look of terror.*

MR. A. Now, Mrs. Granby! (*gives arm*) Allow me—we can do no good. (*she takes his arm; both at door,* R.)

MRS. G. In spite of his weakness, my sentiments are not altered. (*both exeunt* R. *door*)

SPIN. (*rises;* RAMPUNKAH *still rubbing and grinning, kneeling down*) Timothy Spinsh, a long career of dissipation has f—ulminated. (*shakes head tearfully*) My poor booy. (*hiccups*) He's come for you. (*looks one side at* RAMPUNKAH) Oh—oo—oo—h——

BIL. Ah, here's a reaction, come, come, Spinach.

SPIN. I shay (*mysteriously*), what is it?

BIL. What?

SPIN. That, ain't he wisible to you?

BIL. Why, that's your Hindoo.

SPIN. (*shakes head*) No, he ain't one of my 'indoos.

BIL. Nonsense, you're not so bad as that, not know Rampunkah?

SPIN. Rum—— (*hiccup*) Who?

BIL. Rampunkah!

SPIN. No—nor quainted with, ish—ish—he mortal, real flesh and blood.

BIL. Mortal? why of course he is.

SPIN. Shay his name again.

BIL. Rampunkah!

SPIN. Then, Rummy-punker, I'll teache you manners. (*lifts his foot and placing it against* RAMPUNKAH'S *chest, sends him over*) Take that. (RAMPUNKAH *rises gravely and exits,* L., *salaaming*) Went off like a shentleman, didn't he?

(*sits suddenly,* C.)

MRS. B. We'd better leave him, dear.

BIL. Yes, I think so, for the present. Look after him, Richards. Ta, ta, Professor.

SPIN. Spinsh.

BIL. (*with* MRS. BILLINGS *at door*, R.) Yes. Spinach, an eccentric man, Mary Ann.

MRS. B. A caution, Amos.

BIL. So—so very cool.

MRS. B. Yet so intemperate.

BIL. Such many sidedness.

MRS. B. And such—but no. I've lost all admiration for them. (*Exit*, R., *with* BILLINGS)

RICH. (*comes*, C.) Feel better, Professor?

SPIN. Spinsh!

RICH. No, your benevolence, I couldn't take the liberty.

SPIN. (*looks*) Who're you?

RICH. (*smiles*) You knows me. I'm the butler.

SPIN. Well, look 'ere. I'm b—wildered. I've—hic—a little of 'indoo's money left. If you take me where my 'Tilda ish—ere's suvrin.

RICH. (*smiles*) Now, why didn't you tell me before? it's as much as my place is worth, but we'll sneak out by the front door, and round to the mews, and I think you'll find her.

SPIN. Lead on—hic. (RICHARDS *off* L.) Now, 'Tilda, mercy and f—giveness for your penitent Tim—hic—thy——

(*Business. Exit*, R.)

Enter EDITH *and* ADOLPHUS.

ADOL. I quite agree with you, darling—with the exception of Mrs. Granby, they're all abusing the poor Professor, so as you say, we're better away.

Enter MRS. GRANBY.

MRS. G. I shall hear no more—I shall not stay anywhere f Titus is abused.

Enter MR. ARRACK, R.

MR. A. But, my dear madam, when I see a gentle nature like yours imposed upon I am bound by all the laws of chivalry to enlighten you.

ADOL. (*aside*) And put a spoke in his own wheel at the same time.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. BILLINGS.

BIL. Well, now, my partner Arrack thinks, and I think also, that we'd better constitute ourselves into a Court of Inquiry, for the purpose of elucidating the mysteries that have been going on for the last twenty-four hours.

MR. A. Hear, hear!

TIT. (*off*, L.) "There, there, say no more about it!"

TITUS *enters*, L.

TIT. Well, how did you get on; did you get rid of her? (ALL *dumbfounded*) Seem to be in a fog—all of you, wondering where I've been, eh? Oh, don't look at me like that, I can easily explain; I had a little headache, and the shock was a little too much for me, so I went to put my head in a basin of water, that's all; I'm all right again.

MR. A. Well—I'm glad to see it.

ALL. We're *all* glad to see it.

TIT. I'm glad to hear it, thanks.

MRS. G. (*comes*, C.) Titus, I joy in your recovery.

TIT. And, Emma—I——

MAT. (*off*) He's in there, darlings; go into him; he won't have the heart to throw you off.

TIT. Oh, lor! there's her voice.

Enter quickly six children, neatly dressed—three boys and three girls, sized in a sequence from small to high; two take each leg of SPINACH, *two each hand, and one before, one his coat-tails; all cry* "DADDY, Daddy!"

Enter MATILDA.

MAT. Behold, the proof—his "'Indoos!"

TIT. Murder! Take 'em away, take 'em away.

(*Exits* R.; *changes quick*)

General uproar. MRS. GRANBY *shrieks, and faints into* MR. ARRACK'S *arms;* TIMOTHY *pops head in* L. *and calls* MATILDA, *disappears. Children cry* "DADDY!" *and run off, followed by* MATILDA.

MAT. Merciful heavens! Why, oh, dear! oh, dear!

(*runs off*, L.)

BIL. Are we all bewitched?

Re-enter TITUS, L.

TIT. Not while a Professor's on the premises. A light breaks in upon me; you have all been confounding me with my long lost twin brother, Timothy Spinach.

MR. A. Waiter at an hotel, at Goatstile.

TIT. I've no doubt he was.

MR. A. Then I see it all.

ALL. We see it all!

MRS. G. Titus, I see it all.

TIT. And, Emma, *I* see it all.

O'HAV. (*off* L.) Where's the Professor?

TIT. Here's the warrior!

BIL. Here's the nuisance!

Enter O'HAVERSACK *and* LYDIA.

O'HAV. Professor, I've heard it all; let me take your hand in mine; there's two fingers missing, but——

MR. A. What's that scoundrel doing here?

(*points to* O'HAVERSACK)

O'HAV. Murther! It's Arrack himself!

TIT. Do you know the old warrior?

MR. A. Warrior, he's a defaulting clerk from our Calcutta house, his name is Murphy; hold your left hand up, you rascal—(O'HAVERSACK *obeys*)—just so, two fingers missing; a barrel of Chutnee fell on them; on sick list and full salary for nine months, and then, to show his gratitude, robs the safe.

O'HAVERSACK *hangs his head, and* LYDIA *goes to him, takes his hand and looks round.*

TIT. And what will you do with him now?

MR. A. (*pause*) Pah, Billings, I leave him to you.

BIL. There, sir, quit the house at once, or you will do so in company with a policeman.

O'HAV. Niver fear; I'm going! (*goes*, L., LYDIA *after him*)

TIT. (*to* LYDIA) Stay—ahem! young woman, you once expressed a wish to teach the heathen. (*in a broken voice*) Are you still of the same mind?

LYD. (*brokenly*) Oh, sir, thank you, but I shall go with him he is my husband.

O'HAV. 'Tis my wife—Lydia, (*points* L.) come on. The game's up.

TIT. Stay. (*goes*, L.C.) I'm authorised to expend money for the Hindoos' advancement, and as I look on you as being quite as black as any Hindoo, take this to begin another life.

(*gives notes to* O'HAVERSACK, *who takes them*)

O'HAV. And faith, I'll thry, and if I don't succeed—shure, I'll send the money back. (*Exit both*, L)

TIT. And now, Billings, a Professor has an appetite as well as other folks, perhaps a little more so, and as I've had no breakfast, I think I could pick a bit.

Enter RICHARDS, *quickly.*

RICH. Lunch is ready!

TITUS. Ah!

BIL. And it wouldn't be a bad idea at lunch to-day for all of us to constitute ourselves head waiters to——

ALL. The Professor.

TIT. No—no!

Laughs, and MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. GRANBY *take his arm as the Curtain falls.*

DRAWING ROOM.

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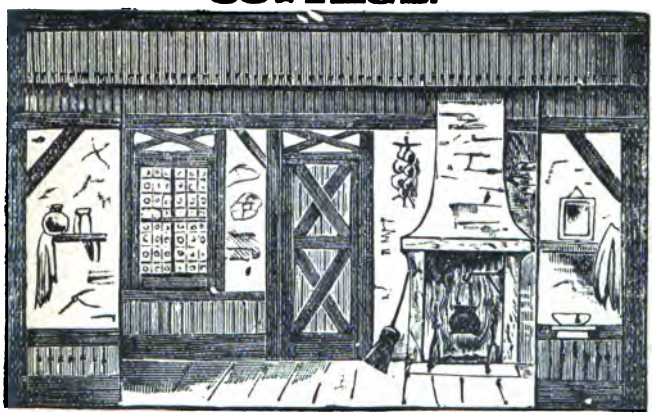

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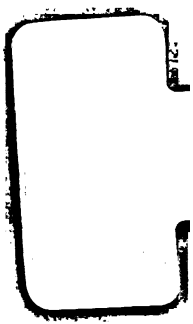

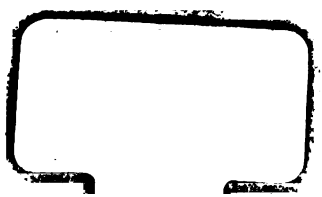

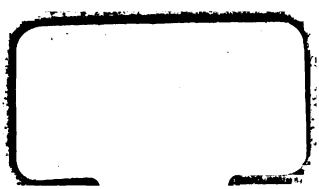

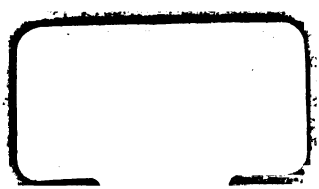

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